This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

FROM THE BEQUEST OF

THOMAS WREN WARD

Treasurer of Harvard College
1830–1842

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

VOLUME LXXV.

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XIII.

JULY, SEPTEMBER, NOVEMBER, 1863.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

BOSTON:
BY THE PROPRIETORS,
At WALKER, WISE, & CO.'S, 245 Washington Street.
LONDON: EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, No. 2 Essex St., Strand.
1863.

Digitized by Google

C P. 26.10

CP26.10

1863

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by
THOMAS B. FOX and JOS. HENRY ALLEN,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
WELCH, BIGELOW, AND COMPANY,
CAMBRIDGE.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

No. CCXXXVIII.

Art.		Page
I.	Conditions of Belief	1
II.	Mrs. Browning's Essays on the Poets	24
III.	Rome, Republican and Imperial	44
IV.	The Pulpit in the Past	61
V.	Kinglake and his Critics	81
VI.	The Colenso Controversy	97
VII.	Art and Artists of America	114
VIII.	Review of Current Literature	128

Theology. Colenso on the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua, 128. Mr. Martineau's Book of Common Prayer, 131. Christian Hymn-Book, 132. — *Science and Philosophy.* Scientific Annual, 133. Lyell's Antiquity of Man, 134. Huxley on the Position of Man, 136. Brace's Races of the Old World, 136. Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe, 137. — *History and Biography.* Life of St. Bernard, 139. Gorges and Popham, 143. Two Thousand Confessors, 143. — *Geography and Travels.* Servia and the Servians, 144. Siberian Exile, 145. China and the Chinese, 145. The Yang-Tsze, 146. Capital of the Tycoon, 146. Japanese Fragments, 147. Wild Scenes in South America, 148. — *Miscellaneous.* Story of Elizabeth, 148. Hoyt's Miscellaneous Writings, 150. Calvert's "Gentleman," 150. Emerson's "London," 152. New American Cyclopædia, 153. Chambers's Encyclopædia, 154.

New Publications Received 155

No. CCXXXIX.

Art.		Page
I.	Tertullian and Montanism	157
II.	The Reality of Fiction	176
III.	Rome in the Middle Age	185
IV.	Zschokke's Religious Meditations	203
V.	Henry James on Creation	212
VI.	Loyalty in the West	225
VII.	Altar, Pulpit, and Platform	242

Digitized by Google

VIII. A Month of Victory, and its Results 258

IX. Review of Current Literature 279

Theology. Renan's Vie de Jésus, 279. Miss Cobbe's Religious Demands of the Age, 282. Orr's Unitarianism, 282. Dr. Osgood's Address, 283. — *Science and Philosophy.* Tyndall on Heat, 283. Dentons' Psychometric Researches, 285. — *History and Politics.* Fisher on the Constitution, 286. Estvàn's War Pictures, 290. Pisani's Letters on the United States, 293. Speeches, etc. of Wendell Phillips, 293. Mrs. Kemble's Journal, 294. — *Biography.* Life and Works of Albert Dürer, 295. Beamish's Brunel, 298. Prime's Memoirs of Nicholas Murray (Kirwan), 299. — *Geography and Travels.* A Winter at Mentone, 300. Roba di Roma, 301. C. Wordsworth's Italy, 302. The Hannibal at Palermo, 302. Druses and Maronites, 303. Tartary, &c., 304. Peru and India, 305. The Taeping Rebellion, 306. Niphon and Pecheli, 306. Yeddo and Peking, 307. Horses of the Sahara, 308. In the Tropics, 308. — *Miscellaneous.* Austin Elliot, 309. Hospital Transports, 310. Annual Cyclopædia, 311. Burton's Helps to Education, 312.

New Publications Received 312

No. CCXL.

Art. Page

I. Renan's Life of Jesus 313

II. Ulric von Hutten 339

III. Henry Taylor 357

IV. Some New Attempts at Conformity 387

V. Wendell Phillips as an Orator 396

VI. Modern Rome 410

VII. Cambridge and Kingsley on American Affairs . . 421

VIII. English Expositions of Neutrality 435

IX. Review of Current Literature 446

Theology. Gillett's Life and Times of Huss, 446. Discourses on Freedom and War, by H. W. Beecher, 447. Voltaire, Lettres Inédites, 448. — *History of Literature.* Satyricon of Petronius, 449. Ticknor's Spanish Literature, 453. Hallam's Literature of Europe, 454. — *Essays, etc.* Grün's Pensées, 455. Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," 455. A. H. Hallam's "Remains," 456. Richter's Levana, 457. Gail Hamilton's "Gala Days," 458. — *Fiction.* Faith Gartney's Girlhood, 460. The Amber Gods, &c., 461.

INDEX 463

Digitized by Google

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CCXXXVIII.

JULY, 1863.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

BOSTON:
BY THE PROPRIETORS,
At WALKER, WISE, & CO.'S, 245 Washington Street.
LONDON: EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178 Strand.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by T. B. Fox and Jos. Henry Allen in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

The Christian Examiner

is published on the first of January, March, May, July, September, and November, by the Proprietors, at WALKER, WISE, & Co.'s Bookstore, 245 Washington Street, Boston, in numbers of at least 156 octavo pages each, at *four dollars* a year, payable *in advance*.

The EXAMINER will be sent, *by mail*, to any part of the United States, free of postage, on the remittance of a year's subscription *strictly in advance*.

☞ Single numbers *seventy-five cents* each.

☞ Volumes of the EXAMINER, neatly bound in cloth, will be given in exchange for numbers, at *twenty-five cents* a volume.

☞ A few complete sets of the CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, from the commencement of the work to the present time, can be obtained on application to the Proprietors, at 245 Washington Street, Boston.

THOS. B. FOX,
JOS. HENRY ALLEN,
Proprietors.

Digitized by Google

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1863.

Art. I. — CONDITIONS OF BELIEF.

A Critical History of Free Thought in reference to the Christian Religion. Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford, in the Year MDCCCLXII., *on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton.* By Adam Storey Farrar. London: John Murray. 1862.

Since Paul before Felix uttered his famous saying that "after the way which men call *free thought*" * he worshipped the God of his fathers, the relations between intellectual liberty and spiritual faith have offered the most constant and the most vexing problem in the history of the Christian Church. A careful, able, conscientious, and scholarly discussion of this problem, in the different forms it has presented in these eighteen centuries, makes the latest contribution to theological learning on the celebrated Bampton Foundation, at Oxford.

The thick, handsome, and prepossessing volume by Mr. Farrar covers too large a space, includes too many matters of detail, is too ambitious of a certain statistical completeness, and, moreover, too frank in its avowal of a purely didactic and practical aim, to be of the highest sort of value to the careful student of these matters. And yet it offers an aid in the study of them which he will gratefully recognize. There is nothing offensive in the dogmatism with which the Oxford lecturer conceives it his duty to treat his vast subject. Unfriendly criticism is disarmed by the candor of his avowal that

* Ἣν λέγουσιν αἵρεσιν.

Digitized by Google

the very conditions on which he speaks preclude the unprejudiced and free discussion of any of the points, even of mere erudition, with which the lectureship may have to deal. The very terms of it prescribe that it shall be didactic, apologetic, dogmatic. The only point to be ascertained is that the lecturer undertakes his task in good faith, and intelligently accepts, as critic, the principles which he must defend as advocate. In language which wins confidence and respect, Mr. Farrar assures us that he has done this. Before entering upon holy orders, he had made himself acquainted, at first or second hand, with all the objections raised against the current conception of the Christian revelation by the school of English Deists, and conceived that they had been satisfactorily answered. In special preparation for this present task, a laborious course of study had made him informed of the more recent schools, Continental and English, of philosophical, historical, or literary scepticism; and his classification of them shows, to say the least, as complete a mastery of their main outline and direction, and as fair an appreciation of their spirit, as any study of them *ab extra* could be supposed to give. The mere breadth of range and quiet impartiality of treatment puts aside the possibility of that deeper apprehension of them, which can be had in its fulness, perhaps, only by a partisan, and in less degree by one of keen philosophic insight, who in good faith matures his own view by comparing it with many others.

An assumption is apparent at the threshold of this volume which will more or less affect its value to the reader, — namely, that "free thought" is to be dealt with as a thing outside the limits of sound Christian belief. This assumption is not put forward in an offensive way. On the contrary, what is suggested by the phrase is clearly distinguished from that "free-thinking" of the eighteenth century which was consciously antagonistic to the Christian faith. And we have not observed any expression which would imply moral hostility or contempt towards a sincere absence of belief, — still less, anything of that theological judgment which pronounces it doomed and accursed of God. But the fixed conditions of Christian belief are recognized with great distinctness, as op-

Digitized by Google

posed to the unanchored liberty of speculation. They consist, in Mr. Farrar's statement, in these three things: first, the acceptance of a sacrificial atonement, as essential to man's salvation; secondly, the miraculous and divine authority of Scripture; thirdly, the personal indwelling and controlling power of the Holy Ghost in the believer's soul. These are the three essentials of faith on which, as a foundation, the Christian Church is built. They are the Divine trust, which it is the commission of the Church to cherish and defend. As nearly as possible, the vindication of them defines the mission of the Church, in its encounter with the adverse forces of the world. There are four great historic forms in which that controversy (regarded on its intellectual side) has been carried on. These are, — 1. The struggle against the Heathen Philosophy, waged by the first apologists, and terminated by the victory of the Church within the Empire. 2. The labor of the Christian doctors of the Middle Age to correct the sceptical tendencies of Scholasticism. 3. The religious struggle of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with the infidel literary spirit of the Renaissance. 4. The controversy invited by the manifold forms of Modern Philosophy. These topics, firmly and clearly sketched at the outset, define the purpose and prescribe the arrangement of the lecturer's argument.

Such criticism as we might be disposed to bring against the logical method of these lectures were easy to anticipate, and had perhaps better be implied than stated in detail. It is not our habit, in dealing with questions of learning, to defer much to dogmatic assumptions of what the decision of them must be. We are willing to take our lecturer at his word, when he says that his purpose is "to guide the student, not refute the unbeliever," and we judge of his statements accordingly. The gulf between his position and any that we are accustomed to think of as sure, or even possible, in these days, is shown in a single sentence, (page 462,) where he meets certain views on the Old Testament with the suggestion that the historical narrative of Scripture is "not amenable to criticism." And in brief, gathering what we may of pure information from the book, we dismiss altogether the task of dealing with the writer's opinions as such, or vindicating ourselves from any possible charges which he may have implied against us.

Digitized by Google

It is only with the leading assumption already alluded to that we have now to do, — the assumption that the intellectual structure of belief within the Church is fixed on an unswerving foundation and in invariable outline, while the sphere of free thought is, if not essentially antagonistic, at least quite outside its limits. This supposed antagonistic or independent power has been, as Mr. Farrar reminds us, ascribed by some theologians to the direct agency and prompting of evil spirits; but, dismissing this conjecture, (which would put the topic outside all limits of criticism,) he deals with it partly as originating in the freedom of the human soul, which delights in unlimited ranges of speculation, partly as controlled by historical conditions such as modify all the phenomena of a given place and time. In all this he is modest, sensible, and right. He does not see so clearly, or state so strongly, that the historical development of the Christian doctrine itself is also subject to the same conditions. And yet, if nothing more, those words of Paul which we began by quoting might serve to show this to be both true and necessary. What "men called free-thinking" in him was, as the apostolic narrative very plainly tells, distinguished hardly more from the dogmatism of the Jews with whom he broke, than from the narrower view of the Christians with whom he joined. And no result of the more recent criticism is at once more positive in the main fact, and more curious in its details, than the sharp antagonism between the Pauline doctrine and the "orthodoxy" of the early Church.*

Strictly speaking, however, the element of "free thought" is only one, and by no means the principal one, that has to be taken into account by the historian of religious belief. The type of belief found at any given period is determined, not by the wilfulness of those who set themselves to be its expounders, but by the grade of mental culture, by certain fixed intellectual conditions and social or historical phenomena of the time. While the faith itself is a vital phenomenon, — one which we do not profess to "account for" in any merely scientific or speculative way, — theology takes its rank among

* Illustrated especially in the writings known as "Clementines."

Digitized by Google

the sciences, dealing with these (so to speak) visible and outward relations of the faith. Religion in its essence we regard as lying quite outside the range either of science to explain or of free-will to create. But its anterior conditions and determining influences do come within the domain of science, and the investigation of them is always a legitimate problem of theology; and this as well within as without the Church. We do not think it necessary to defend a proposition so evident to any one who reflects at all on the laws of human thought. But, to meet what seems to us the implied fallacy of our author's method, — a fallacy implied, also, in much of the prevalent talk about religious things, — we shall try to make it plainer by a few illustrations.

In tracing the development of Christian thought under the conditions found in the mental atmosphere in which it had to grow, we shall find our most convenient starting-place in *the antagonism between the Church and the world*, as it lay in the mind of the first Christian thinkers. The "kingdom of Heaven," as practically conceived by them, was to be a state where that antagonism would be yet more rigidly defined. We do not think it necessary to go into any proof of a fact so apparent on the surface of the Testament, and so faithfully reflected in the current religious language of Christendom, even now. Neither do we attempt to trace it to its sources in the speculations of the remoter East.* It is sufficient to present a few of the more striking indications of it, and to show its working in some quarters where it is often overlooked. It lay deep in the thought, and gave vivid expression to the features, of the early Christian age. The fortitude of the martyrs evinced in part their loyalty to truth as such, but even more, as we are compelled to believe, the strength of their conviction that by such steadfastness alone they should escape the fiery doom of the Pagan world. And at least as early as Tertullian, † — perhaps it would be equally true to say the writer of the Apocalypse, — the triumphant anticipation of the judgment-

* Which Professor Guyot ingeniously argues may have been first suggested by the strong contrasts of Asiatic scenery.

† We shall take an early opportunity to illustrate the importance of Tertullian's writings, as expressions of the period to which we refer.

Digitized by Google

day was that of heaven and hell, as the exaggerated projection, on the background of infinity, of the same antagonism, — a final separation of elect and reprobate, on the precise line of that old hostility.

Thus the Church came very early to regard itself as a separate community, utterly disconnected (save in the thought of superior men, like Justin and Origen) from the organic life of the world's past. It came to be spoken of among its members as an organized community, or "polity." Its earliest action indicates a primitive and rude attempt at the organization of society, — an attempted solution of the social problem on the basis of communism. The later expansion and development of this germ, in that shape of communism known as the vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience, constitutes (as we know familiarly) one of the most remarkable features of the social institutions of the Middle Age. And in the very earliest time, the separation of thought, interest, and destiny which it already indicates was fruitful of consequences affecting the entire circle of Christian life. The Church early affected an independence and completeness within itself, which became very apparent as the hope of Christ's reappearance declined, and especially as the age of persecution passed away. Thus, in elaborate parallel with the highest development of the polytheistic states, side by side with the "polity," or organized community, was a corresponding "philosophy," or higher intellectual culture, which in the Christian state was monasticism.* And the most elaborate work of patristic theology — Augustine's "Civitas Dei" — devotes four books to the "exortus duarum civitatum, quarum est una Dei, altera hujus mundi: . . . . . quarum est una quæ prædestinata est in æternum regnare cum Deo, altera æternum supplicium subire cum Diabolo." In other words, that first instinct of antagonism is simply projected upon a larger and more imposing historical scale; and ancient annals, not yet regarded as the reading of universal providence in human things, were ranged in the two great classes, sacred and profane. The dogmatic

* "This philosophy came down from heaven as a secret and divine thing. The author of it, some say, was John the Baptist, some Elias." — Sozomen, *Hist. Eccles.*

Digitized by Google

propositions of the Church became a series of pragmatical antitheses; and the running contrast of nature and grace, heaven and earth, the Church and the world, elect and reprobate, was the reflex, in the detail of theological belief, of a state of things compelled upon it by the nature of its attitude in a pagan age.

We have to bear in mind, furthermore, that, besides consecrating the single life, and elevating the tone and temper of individual minds, by its purely religious influences, the Church (as just suggested) undertook to meet and solve the entire social problem. It undertook to organize and complete the embodiment of the Christian life, under the direction of a spiritual authority. It was for the sake of vindicating its own wholeness, vigor, and unity that the great controversies, Arian and Pelagian, were waged. It aimed to lay down one rule of faith; it enjoined one creed on all; and sought to build, of the scattered Christian societies, one universal and catholic society, which might be literally the kingdom, or "state, of God." And thus — after the first looking for the visible return of Jesus in the clouds of heaven — the Catholic organization of the Middle Age was the inevitable and elaborate, though partial, interpretation of the Christian scheme.

Another thing which went far to determine the characteristics of early Christian thought was an exceeding shyness of science, — even of such crude and imperfect physics as had been attained in the ancient world. It was, as we familiarly know, not till the twelfth or thirteenth century (and then only through the Arabs and the Moors of Cordova) that Aristotle became known as an intellectual "potency" in the Christian world, and was studied, not for his science, but for his metaphysics. It seems doubtful whether even Origen was aware of the splendid and nearly contemporary development of mathematics and astronomy in the Alexandrian school, represented by two such names as Euclid and Hipparchus. Augustine especially commemorates his own antipathy to mathematical studies. The narrowness of his view, or, perhaps, the decline of ancient physics, is seen in the fact that he confounds the "mathematicians and astrologers" in one reproach, and seems quite unconscious that science has

Digitized by Google

any other use than jugglery.* It deserves mention, also, that Galen, the father of human physiology, who flourished in the second century, finds no place in the history of Christian thought, though justly cited by Cudworth among the profoundly religious thinkers of the world. When the mob at Lyons mocked the martyrs' hope of a resurrection by scattering their ashes in the Rhone, there was no physiologist on that side to vindicate or spiritualize that hope of immortality which clung so obstinately to a miraculous revival of the corpse.†

It was one consequence of the antagonism adverted to, that our familiar conception of a kingdom of God in nature — anticipated in the splendid rhetoric of the Stoics — was one utterly impossible and unintelligible to the mind of the early Christian thinkers. Having no scientific principles to guide them in observing natural phenomena, their highest attainment in that direction was a vague religious admiration, (of which the Hebrews had given the example,) liable to be turned to repugnance at coming upon any new class of repellent facts. Hence an undefined antipathy towards the natural world, and a vague confounding of it in the same condemnation that attached to Paganism. The practical result of this was ascetic monachism; its theoretical result we have already seen, in the character of the Church doctrine. Even when it did not amount to the extravagance of the Gnostic or Manichæan hypotheses, it gave (as in the instance of Augustine) a strong and deep coloring to the Christian theology, and helped to fix that mark which seems almost indelible in the Christian mind generally, — that sense of the strong mutual antithesis of nature and grace, suggested first, we believe, by Marcion.‡ Manichæism, though inextricably and fatally blended with an absurd physical hypothesis, found no other answer from Augustine than the antipathy of his religious sentiment. His

* See Confessions, Book IV. Chap. IV. What is said in allusion to Augustine's attitude towards physical science will not be taken in disparagement of his inestimable services in the department of the Christian life.

† Even Grotius finds it necessary to defend this dogma at some length in his tract, "De Veritate"; and it has been studiously grafted both on the Apostles' Creed and on the Burial Service of the English Church.

‡ Who held to three first principles, — a *good* God, a *just* God, and an eternal realm of Matter.

Digitized by Google

reaction against it began with his disgust at the character of his teachers, and their equivocal replies to his interrogatories. In his reasoning against it, so far as we can trust our memory of the controversy, there is an utter absence of scientific criticism; and the point of view is simply that of impression, impulse, and personal feeling, together with that exaggerated habit of contrast spoken of before, which made him reject the merely imperfect as hateful and antagonistic. How remote all this is from the calm and accurate discrimination needful in dealing with physical or ethical phenomena, requires no further proof. Such as it was, it has underlaid or overlaid almost the entire current of the prevailing dogmatology.

In this helpless confusion of thought, as regarded the expounding of natural phenomena, there was no course to take but the summary one of referring them all immediately to one or the other class of agencies, — to God or Satan, to angels or devils.* This tendency is seen alike in the popular phraseology of the New Testament, the transcendental speculations of the Alexandrian theosophists, and the controversial theology of the early Christian centuries. How utterly impossible was any discriminating criticism of such matters, and how incapable were the current disputations respecting the supernatural, is shown in the *naïveté* of the Church legends recorded in the apocryphal Gospels, and by such historians as Nicephorus, as well as in the fact, that the Christian writers had nothing to say against the alleged miracles of the Neo-Pythagorean hero, Apollonius of Tyana, except to refer them pragmatically to the Devil.

The endeavor to insulate the development of Christian thought, by interposing the non-conducting medium of ecclesiastical prejudice, necessarily failed beyond a certain point; and some of the intellectual tendencies of the time were as faithfully reflected within as without the Church. The coincidences between Neo-Platonism and Christianity, on the side of pure speculation, present one of the most interesting problems of Church history. In the theology of Philo, as is well known, almost every point of the earlier dogmatics is clearly

* For the language respecting demons, see Grote's History of Greece, Vol. I. Ch. II.

Digitized by Google

anticipated or reproduced. "We find in him, already, the Logos as the second Divinity, the first-born son, the image, messenger, and executive agent (ὕπαρχος) of God, the light of the world, the advocate, or intercessor, the mediatorial high-priest, the refuge and physician of souls, shepherd of the flock, ordainer of all things, seal of the testimony, fountain of wisdom, and sinless saviour from sin; we find the doctrine of ransom, or redemption, of spiritual blessedness, of faith and repentance as the source of good works and ground of justification, of the Holy Spirit, and the sacred Triad." Vacherot represents the Nicene symbol as of the nature of a resultant, or compromise, embracing the Oriental theosophic dogma of the Infinite, or Bythos, the Platonic Logos, or realm of eternal Ideas, and, lastly, the Stoic doctrine of the immanent Spirit of the Universe. The antique rage for abstract speculation and verbal analysis had "ample room and verge enough" in the realm of the yet plastic theology; neither checked, as in the ancient world, by the rigidness of social institutions, nor corrected, as in the modern world, by any habits of strict scientific thought. Even the idea of sacrificial expiation, so essential a feature of the Hebrew mind, and so dwelt on in typical interpretations of the Old Testament, was so far subordinated to the purely speculative habit, as, by the acknowledgment of Isaac Taylor, to have "involved the loss of its vital influence"; and he laments that "Orthodoxy, during some eras, could by no means claim the majority as its adherents." * The polemics of Arius, so far as we can see, were confined to the wearisome and teasing repetition of one idea; and those of Athanasius are mainly made up of loose and violent assertion, which very few would care now to read or answer. The student of the history of the early controversies and creeds is perpetually struck at finding anticipations of almost every shade of recent speculation. The doctrine of "God in Christ," set forth a few years ago by Dr. Bushnell, as a solvent of modern difficulties, was proposed and set aside, time and again, in almost his precise terminology, while the Church was gradually bringing

* See "Ancient Christianity," pp. 252, 433.

Digitized by Google

the Trinitarian dogma into shape.* The difference seems to be, in part, that, while these represent the ascending, he represents the descending node of speculative faith; and, in part, it is the difference between the barrenness of ancient analysis and the richness of modern culture.

In short, the early "creed of Christendom," the traditional and received theology of the Church, is the exponent or resultant of certain speculative tendencies and practical wants of the early Christian organization. It reflects the intellect of the age in which it was developed; and even that imperfectly, with the immense deduction of ignoring the entire scientific, and recognizing only the purely speculative attainment of the Greeks. A word, next, of the transformation which that primitive type of Christianity has undergone. This will be shown best by considering, first, some of the influences at work at particular marked periods, and then their effect in the transmutation of special doctrines.

It was not a matter of choice or will, but of simple necessity, that the Christian organization adapted itself to the circumstances of the time, — to the standard of knowledge, the wants and culture, of each succeeding generation. Indeed, the fact itself is neither more nor less than one of the symptoms of its vitality. A living organism not only resists, and as it were keeps at bay, the elements which prey upon its structure, but is insensibly moulded by them, so as to fit the conditions in which it has to live. To resist beyond a certain point would be sheer helpless suicide. The antagonism, at first so sharply drawn, between the Church and the world, came to be merged in something like unity; so that each element had its allotted place. And the grand hierarchy of Rome gained and held its power, not by being strictly one and the same through all ages, but by the suppleness of its organization and the skill of its policy, — by its pliancy, so to speak, and its flexibility in the hands of the changing generations. Its vague assertion is of a complete identity of doctrine and spirit. Its boast should be quite as sagacious, and a good deal more true, from the quality precisely opposite.

* See Gieseler, Vol. I. pp. 101, 127, 197, 204, 229, for the indications of this process.

Digitized by Google

And if this is the case in respect to the splendid and imposing unity of what claims to be the oldest and only true Church, much more is it with those which were made expressly *to order*, as it were, — which grew up, or were built up, without any, or with only the feeblest, historical pretensions; and served only to meet one mental, moral, or religious want or another, according as each was most strongly felt, and uppermost. What a glance shows us to be inevitable, a very few words will suffice to exhibit as fact.

Of the periods which might be selected as its illustration, we speak of only three.

The first was the period of the great conflict which the Church maintained with barbarism. Its zeal, and the thoroughness of its discipline, were most conspicuously shown in the monastic life, at least in the form it took in Western Europe. The monasteries embodied the intense and central life of the Church. They were organized (says Guizot) only secondarily for thought, — primarily for action. Their office was to nurture and drill men in the ascetic and strenuous type of virtue then held in chief esteem, and to execute the heavy task-work of an incipient Christian civilization. The grand missions of the Church were undertaken and carried on by them, — works not of mere attack, but of systematic and necessary defence. The defensive campaign must be conducted on offensive principles. The threatening barbarism of Germany and Scandinavia must be defeated on its own soil. What the Church required then was a generation of Christian heroes, — men like Boniface and Anschar; and she had them. The theology such men wanted was sharp, compact, executive. Themselves might be mystics, as was Anschar, with fervent day-dreams; or heralds of intellectual culture, like Boniface, founder of the great school at Fulda. But as working men they wanted a working faith. The one thing needful was an effective appeal to the sensual imagination of barbarians. And the worship of relics, the legendary miracles, the doctrine of the "real presence," the immense central power of Rome, are the strong marks which that age left on the Christian history.

The next was the period of the independent growth of modern metaphysics, when the thought nurtured and favored by

Digitized by Google

the Church began insensibly to undermine the fabric which it had aided to rear. The European intellect was trained to the practice of a formidable analysis. We have no right to break the continuity of modern thought, or refuse to see its historical evolution. Reuchlin and Erasmus were legitimate sons of the scholarship of the Church; and Melancthon traced his new symbols of faith on the background of mediæval learning. As applied to the ancient structure of belief, the process has been in the main a disintegrating one. Metaphysics might assume the championship of the Church theology, as it did under the Schoolmen; but its essential tendency must appear at length. The line of legitimate descent from Scotus Erigena, or Anselm, brings us at the last to Hegel. The belief of men has to undergo a filtering, or analysis, severe as that by which we test chemically our soil and food; and what stands by the sufferance of the intellect does not overawe the conscience, as it did before. If the old doctrine is still admitted, as a matter of complaisance or of course, it is yet a very different thing to the imagination and religious feeling; it bears quite another ratio to the whole body and mass of thought. Its proportions and perspective are altogether changed, with the change in the received maxims of belief. What was once the sum and burden of a man's thinking becomes incidental, and occupies only a particular place in his mind. Where knowledge comes, it supersedes the faith. It cannot be the same act of the mind with which we view a process we understand, and one that is vague, mysterious, and incomprehensible. The access of knowledge puts back the boundaries of reverence and trust, which the critical intellect has already detached from the ancient symbol. And this whole process was already heralded and foreordained, when, in the thirteenth century, the universities and the mendicant preaching orders sprang up side by side, — when, in other words, the intellect of the Church was divorced from that religious agency with which it appealed to and guided the popular faith.

The other significant period, introducing a new potency into the region of Christian theology, was the period of the Reformation; when (as the ethical sense of that word denotes) the moral element began to be employed as a critical and antago-

Digitized by Google

nistic force. It was Luther's broad, popular sense, and coarse, yet sagacious apprehension of the point of right, that, far more than the scholastic and constructive metaphysics of Melancthon or Calvin, determined the character of the great revolution. It was not a reformation of theology, so much as a protest of the moral sense. The simple sentiment of right and wrong — ultimate and absolute as it must always be, when once roused and genuine — was strong enough to break down the entire conception of revelation, as hitherto received; — i. e. as organized in a religious community, which should be the medium of divine communication to the human race. We know with what pain and struggle this moral victory was achieved; and what deep misgivings afflicted Luther before his end, — not as to the truth of the Papal doctrine, but as to the tendency of his own.* Nothing could afford a stronger illustration of the invincible certainty of moral, as prevailing over speculative conviction. And if we take the word *ethics* in its larger signification, we shall see that the motive power of the Reformers was their profession of a better Christian ideal, — their protest against the corruptions of the Church. Their convenient points of attack were venal indulgences, and scandals among the holy orders. They fell back on the unsophisticated popular instinct of moral truth. As Comte says, it was "the destruction of Christianity on Christian principles," — that is, of speculative Christianity by practical. The great Christian organism, professing to teach with authority the law of life and duty, was divided against itself. And, the charm of authority once broken, it was perhaps inevitable that, for ultimate endurance and popular effect, the *moral* quality of religious faith should displace and survive every other element of its power.

An analysis of the entire series of Church dogmas would exhibit transformations in them corresponding in the main with the several influences we have now described. For the immediate purpose of our argument, we shall confine ourselves to a single example.

---

* "Many conclude," said he, "that my path is on roses; but God knows how far my heart is from any such feeling." As a symptom of like uneasiness, De Maistre calls attention to Calvin's habit of constantly harping on the universal *spiritual* Church.

Digitized by Google

The doctrine of the future state offers, perhaps, the purest type of the transformation we speak of. The inspiration of its hope has been already alluded to, as the strength of the martyr-age of Christianity. Then came the dominion of its fear. "Men are more cogently governed by what they are forced to imagine, than by what they are allowed to know." * The working force of the mediæval Church rested on the faith of men in the terrors of the world beyond the grave. Its discipline was purely in view of the future recompense; its grand profession, that, by an appointed ministration, it had actual control of the destiny of the soul in that unseen state. Its elaborate scheme of confession, ritual, and penance all bore on that. Its prodigious accumulation of wealth was (as that of the Romish Church still is) gained by plying aptly and diligently that lever, to move the conscience of dying men. Its worship, doctrine, and terrible judgments of fire were all symbolic of a more august and formidable order of facts, conceived as existing in the spiritual world. Its tremendous announcement of the damnation of aliens, heretics, and unbaptized infants was the dark base on which the corner-stone of its power reposed. And no single portion of its immense edifice but would sink and vanish, like Atlantis in the ocean waves, if that substructure of faith in the horrors of the invisible were undermined.

Now it came about inevitably, as the gentler elements of human character were more developed under the softening influence of civilization, and as more accurate knowledge was gained of the principles and methods of the natural world, that the terror associated with the future state began to retreat more and more into the background, and to fade out from men's thought; while the element of trust and hope came to be more and more the characteristic of the Christian faith in immortality. Intellectual analysis and the moral sentiment did their work. And accordingly, for the past century at least, — ever since the great deistical movement, which compelled the Christian apologists to fall back on sentiments of natural religion and justice, and to identify the Christian

* Kinglake.

Digitized by Google

scheme, so far as might be, with the instinctive longings and hopes of men, — the idea of immortality has been in general held up as a purely animating and happy one, entirely aside from any particular apprehensions of its doom. Evidently, the truth of the doctrine must have been taken for granted, without inquiry, by the mass of men for many ages; since, as soon as Christianity was put in the attitude of apology, and had its defence to make before the intellect of the world, it waived the element of horror, and studiously represented the bare fact of immortality as the great and precious privilege, which, but for this religion, men should have had no knowledge of at all. If we wish to understand the spirit of the former type of belief, we must listen to the exhortations of those sects and preachers that hold forth the terrors of the law in congregations where *not scepticism but sin* is the fact they have to deal with. The helpless terror of the Middle Age at the drear prospect of futurity is pathetically shown in the mournful inscription copied by Michelet from a tombstone near Lucerne: "*I am a child two years old; what a terrible thing for such an infant to go to judgment, and appear already before God!*" A painful couplet in Mr. Lowell's "Legend of Brittany" expresses the same feeling, as shared by a mother in paradise, lamenting her unbaptized infant's doom: —

> "Even here for grief could I lie down and die,
> But for my *curse of immortality.*"

The idea of perfect recompense and illimitable progress is now become the common sense of the subject; and it is only by an effort that we can conceive of a contrary idea as possible. Christendom was ruled, says Gfrörer,* for three centuries, by hope of the future state; then, by terror of the same state; and lastly, by habit. The slowly changing eschatology of the Church has been the underlying conception in its several schemss of doctrine; and the character of this has undergone the several well-marked modifications now detailed.

It remains to speak briefly of the influence of the "positive," or scientific mode of thought, in the particular province

* Urchristenthum, Vol. I., Preface.

Digitized by Google

of theology. We do it because it must be evident to any reflecting mind that this, and not speculative dogmatism or "gnosis," must make the real postulate and the certain basis of our theory of the Divine government. We do it with a single purpose; not to speak of the attainments of science, as furnishing matter to be incorporated in our system of belief, but only to hint the working of the intellectual habit which it generates.

First, science continually enlarges to our mental vision the domain of necessity, — i. e. of fixed and immutable fact. The prodigious influence it thus exerts upon the whole tone of our mind is sufficiently apparent. We speak of it as determining the type of the underlying religious thought. For necessity, like every other fundamental idea received and habitual in a religious mind, becomes a religious idea, — though it should take even the terrible form of the Calvinist or Moslem fatalism. Our view of the Divine government necessarily undergoes some change as we come to understand better the courses of nature and the operations of the world around us. Vague awe becomes intelligent trust. What seemed capricious and arbitrary reduces itself to order and system and undeviating rule. We learn to trust the Divine care and watchfulness, not for its partial bounty to us, not for any favoritism we hope to win or merit, but precisely because it is strict, uniform, unchanging, and impartially extended over all. And, practically speaking, we cannot doubt that, when this once becomes the habit of the mind, it is as serene, resolute, and effectual a faith as that exercised by saints in the earlier periods of the Christian history. It is the peculiar province and continual effort of modern thought, to illustrate the laws of the universal Providence, which are but the acts of the universal God: and our own age, with its interpretation of other excellent qualities of the religious life, interprets afresh for us also this especial attribute of Trust.

And next, we find in the scientific habit of mind a limit to sceptical tendencies, and ultimately their correction and cure. Many have, indeed, regarded it in precisely the contrary way; but this, we think, is only a relic of the ancient jealousy, stimulated by the uneasy consciousness that dogmatic theology

Digitized by Google

is losing ground. Comte has stated it as the true final position of theism, that it "holds in reserve the possibility of arbitrary intervention, which may come at any moment to change in any respect the fundamental order." Excepting this, he thinks the religious view of nature has become wholly merged in the scientific. His statement is evidently so far true as this, that theism accepts as attributes or acts of the living God, what science announces as methods of the universe. The conception of a living Spirit is assumed as the ground of all phenomena. In assuming this, we wait for science to indicate the method of the Divine government; and what it fixes as everlasting verities, we accept as religious facts. But while their relation to the *soul* thus remains unchanged, their relation to the *intellect* is wholly new. There is no room for any possible cavil or doubt as to their reality or their essential character. As soon as we get beyond the blind absurdity of dogmatic atheism,* and begin to recognize the reason and method of the universe, we have already a great stock of religious ideas — at least, all needful preparation for them — given us outright in science. A law is made known to us to which our life is subject, ethically and socially as well as physically. And this is practically *the same as if* there were an almighty Lawgiver, a Ruler, a Parent, a Sovereign. This first step thus gives us, to all intents and purposes, whatever is essentially included in our idea of God, so far as concerns our outward relation and moral responsibility to him. A truer and more vivid conception of the "method of the Divine government," according to our notion of it, is given in a page of natural science, than in a volume of Augustinian theology, — only setting aside the far stronger appeal which this latter makes to the conscience and the personal sentiment of reverence. By thus refuting and rendering utterly impossible any radical and sweeping scepticism, we conceive that science most directly and serviceably ministers to faith.

It is as defining the type of faith, and as rendering impossible any presumption in favor of dogmatic atheism, that the

* "A superficial or malevolent judgment alone can confound with the Positive Philosophy a doctrine so completely negative [as Atheism], — one necessarily more transient than any other." — Comte, *Philosophie Positive*, Vol. VI. p. 846.

Digitized by Google

"positive" order of thought concerns itself most nearly with our present argument. We need hardly add, that, by giving us a totally new conception of the universe, and familiarizing us with the stand-point of natural law, it opens in a new and most imposing form that question of rationalism, which from the first has more or less perplexed the intellect of the Church. The philosophy of the Christian Fathers, says Tennemann, rather vaguely, is "a supernaturalism more or less blended with rationalism." The question, then, is no new one; but the way of dealing with it must be new. And, without deciding on these facts of the supernatural order with which it has to deal, we may safely go as far as this: that the Church cannot hold dogmatically its position of supernaturalism, at least in the form in which it was generally presented a few years ago, as an indispensable condition of religious belief; and that any theory of miracles, to abide the test of the present analysis, must see in them, not a contradiction, but a revelation and enlargement of the domain of law, and must leave their reception free to the spontaneous reverence of the religious thinker. Belief in them will necessarily become henceforth not fundamental, but supplementary; and will remain (as in fact we practically find it), not as the stay of doubtful doctrine, but rather as a *protest in favor of the free personality of the Deity*, and as a check on the tendency to merge the paternal character of God in his abstract and universal attributes. Such belief will reside in the religious heart, rather than in the speculative mind: the order of events it clings to we cannot insist on critically, for testimony; only accept, reverentially and gratefully, as fact.

We do not enter now upon the discussion of those further points, whether pertaining to historical criticism or to individual and social ethics, which help define the type of the theology which is to be. Enough has been already said to show its essential diversity from anything in the dominant creeds of the past. There seems for the present no ground of compromise, — only for collision or transition, as the case may be; and it is quite apparent which of the two must yield. The bearing of the conflict we discern in the nature of the "aids" by which a declining faith is propped; in the obscure

Digitized by Google

and uneasy consciousness, among the "Orthodox" sects, of a weakness in their position; in their falling back more and more on tradition, and on a minute laborious erudition, symptomatic of a decline in confident energy; in their frequent querulous and feeble criticism, and their ineffectual attempts to borrow the trenchant weapons of their opponents; in their vague boast of a superior "philosophy" of the spiritual world, set forth in the formula of Calvinism;* and, above all, in their suspicious and ill-judged denunciations of their own abler men who verge towards heresy. While the keener thinkers among the Romanists, with their practical insight into the essential nature of protest, rank all its degrees together; and declare, at the slightest symptoms of convergence, that orthodoxy and heresy are coming round to be the same thing.

The final answer to the question so uneasily and widely mooted, involves nothing less than the spiritual complexion of the age that is to be. It is the broad question, whether the coming development of human thought and life shall be a religious development, — whether the coming era of civilization shall be a Christian one or not. The issue is stated by Michelet † as lying between Christianity and the "Revolution," or spirit of the age, — the watchwords of the two being "Grace," or privilege, and "Justice," or equality. But, happily, our Protestant nurture has so far modified our conception of Christianity as a universal religion, that it makes the name stand for us substantially as the absolute ideal of human life; and by this transformation in the sense of the term we get a much stronger and clearer apprehension of the real continuity of the world's intellectual and religious life.

In an age of controversy like ours, when all grounds of authority are questioned, and when any chance gathering of men may very likely include every shade of opinion, from reverential mysticism to the extreme of negative speculation, it is not our main business, we fancy, to vindicate this or that

* See McCosh, "Method of Divine Government."

† "What is the *ancien régime*, the king and the priest in the old monarchy? Tyranny, in the name of Grace. What is the Revolution? The reaction of equity, the tardy advent of Eternal Justice." — History of the French Revolution, Introduction, § 9.

Digitized by Google

as the exclusive source of religious faith. If, in honest dealing with his own mind, one does accept the spiritual facts of religion, he is certainly justified in holding them in the main as facts, — seeking in general rather to enlarge than restrict their range, and vindicating them purely on their own merits, aside from any external authority or speculative basis of support. The earnest religious thinker should surely be welcome, whatever portion of the wide field he chooses to occupy. The best "aids of faith" are, often, those which have least to do with its critical defences. If asked to say where we shall find the clearest, simplest, happiest faith, most decided, paramount, and undoubting, no doubt we might say in one of these three classes: first, in the adherents of the Roman communion, to whom the Church is all in all, — its will law, its word truth, its service implicitly yielded, as of a divinity in visible shape, — to whom, therefore, until they doubt that authority, there is no room for any other doubt; next, among the simple, trustful, humble, of every creed, who are content to take such measure of light as comes of its own accord, who are conscious of no difficulties, ask no questions, and demand no proofs; and, lastly, in those who, aware of the questioning and doubt that can be raised as to every point of intellectual belief, and feeling perhaps over strongly the perplexity of historical or scientific proof, are yet content, deliberately and consciously, to waive all argument, and take for granted what the soul suggests, however incompetent the mind may be to justify. And those besides, who falter and contend for proof, and insist on believing first, not the spiritual fact, but something else, by which it should be made more certain, lack the full energy and the calm reliance of the faith.

It may possibly be a relief to some minds to reflect that the spiritual fact itself, whatever it be, is fixed and unalterable, whatever we may think of it. The worry and vexation in which so many indulge themselves about it is purely gratuitous, — good and essential, possibly, as part of their mental training; but mischievous and foolish, as soon as it takes the mind needlessly out of the sphere of calm trust and duty. It may be our assurance, when we are tempted to overmuch anxiety or discouragement at the prospect of speculative rational-

Digitized by Google

ism, or materialism, or any other form of thought which, in our view, does injustice to the method of God's living providence, that the fact itself, historic or spiritual, by no means depends on our belief of it. Suppose a good man even doubts the truth of immortality, — as many a good man does, — his error will be corrected precisely at the point of time when the correction becomes available for him. And, meanwhile, there is absolutely nothing for such a man to do excepting to live faithfully by such light as he is able to accept, and to trust the event utterly to the beneficent Power that has ordained the course of human life. Any uneasy apprehension, as if we were personally responsible for the existence of spiritual realities, or for the historical verity of alleged facts, betokens a total confusion of ideas, and an incongruous admixture of the despotic superstitions of the old belief. What we want is honest and loyal thinkers; and for the sublime topics of their thought, God should be abundantly able to guarantee *their* integrity.

The sketch which we have drawn is far too rapid and incomplete to serve as a sufficient answer to the question with which we set out. Yet we trust that one or two results have been attained with sufficient exactness. We think that the character of the age and of the thought represented in early Christianity, and the nature of its transformation since, have been shown to be such that we can by no means take any one period as an authoritative guide to truth. It has been made sufficiently apparent that the prevailing type of religious belief was first determined, and has been essentially changed from time to time, in accordance with strict historical conditions. "Free thought" is seen to be, not a power lawless and foreign, or necessarily hostile to Christian believing, but one of the loyal forces, by which the form of faith is moulded to meet the needs and fit the conditions of each succeeding age. The generic difference (to say the least) between the theology of the past generally, and any system that can enter into the world's belief henceforth, has been distinctly enough shown. The general result which seems to be forced upon many of the most thoughtful and profoundly religious minds of the day, is a complete provisional emancipation of the intellect from the

Digitized by Google

modes of thinking into which it has hitherto been compelled, — not (as we devoutly believe) that it may work and wander lawlessly, but that, with free and willing service, and in conformity with the far stricter and sounder conditions of modern thought, it may seek and honor, in its own way, the Spirit of universal Truth.

The religious faith of men, happily, does not depend on any particular hypothesis, whether historic or metaphysical. It is a fatal policy, though followed by many sincere and respected men, to studiously exaggerate the uncertainty of men's belief, except on the foundation themselves are wont to recognize. We cannot override or defeat the essential laws of the human intellect. We cannot fall back on the past, if we would. The future alone we can embrace with any heartiness. The sacred sympathies of the religious life, the precious offices of Christian faith and love, are too costly a treasure to commit to the wager of battle among hostile sects and philosophies and creeds. The opinion and the faith can never be quite detached from one another; but the two may, perhaps, be so far independent that they shall stand, not as rafters, leaning each against the other, and ready always to fall, but as self-supporting and stately columns, giving each its strength to uphold the wide temple they adorn alike.

Digitized by Google

Art. II. — MRS. BROWNING'S ESSAYS ON THE POETS.

Essays on the Greek Christian and the English Poets. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New York: James Miller. 1863.

There lie before us, side by side, as peaceably as though the two authors were not as far removed in aim and conviction as the two poles of the earth, Mrs. Browning's poems, crowned with her "Essays on the Poets," and an English book on "Woman," published twenty-three years ago.

It is well that women should bear in mind what has been, what still is said of them; and we present a few fossil remains of "Woman," interesting because they *are* fossil.

"Much, however, have we heard of learned, great, and illustrious women, — of women's capabilities to reason, philosophize, and legislate. Their learning may be sufficiently illustrated by an anecdote from one of our periodicals. 'Of course,' say they, 'no one can have a higher opinion of the fair sex than ourselves; and nobody can be more unwilling than we to doubt the genuineness of those numerous and various excellences which they exhibit; but we confess, it has often occasioned us to open the eyes of surprise, and lift up the hands of astonishment, to see the familiarity evinced by them with the dead languages, (we say nothing of their aptness at the unknown tongues,) and the facility with which they will turn an ode of Horace or a scene of Menander into English (rather blank) verse. A certain reverend canon, lately deceased, has 'let the cat out of the bag.' In a letter lately published in the Gentleman's Magazine, he thus writes: 'Yours is a just portrait of Miss Seward of Litchfield, — her exact character. I was conducted the other day to her blue region, as André calls it. She was busy translating, or rather transposing, an Ode of Horace, without understanding a word of the original. She had three different translations before her, — Francis's, Smart's, and Bromick's, — out of which she compounds her own.'"

It matters little whether this statement of a "reverend canon" be true or false. Miss Seward is nothing to English literature, or to female literature, saving as a somewhat respectable milestone *from* which to measure progress. Of that barren era Mrs. Browning, in her essay on Modern Poets, says: —

Digitized by Google

"How sick to faintness grew the poetry of England! Anna Seward 'by'r lady,' was the 'muse' of those days, and Mr. Hayley 'the bard,' and Hannah More wrote our dramas, and Helen Williams our odes, and Rosa Matilda our elegiacs, — and Blacklock, blind from his birth, our descriptive poems, and Mr. Whalley our 'domestic epics,' and Darwin our poetical philosophy, and Lady Millar encouraged literature at Bath, with red taffeta and 'the vase.' But the immortal are threatened vainly. It was the sickness of renewal rather than of death."

Those transition days appear crude enough, seen through nineteenth-century spectacles, and the best that can be said of the women is, that they were not much worse than the men. From among many learned women who are cutting out a pathway, surely but silently, we select the one woman-poet, — Elizabeth Barrett Browning. We do not reverence her for scholarship; we reverence her for a true poet. But since the taunt of "no-learning" among women still proceeds from many mouths, it is proper to refute the falsehood with so noble a proof of the contrary. Surely no "reverend canon" will rise up to declare that Mrs. Browning "transposed" translations. Yet we remember almost as false a charge of superficiality, made by the London "Saturday Review." After reading that monstrous libel we passed into Casa Guidi, into the room made void forever, and saw the old Greek books that she had earnestly mastered, standing mournful and together; we were told by him who had sounded the depths of her learning, how little people knew of the woman who had gone from among men, and were shown the Hebrew Bible that had been in constant use, heavy, priceless with its marginal notes in Greek (*not* "lady's Greek without the accents"), — all the work of Mrs. Browning.

"Difficulties," says Cabanis, "repel women: their impatience bounds over them." We take up the "Essays on the Poets" to compare theory with fact. If there is one merit that transcends every other in this small book of large ideas, it is patience. Nothing but love could have inspired Mrs. Browning to roll off the cerements from those old Greek Christians and breathe a little of her own life into them.

Though her criticisms are concentrated in two comparatively short essays, yet she wears the ivy none the less rightly.

Digitized by Google

Giotto's perfect circle proved the master, and the fingers of a Michel Angelo take but little time to squeeze the ideal out of a bit of shapeless, senseless clay. Mrs. Browning has but *sketched* her subject, yet we know that, had she not been a great poet, she would have been a great prose-writer and critic, for she has drawn her circle. How much better, how much stronger, these Essays would be, had they received the intended revision of their author, we can almost assert, from knowing how much greater Mrs. Browning was than Miss Barrett.

"Love, my child, love, love!"

said the dying father of "Aurora Leigh," and it was this wondrous flood-tide that bore the poet so far beyond her former self. Time will expand and strengthen all noble souls, but love is the noonday sun that steeps them in God's essence. And besides,

"Italy
Is one thing, England one."

The Essays are of England. The voice of humanity breathing out of that unrivalled prose preface to the "Poems before Congress" is of Italy. Critical power increases in the exact ratio that insight into humanity is deepened. Italy does much for Northern souls. They need a warm, blue sky and a dreamy atmosphere to develop germs that a cold, frosty air keeps latent. The influence of Italy upon English poets has been great, and to Mrs. Browning it seemed almost a necessity, for there was an intensity in her nature not often the product of English soil and customs. Perhaps it is not mere speculation to trace her great heart-passion back to a tropical sun; for though English, her ancestors claimed the West Indies as a home, and so the South may have left its mark upon Anglo-Saxon characteristics. A fortunate union of Northern head with Southern heart often creates genius.

Turning in Mrs. Browning's poems to the "Wine of Cyprus," the aroma of which is as delightful as that of the grapes glistening with rich ripeness on the Coté d'Or, we find a sketch in words suggestive of a much larger picture. We see that one room in the country-house in Devonshire, with its pale, suffering poet, — a poet not "through pain," as Byron was,

Digitized by Google

but in spite of pain. The solitude begotten of suffering may have made Mrs. Browning more learned than she otherwise would have been, but it did not create the poet. The lives of men and women were necessary to her genius. Still-life and the daisy were not to her what they were to Wordsworth. Therefore we say that pain improved the scholar, but clipped the wings of the poet. It washed away the alloy inseparable almost from human health, and sanctified her by an unequalled mercy and charity; but it robbed her of worldly wisdom. Intuition is much, but experience is more. And this we say, well remembering what Mrs. Browning has written of Shakespeare in the Book of the Poets.

"He was wise in the world, having studied it in his heart; what is called 'the knowledge of the world' being just the knowledge of one heart and certain exterior symbols. What else? What otherwise could he, the young transgressor of Sir Thomas Lucy's fences, new from Stratford and the Avon, close in theatric London, have seen or touched or handled of the Hamlets and Lears and Othellos, that he should draw them? 'How can I take portraits,' said Marmontel, in a similar experience, 'before I have beheld faces?' Voltaire embraced him in reply. Well applauded Voltaire! It was a *mot* for Marmontel's utterance, and Voltaire's praise, — for Marmontel, not for Shakespeare. Every being is his own centre to the universe, and in himself must one foot of the compasses be fixed to attain to any measurement: nay, every being is his own mirror to the universe."

Knowledge of one heart is the key to all others; but sitting down with that key in our hands is not likely to unlock other hearts. Those hearts must be sought, and their locks found. Therefore we cannot believe that Shakespeare, marvellous genius as he was, could have conceived at Stratford what he conceived as an actor and a manager of a theatre. "All the world 's a stage," soliloquizes the melancholy Jacques. It is as true that the stage is all the world, — the epitome of every passion, every sentiment, every feeling of which humanity is capable. The theatre is a concentration of the world's good and evil. In no other profession can the social chromatic scale be played without the missing of a note. There is more of tragic, of dramatic, of comic, in a theatre by daylight, than was ever dreamed of by audiences that nightly congregate to

Digitized by Google

witness fictitious joys and sorrows. No genius can have Shakespeare's versatility that has not had his versatile experience. We believe that Miss Barrett could not have written "Aurora Leigh." We believe the composition of this noble poem required all the worldly knowledge of Mrs. Browning. Its fullest, truest character is the heroine; there Mrs. Browning could not fail: she had only to look into her own heart to find the finest possible specimen of womanhood. Romney follows next in naturalness, for Mrs. Browning could draw upon fact for such nobility. But had Mrs. Browning's personal knowledge of the different spheres on the earth been greater, Marian Earle would have been less wise, though not more womanly and generous; and Lady Waldemar would not have talked "garlic." These are spots on the sun, and we make mention of them solely to testify in favor of our theory: we cannot but think that experience meant more to Mrs. Browning in 1860 than in 1842.

We gladly return to drink of the Wine of Cyprus, that we may catch a glimpse of the country-house,

> "When we two sat in the chamber,
> And the poets poured us wine";

those two, the wise blind teacher, Hugh Stuart Boyd, and the double-sighted pupil, — for she saw both earth and heaven, — Elizabeth Barrett. From the window of that study we see "the mountain spreading," hear the tinkling of the sheep-bells as they slowly "pass the pane"; we turn from

> "hill and lea,
> And the summer sun's green revel,"

to listen to that "girlish voice" reading "somewhat slow" the "rhythmic Greek." We approach those golden hours with feelings akin to such as may have been inspired by thought of the sacred mysteries, for those two who sat together and looked into the hearts of "those cup-bearers undying of the wine that 's meant for souls," until

> "The white vests of the chorus
> Seemed to wave up a live air!
> The cothurns trod majestic
> Down the deep iambic lines;
> And the rolling anapæstic
> Curled like vapor over shrines"

Digitized by Google

Devoutly do we approach the "Hades of a heart" filled with the memories of those who were best and greatest before Christ, and we see how the worship of those demigods opened the way to the "noble Christian bishops,"

> "Who mouthed grandly the last Greek,"

loved dearly, and especially by that blind teacher,

> "Though the sponges on their hyssops
> Were distent with wine — too weak,"

and who gradually found a place in the affections of the pupil.

> "Your Chrysostom, you praised him,
> With his glorious mouth of gold;
> And your Basil, you upraised him
> To the height of speakers old;
> And we both praised Heliodorus
> For his secret of pure lies;
> Who forged first his linked stories
> In the heat of lady's eyes.
>
> "And we both praised your Synesius,
> For the fire shot up his odes;
> Though the Church was scarce propitious,
> As he whistled dogs and gods.
> And we both praised Nazianzen,
> For the fervid heart and speech;
> Only I eschewed his glancing
> At the lyre hung out of reach.
>
> "Do you mind that deed of Até,
> Which you bound me to so fast,
> Reading 'De Virginitate,'
> From the first line to the last?
> How I said at ending, solemn,
> As I turned and looked at you,
> That St. Simeon on the column
> Had had somewhat less to do."

Thus, from drinking this Cyprus wine, the power is given us to see how the light of the Greek Christians was absorbed by the girl-poet and grew brighter by absorption, and how, in gratitude for those golden hours of golden harvests, the just heart of Elizabeth Barrett resolved that these her teachers should not be "left to perish by the time-gauges as old men, innocent and decrepit, and worthy of no use or honor," if Eng-

Digitized by Google

lish wreaths of *immortelles*, timely laid upon their dusty folios, could lead the thoughtful to their neglected shrines.

"And the reader will perceive at once that the writer's heart is not laid beneath the wheels of a cumbrous ecclesiastical antiquity, that its intent is to love what is lovable, to honor what is honorable, and to kiss both through the dust of centuries, but by no means to recognize a hierarchy, whether in the Church or in literature."

Mrs. Browning has made us think more kindly and speak more respectfully of these Greek Christian "poetical souls, that are not souls of poets! Surely not ignoble things!" And first we stop, before the sketch of Apollinarius, — "epoist, dramatist, lyrist, philosopher, and rhetorician," — so good a sketch that it must be a faithful likeness, and fancy we can see the moving of those firm, self-relying lips that could reply so bravely to the Cæsar, even if with the bravery of intense egotism. We like the heresy that could make hymns human enough for women to sing "softly to the turning of their distaffs." Those thin lips could say gentle things, even though the man Apollinarius saw nothing better in Eve than "the wretched, misled mother of our race," whose desire for knowledge is considered by the "poetical soul" to be simply a matter of appetite, as with a poet's license he accuses her of being "soul-struck by love of — apples"! Having so little faith in woman, we do not wonder that the corners of his mouth grew down, and the thin lips denied the immortality of individuals.

Gregory Nazianzen comes much nearer to our hearts, for though he wrote "thirty thousand verses," yet, "with the instinct of greater poets, he bares his heart in his poetry, and his heart is worth baring." He was persecuted, and loved men. We acknowledge the purity of character displayed in Gregory's poem, "Soul and Body," yet there is the odor of asceticism about it that makes it too little human for us. Where monkery begins, sympathy must end. "Live and let live," is the very Christian doctrine of our hearts; therefore, if monks and bishops choose to take upon themselves the weight of celibacy, and, for the glory of the Church, dignify it as *cæli beatitudo*, we can only wish them joy, asking for like toleration. We think it somewhat intolerant and pre-

Digitized by Google

sumptuous in Gregory, the sad-hearted celibate, to pronounce that "sweet sickness," matrimony, a "joy unsound"! and to make a point of declaring that "the best children are none." We make this reply to his question of "What answer?" And he, earnest soul, knew not how unlovely he was making his faith when he branded the delights of pictured and sculptured art,

> "And splendor
> Of bas-relief, with tracery tender,
> And varied and contrasted lines,
> Gauds for which the wise will flout thee!"

But Gregory believed this, living as he did in the age of extremes, when "tracery tender" went hand in hand with heathen voluptuousness. It is easy to forgive Gregory this *flouting*. He upheld the Church Militant, and asked of others no more than he required of himself.

It is to Synesius of Cyrene that we give all of our hearts that can be given to a Greek "poetical soul." But he was more; he was a man after Nature's own true making, and therefore we know why he was "the chief, for true and natural gifts, of all our Greek Christian poets," and why "it was his choice to pray lyrically between the dew and the cloud, rather than preach dogmatically between the doxies." We love this Synesius, who resolutely resisted the beckonings of the Bishop's mitre, preferring, like a man, to "think out his own thoughts" until the Church, to the glory of honesty and truth, put the mitre into his hands "on his own terms" of wife and boys, and his brave doubtings on the resurrection of the body. We have ever been fond of the "Squire bishops," of him who, having "married, loved, and lost," having tasted all there is of joy and sorrow, could give to the world the full measure of large-hearted sympathy. And we love Synesius, because he loved his teacher Hypatia, "the perfect, the wise," the heathen, great in her courage as in her beauty, the glorious setting sun of the philosophers, far more divine in her Platonism than those wolves of monks who left the stain of murder upon the Church, and with it blotted Christianity out of Egypt. Cyril the murderer of Hypatia, Synesius her friend and pupil, is the verdict of the ages; and who is there now who will be-

Digitized by Google

lieve in a Christianity of Cyril's making? It was Synesius, not Cyril, who was the poet, and wrote this pure ode: —

"O my deathless, O my blessed,
Maid-born, glorious Son confessed,
O my Christ of Solyma!
I who earliest learnt to play
This measure for thee, fain would bring
Its new sweet tune to cithern-string, —
Be propitious, O my King!
Take this music which is mine
Anthemed from the songs divine!

"We will sing the deathless One,
God himself and God's great Son,
Of sire of endless generations,
Son of manifold creations!
Nature mutually endued,
Wisdom in infinitude!
God, before the angels burning, —
Corpse, among the mortals mourning!
What time Thou wast pourèd mild
From an earthy vase defiled,
Magi with fair arts besprent,
At thy new star's orient,
Trembled inly, wondered wild,
Questioned with their thoughts abroad,—
'What, then, is the new-born child?
WHO the hidden God?
God, or corpse, or king?
Bring your gifts, O hither bring
Myrrh for rite, — for tribute, gold, —
Frankincense for sacrifice.
God! thine incense take and hold!
King! I bring thee gold of price!
Myrrh with tomb will harmonize!'

"For Thou, entombed, hast purified
Earthly ground and rolling tide,
And the path of demon nations,
And the free air's fluctuations,
And the depth below the deep!
Thou, God, helper of the dead,
Low as Hades didst thou tread!
Thou, King, gracious aspect keep,
Take this music which is mine,
Anthemed from the songs divine."

Digitized by Google

In Paul Silentiarius, and his descriptive poem on the Byzantine Church of St. Sophia, in which the poet "dwelt less on the divine dedication and the spiritual uses of the place, than on the glory of the dedicator and the beauty of the structure," we see too much of the world's cloven foot to give him the smallest place in our thoughts, though Mrs. Browning is ever generous, and says, "It is right for us to admit the miracle of a poem made out of stones." But it is John Damascenus that draws us to him through the pathos of his religious sentiment.

"From my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul stained everywhere,
O my Jesus, take my prayer.

"Spurn me not for all it says,
Not for words and not for ways,
Not for shamelessness endued
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would!
Or teach me, which I rather seek,
What to do and what to speak.

"I have sinnèd more than she,
Who, learning where to meet with thee,
And bringing myrrh, the highest-priced,
Anointed bravely, from her knee,
Thy blessed feet accordingly,
My God, my Lord, my Christ!
As thou saidest not, 'Depart,'
Scorn me not, O Word, that art
The gentlest one of all words said!
But give thy feet to me instead,
That tenderly I may them kiss,
And clasp them close, and never miss,
With over-dropping tears as free
And precious as that myrrh could be,
T' anoint them bravely from my knee!
Wash me with my tears: draw nigh me,
That their salt may purify me.
Thou remit my sins who knowest
All the sinning to the lowest, —
Knowest all my wounds, and seest
All the stripes thyself decreest;
Yea, but knowest all my faith,
Seest all my force to death,

Digitized by Google

Hearest all my wailings low,
That mine evil should be so!
Nothing hidden but appears
In thy knowledge, O Divine,
O Creator, Saviour mine!
Not a drop of falling tears,
Not a breath of inward moan,
Not a heart-beat, — which is gone!"

Once more our hearts prompt us to pause at these "striking verses upon the Blessed among Women, weeping," by John of Euchaita, — a "voice with a soul in it, clear and sweet and living."

"O Lady of the passion, dost thou weep?
What help can we, then, through our tears survey,
If such as thou a cause for wailing keep?
What help, what hope, for us, sweet Lady, say?
'Good man, it doth befit thine heart to lay
More courage next it, having seen me so.
All other hearts find other balm to-day, —
The whole world's consolation is my woe!'"

And now, gladly grateful that it is to Mrs. Browning we owe a deeper insight into, and interest in, the Greek Christian poets, we bid them farewell, for they have led us to the sixteenth century, and

"Shakespeare is in the world! And the Genius of English poetry, she who only of all the earth is worthy, (Goethe's spirit may hear us say so and smile,) stooping, with a royal gesture, to kiss the dead lips of the Genius of Greece, stands up her successor in the universe, by virtue of that chrism, and in right of her own crown."

It is often said, and it has not been unfrequently written, that Mrs. Browning's erudition is too apparent in her poetry, and for this Mrs. Browning has been severely criticised, on the amiable and Christian assumption that, in thus giving proof of her learning, she has been actuated by a desire for display. A more cruel as well as false supposition cannot be conceived. No one could possess more simplicity and unaffectedness of character than did Mrs. Browning, *and be human.* It is the crowning glory of her genius that she received her poet-passion with the humility of one who believed it to be a sacred gift intrusted to her keeping by a Higher Power, for the ad-

Digitized by Google

vancement of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. As she has grandly written

> "How true it is,
> That if we say a true word, instantly
> We feel 't is God's, not ours, and pass it on
> As bread at sacrament; we taste and pass,
> Nor handle for a moment, as indeed
> We dared to set up any claim to such!"

If Mrs. Browning has put more erudition into certain of her poems than suits the comprehension of the general reader, it is because learning was not learning to her. It had been her daily food for years, and if it became so much a part of herself as to find its way into the poems of her head, what wonder? Had her life been more active, the thoughts begotten of old folios would have been more frequently tempered by those drawn from the common scenery of to-day. But notwithstanding this hypercriticism, there is no contemporary poet who is more deeply imbued with the spirit of this century and has more truly bared its soul to the world. Mrs. Browning had no love of erudition *per se*. Having known her personally, we can say that we never heard a quotation pass her lips; that the questions of others alone made her scholarship apparent; from herself, of herself, we should never have known that she was master of any language but her own.

We gladly turn to the Book of the Poets, truly named, though the essay merely claims to be a "glancing series of notes upon the English Poets," for, indeed, we know of no one single essay of a similar nature, however ambitious in its pretensions, that is so full of thought and suggestion, so comprehensive, so just and magnanimous, so earnest in the desire to raise every neglected poet to the niche that bears his name in the great Art Pantheon. The only regret of every student must be that these notes were not brought down to a later date. We know that Mrs. Browning had nobler duties. We know that she was called to watch by the fires of Liberty. Yet we know also that she loved Shelley and Keats, and could she in these last years have turned for a moment to tell us of *her* Shelley and *her* Keats, we should be thankful.

Upon opening that now unknown compilation of extracts, Mrs. Browning marks at once the absence of poets, missing sundry by the way.

Digitized by Google

"Of Lydgate there is scarcely a page; of Occleve, Hawes, and Skelton, — the two last especially interesting in poetical history, — of Sackville, and the whole generation of dramatists, not a word. 'The table is not full,' and the ringing on it of Phillips's 'Splendid Shilling' will not bribe us to endurance."

Of Skelton Mrs. Browning has written strongly, so strongly that we copy her word-painting as an example of terse power.

"The man is very strong; he triumphs, foams, is rabid, in the sense of strength, — it is as easy to despise a wild beast in the forest as John Skelton, poet-laureate. He is as like a wild beast as a poet-laureate can be. In his wonderful dominion over language, he tears it as with teeth and paws, ravenously, savagely: devasting rather than creating, dominant rather for liberty than for dignity. It is the very *sans culottism* of eloquence; the oratory of a Silenus drunk with anger only. Mark him as the satyr of poets! fear him as the Juvenal of satyrs! and watch him with his rugged, rapid, picturesque savageness, his 'breathless rhymes,' to use the fit phrase of the satirist Hall, — or

> 'His rhymes all ragged,
> Tattered, and jagged,'

to use his own, — climbing the high trees in Delphi, and pelting from thence his victim underneath, whether priest or cardinal, with rough-rinded apples! And then ask, could he write otherwise than so? The answer is this opening to his poem of the 'Bouge of Court,' and the impression inevitable of the serious sense of beauty and harmony to which it gives evidence: —

> 'In autumn when the sun *in Virgine*
> By radiant heat enripened hath our corne,
> When Luna, full of mutabilitie,
> As empëress, the diadem hath worne
> Of our pole Arctic, smiling as in scorn
> At our folie and our unstedfastnesse.'

But our last words of Skelton must be, that we do not doubt his influence for good upon our language. He was a writer singularly fitted for beating out the knots of the cordage, and straining the lengths to extension; a rough worker at rough work. Strong, rough Skelton!"

And because of his strength he is denied admission among "severe selections"! Gladiators must yield the ring to the Pomfrets, with their rhymes of "endure," "furniture."

Digitized by Google

Chaucer and Spenser are the friends of all men; beloved by many in the heart, praised by some with the lips, because their honors have grown gray with the weight of centuries, and envy and jealousy only wrestle with those poets whose hairs age has not turned. It is no new thing to read the praises of these poet pioneers, and yet their memories are made brighter to us by the graceful touches laid on by Mrs. Browning in such fine colors. True enthusiasm on any subject, be it never so homely or familiar, is as invigorating to the soul as pure fresh air to stifled lungs. And we who are not given to the "idol-worship of rhyme," take infinite pleasure in the flower that we now gather and press.

"Not one of the 'Queen Anne's men,' measuring out tuneful breath upon their fingers, like ribbons for top-knots, did know the art of versification as the old rude Chaucer knew it. Call him rude for the picturesqueness of the epithet; but his verse has at least as much regularity in the sense of true art, and more manifestly in proportion to our increasing acquaintance with his dialect and pronunciation, as can be discovered or dreamed in the French school. Critics, indeed, have set up a system, based upon the crushed atoms of first principles, maintaining that poor Chaucer wrote by accent only! Grant to them that he counted no verses on his fingers; grant that he never disciplined his highest thoughts to walk up and down in a paddock, — ten paces and a turn; grant that his singing is not after the likeness of their sing-song: but there end your admissions. It is our ineffaceable impression, in fact, that the whole theory of accent and quantity held in relation to ancient and modern poetry stands upon a fallacy, — totters rather than stands; and that, when considered in connection with such old moderns as our Chaucer, the fallaciousness is especially apparent. Chaucer wrote by quantity, just as Homer did before him, just as Goethe did after him, just as all poets must. Rules differ, principles are identical. All rhythm presupposes quantity. Organ-pipe or harp, the musician plays by time. Greek or English, Chaucer or Pope, the poet sings by time. What is this accent but a stroke, an emphasis, with a successive pause to make complete the time? And what is the difference between this accent and quantity, but the difference between a harp-note and an organ-note? Otherwise, quantity expressed in different ways? It is as easy for matter to subsist out of space, as music out of time."

There are those who still swear in the name of "Queen

Digitized by Google

Anne's men," and shake their heads sadly at these present degenerate times. They have Goldsmith for authority; their Augustan Age is his; the period of Alexandrines is the "true standard for future imitation."

"Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject," says Goldsmith, "I should readily give my vote for the reign of Queen Anne, or some years before that period. It was then that taste was united to genius; and, as before our writers charmed with their strength of thinking, so then they pleased with strength and grace united. In that period of British glory, *though no writer attracts our attention singly*, yet, like stars lost in each other's brightness, they have cast such a lustre upon the age in which they lived, that their minutest transactions will be attended to by posterity with a greater eagerness than the most important occurrences of even empires, which have been transacted in greater obscurity."

The Milky-Way is beautiful, yet we prefer the evening star, and that glorious host of constellations splendidly brilliant in their individuality. Those "Queen Anne's men" are wonderfully skilful gardeners, whose lawns are soft as velvet and green as the deepest emerald, whose hedges are clipped with marvellous precision, and whose plats are laid out in figures mathematically correct. Garden and lawn are perfect, yet in the dust we see the trailing of the "wounded snake," and in our best moods we ask for the mountain and forest, and even those wild beasts of Skelton's. We say this with all due respect for Pope and Dryden, the distinguishable centre of that Milky-Way, but with very little respect for their "vehicle," the everlasting couplet.

"Among the elder poets, the rhyme was only a felicitous adjunct, a musical accompaniment, the tinkling of a cymbal through the choral harmonies. You heard it across the changes of the pause, as an undertone of the chant, marking the time with an audible indistinctness, and catching occasionally and reflecting the full light of the emphasis of the sense in mutual elucidation."

It is when returning to the Elizabethan days, that Mrs. Browning writes *con amore*. "Shakespeare is in the world." Her genius expands in the magnetic warmth of his presence, and like a true interpreter claims that he was a great artist, despite the verdict of the majority.

Digitized by Google

"Nature cannot be reasoned apart into antagonistic principles. Nature is God's art, — the accomplishment of a spiritual significance hidden in a sensible symbol..... Art lives by Nature, and not the bare mimetic life generally attributed to Art: she does not imitate, she expounds. *Interpres naturæ* is the poet artist; and the poet wisest in nature is the most artistic poet; and thus our Shakespeare passed to the presidency unquestioned, as the greatest artist in the world."

And then Milton! how joyful is Mrs. Browning that she is able to link his name with Shakespeare's, though the thread is scarcely visible to common eyes!

"It is pleasant to think that he was actually born before Shakespeare's death; that they two looked upwardly to the same daylight and stars; and that he might have stretched his baby arms (*animosus infans*) to the faint hazel eyes of the poet of poets. Let us think in any wise that he drew in some living, subtle Shakespearian benediction, providing for greatness."

We touch the grain of censure, that grows more and more sensible as the scales on men's eyes drop off, and they see a vision of heaven and of hell, not imagined, or at least not written of, by Dante or by Milton.

"If we hazard a remark which is not admiration, it shall be this, — that, with all his heights and breadths, with all his rapt devotions and exaltations towards the highest of all, we do miss something (we, at least, who are writing, miss something) of what may be called, but rather metaphysically than theologically, *spirituality*. His spiritual personages are vast enough, but not rarefied enough. They are humanities, enlarged, uplifted, transfigured, — but no more. *In the most spiritual of his spirits there is a conscious, obvious, even ponderous materialism.* And hence comes the celestial gunpowder, and hence the clashing with swords, and hence the more continuous evil which we feel better than we describe, the thick atmosphere clouding the heights of the subject..... If anybody should retort, that, complaining so, we complain of Milton's humanity, we shake our heads. For Shakespeare also was a *man;* and our creed is, that the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' displays more of the fairyhood of fairies than the 'Paradise Lost' does of the angelhood of angels."

We but obey our instincts in dwelling upon this Elizabethan age, with its grand Miltonic border, looking back upon its mountain heights, as we have done from the lowlands where

Digitized by Google

stand the "Queen Anne's men" in all their "glorified correctness" and their devotion to "cherry-stones." But there are "five eras of English poetry." Though Mrs. Browning tarries before the monuments of the great, and wanders in many a chosen by-way, she wavers not on the march; pausing to dig at "fossil remains," despite the belief that "nobody will thank her"; turning "for refreshment to Goldsmith, — that amiable genius, upon whose diadem we feel our hands laid ever and anon in familiar love"; advancing to the new era that "was alive in Cowper," upon whose grave her rhythmic tears have fallen; and where "Burns walked in glory on the Scottish mountain's side." In Wordsworth she recognizes the "poet-hero of a movement essential to the better being of poetry, the poet-prophet of utterances greater than those who first listened could comprehend, and of influences most vital and expansive." He found Nature among the Lakes, that the Tennysons and the Brownings might find Nature universal.

"Let a poet never write the words 'tree,' 'hill,' 'river,' and he may still be true to Nature. Most untrue, on the other hand, most narrow, is the poetical sectarianism, and essentially most unpoetical, which stands among the woods and fields announcing with didactic phlegm, 'Here only is Nature.' Nature is where God is. Poetry is where God is. Can you go up, or down, or around, and not find Him?"

It is because the Tennysons and the Brownings have written firm in the faith of God's and Nature's omnipresence, that they have left Wordsworth far behind.

It is pleasant to read Elizabeth Barrett's passing eulogy of Robert Browning, little dreaming, as she did at the time, how deep a meaning that name would have to her. This reference recalls to our memory a day at Casa Guidi, when we carried to the Brownings a letter of Edgar Poe's addressed to a friend, in which Poe had copied for his reading the warm praise that "the world's greatest poetess, Elizabeth Barrett," had awarded to him. "Did Poe write this of me?" exclaimed Mrs. Browning, looking up with glistening but unbelieving eyes; "he was kind." The tone of voice said further, "But *I* cannot believe, however friends may applaud." And then she bent her head to read her own words in Poe's nervous, clearly-cut handwriting.

Digitized by Google

"This vivid writing! this power which is felt! 'The Raven' has produced a sensation — a 'fit horror' — here in England. . . . . I hear of persons absolutely *haunted* by the 'Nevermore,' and one acquaintance of mine, who has the misfortune of possessing a 'bust of Pallas,' never can bear to look at it in the twilight. *Our great poet, Mr. Browning*, the author of 'Paracelsus,' 'The Pomegranates,' etc., is enthusiastic in his admiration of the rhythm."

"I am so glad I wrote *that*," said Mrs. Browning, with a beautiful smile; and Mr. Browning, having read, also expressed his gratitude for praise *from such a source*, — praise undeserved, he said, in words of true chivalric ring. It was a noble sight to us, this mutual homage, and we rejoiced that the curious accident of a letter should have made us witness to it. The bread cast upon the water had returned after the vicissitudes of fourteen years. And now we continue and conclude the quotation from this letter, for the sake of unhappy, gifted Edgar Poe.

"Then there is a tale of his which I do not find in this volume, but which is going the rounds of the newspapers, about Mesmerism [The Valdemar Case], throwing us all into 'most admired disorder,' or dreadful doubts as to 'whether it can be true.' . . . . . The *certain* thing in the tale in question is the *power* of the writer, and the faculty he has of making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar."

We can readily imagine the intense pleasure and gratification which prompted Poe, so often maliciously criticised, to share these kind words with his friends.

We have turned the last page of these Essays on the Poets, yet grieve to close the book. With it we feel as though we clasped the very spirit of all beauty since the beginning of the Christian era. From those exquisite translations of the Fathers — the Greek soul embodied into English, word for word and thought for thought, the long, patient work of meditation, ay, and of prayer, — they *are* prayers — we learn the grand lesson of humility and self-sacrifice born of a religion of the heart. The Book of the Poets is to us an ideal rainbow, a blending in the heavens of the poets according to their true colors, a sign of promise for the *future* of poetry, no less than a reflection of its glory in the past.

Digitized by Google

In summing up in Wordsworth what the poet should be as a man, Mrs. Browning says: —

"It is well . . . . . to count the cost of this life of a master in poetry, and learn from it what a true poet's crown is worth; to recall both the long life's work for its sake, — the work of observation, of meditation, of reaching past models into nature, of reaching past nature unto God; and the early life's loss for its sake, — the loss of the popular cheer, of the critical assent, and of the 'money in the purse.'"

A real poet is a prophet. Was there ever prophet who did not suffer martyrdom? Many may not remember Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem, "A Musical Instrument," in which the "great God Pan" is represented cutting the reeds as he sits by the river,

"Making a poet out of a man."

"He cut it short did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river,)
'The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river."

"No," said one of the cleverest of Englishmen in reply to this poem, "I deny that the man must be sacrificed to make the poet." He was not a poet. But Mrs. Browning answers: —

"When Milton said that a poet's life should be a poem, he spoke a high moral truth; if he had added a reversion of the saying, — that a poet's poetry should be his life, — he would have spoken a critical truth, not low."

Digitized by Google

To do this is no abnegation needed? Does not the poetic faculty bring with it a sensibility which, because of the evil in the world, more frequently leads to exquisite pain than to exquisite pleasure? Patience is genius, and what does this patience mean but the consecration of time to solitary study, while the echo of music and dancing, and the laugh of the multitude, sound seductively to the ear? He who lives for the good of the future must renounce many joys of the present. To be a true poet, the man must stand on a pinnacle far above the level of humanity; and is it no sacrifice to stand alone, when the sympathies are so wide and various?

> "The moral of every great deed is
> The virtue of slandering the doers."

The very absence of "money in the purse" is an unending trial. Yet the martyrdom is for Truth's sake. It is sweet and glorious. The pipe no longer sighed to be a reed in the river, when its piercing sweet music transfixed the sun on the hill, revived the lilies, and lured back the dragon-fly.

But with woman, is it not better that she should remain a reed in the river?

> "No perfect artist is developed here
> From an imperfect woman."

So Mrs. Browning has written, who was the almost perfect artist, because she was a perfect woman. Aspirations are as vital to women as to men: it is the absolute necessity for their expression, that the world must acknowledge whether the applause be great or not at all.

> "But what if none? It cannot yet undo
> The love I bear unto this holy skill;
> This is the thing that I was born to do,
> This is my scene, this part must I fulfil."

So sang old Daniel in the "Musophilus." So bravely, beautifully terminates Mrs. Browning's Book of the Poets.

Digitized by Google

H. J. Warner.

Art. III. — ROME, REPUBLICAN AND IMPERIAL.

1. *Römische Geschichte.* Von Theodor Mommsen. Zweite Auflage. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1856. 4 vols.
2. *The History of Rome.* By Theodor Mommsen. Translated with the Author's Sanction and Additions, by the Rev. William P. Dickson, Classical Examiner in the University of St. Andrews. With a Preface by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz. London: Richard Bentley, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. 1862. 2 vols.
3. *History of the Romans under the Empire.* By Charles Merivale, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Second Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1852 – 1862. 7 vols.

The origin and the growth of Rome, the obscure years of its infancy, and the vigorous period of its supremacy, present to us more difficult problems, instruct us by more vivid examples, than the dreary calm or the bloody tumult of its decline and fall. Yet the first half of the Roman history still remains to be written, — the philosophy of the whole still remains to be explored. The cycle of Roman history, indeed, fullest of the wisdom and the sadness of earth, grand, single, complete, absorbing the civilization of the world it compassed, is at once the best known and the least understood. We find in it a lesson, or we construct of it a drama. It is an arsenal of facts, a reservoir of principles. Yet in regarding it as a whole we are too apt to forget, in the first place, that the Roman civilization was not an isolated phenomenon, a phase of national development, but the sum of all the forces of the ancient world, — a great sea of history into which flowed all the currents of human progress, Aramæan, Egyptian, Greek; and in the second place, that its course was run upon a plane lower than that upon which the race now stands. History is a moral problem, — a struggle between necessity and freedom, not a mechanical evolution, a determined course. Hence, though we may find resemblances, we nowhere find parallels. With some races, and for many ages, there is nothing altered, nothing gained. With other nations, on the contrary, as in

Digitized by Google

Greece in the fifth century before Christ, there is a progress, rapid, vigorous, brilliant, changing the face of the earth. Thus the complaint of Hegel, that the chief thing history seemed to teach him was, that men never learned anything from it, is as unphilosophical as it is unjust. History never repeats itself. Circumstances may be similar, but the spirit and the task are different. With an advancing people the conscience of every age is more enlightened, its vision clearer. Battles may be fought in the old places, but the victories have a new meaning. It is not by tracing the effect of physical causes upon a nation, or by analyzing its legislation, that you get a formula for another race subject to similar conditions, following a similar course. There is no formula for national, any more than for individual development. Both are struggles, — conflicts of the will and the law. In the ancient world, after a certain period of growth, there was a uniformity of type, a fixedness of relations, a repetition of ideas. In the modern world, on the contrary, we find a quickening of the mind, a restless spirit, a progressive character, which knows no limit and recognizes no control. Between these two periods there is a great gulf of time and consciousness and purpose. To understand the one, is no slight preparation for accomplishing the task of the other.

The great work of Mommsen embraces and exhausts the seven centuries which extend from the founding of the city to the establishment of the Empire. The translation of it which has recently appeared in England comprises only the first volume, — to the battle of Pydna. The second volume continues the history to the death of Sulla; the third, to the battle of Thapsus (46 B. C.). A profound scholar, a vigorous thinker and writer, Mommsen is well fitted to accomplish the task, which Niebuhr began, of revolutionizing the history of Rome.

The period originally selected by Mr. Merivale was that which intervenes — crowded with great events and remarkable men — between the fall of the Republic and the ascendency of Christianity in the accession of Constantine; but overcome with the labor, or weary of the length of his task, he has broken off abruptly with the death of Aurelius, where his service was most needed to correct the prejudices or to

Digitized by Google

soften the asperity of Gibbon. A scholarly, careful work, we must ever regret that the author has chosen to leave it a fragment. With less prolixity of style and greater condensation of thought, the whole period might have been brought within the compass of the present volumes, to stand for us as the master work, the unfading picture, — the authentic scroll upon which is written, luminous to all the earth, how a great nation, ancient, arrogant, supreme, could not change its religion without losing its civilization. Yet among the historians of the day Mr. Merivale deserves, and will receive, a foremost place. There are few who equal him in vivid conception of character, none who surpass him in solidity of learning. In failing to combine the simplicity of narrative with the charm of philosophic contemplation, he does but illustrate again the tendency of the age to material description, to dramatic effect. As a collection of disquisitions sometimes profound, as a gallery of portraits often lifelike, his work is a contribution to our literature not to be overrated for the study of the age of which it treats. That it lacks the vigor, the spirit, the fire, of the great thinker and the original mind, it is not for us to complain of or lament. The guiding thought of it, indeed, — to detect the origin and to trace the development of that moral and social unity, the presentiment of which is so striking a phenomenon in the downfall of the Republic, — is worthy the loftiest genius and the vastest labor; connecting itself, as it does, with the rapid preparation of the world for that new idea and that fresher element of life, for that purer worship and that humaner ideal, which it was the office of Christianity to announce and diffuse.

Taken together, the works of Mommsen and Merivale furnish us with a better view of the development and the splendor of the Republic, and of the earlier period of the Empire, than we can obtain from any other source. Some remarks, then, upon the character of the Roman state will not be out of place, perhaps, at this moment, while here over the seas we fight for a freer state and a grander empire than Cassius dreamed of or Cæsar won.

The original structure of the community of Rome was based upon the household. The state was but the reflection, if not

Digitized by Google

the expression, of the family. The citizen was the head of a household, with supreme power over its members; the king was nothing more. Woman belonged to the household, not to the community. The son could possess no property and exercise no will independent of his father. It was easier to emancipate a slave than a son. The extinction of the household was therefore an evil which was remedied by the practice of adoption. Like the father of a family, the king, who was but the leader of free and equal husbandmen, represented in his person the unity of the state, and ruled for life. He represented also the religious unity of the people, and was clothed like the Supreme God.

But the king was only to execute the law, not make it. To the Roman mind there was no confusion between the offices of priest and ruler, — no charm or sanctity of divinity in the function of king, no mystical influences to redeem his errors or to shroud his vices. Any able-bodied Roman of sufficient discretion was fit to wield a power which he could neither pervert nor transmit. No nation, indeed, ever conceived more vividly, or realized more thoroughly, the idea of a community, than the Roman in the time of the kings. Within the citizen-class the equality of rights was complete; but between the citizen and non-citizen was a sharp line of distinction, drawn with unerring instinct, maintained with relentless severity, — a distinction to which much of the original strength and the permanent character of the Roman government is to be ascribed. All foreign elements, so deleterious at the period of a nation's growth, were thus excluded, — a feeling of unity developed, — a passionate love of native institutions grounded deep in the Roman heart. It was the citizen alone who had the right, as to him alone belonged the duty, of bearing arms. Thus a free soldiery, receiving no recompense but the gratitude of the community it defended, was created, not separate from the people from which it sprang, but a part of it, imbued with its spirit, obedient to its impulse, equal in the eye of the law which it assisted in making. And it was in the citizen body, not in the kingly office, that the idea of sovereignty, however dormant, will ever be found to have resided. Thus a law (*lex*, from λέγειν) was primarily not a

Digitized by Google

command addressed by the sovereign to the community, but a contract proposed by the former to the latter.

But a constitution like this, however vigorous its growth, however strong its hold upon the people it bound together, could not escape the effects of natural causes. As the privileged class, thinned by war, decreased, the non-privileged class multiplied. That many-headed evil, the Roman plebs, the disturbing element of the Roman state, which with all its sagacity failed to solve at last the problem it was ever presenting, sprang into life, clamorous for recognition, jealous of privilege, dangerous to provoke, ignorant, capricious, restless. By a wise reform in the constitution known as that of Servius Tullius, the right of service and the duty of contribution were extended to the possessors of land, whether citizens or not, — a change which led to many innovations; — to the census, which became at the same time the levy-roll, and to a new organization of the army, in which plebeians becoming soldiers might aspire to become officers. That this change was due to Hellenic influence there can be little doubt, when we remember that it was at this period, in the second century of the city, that in the Greek states of Lower Italy, as in Greece itself, the preponderance of power passed into the hands of the landholders.

In the larger sense of the term, the Roman community dated its beginning from the consulship. The revolution which gave birth to the Republic traced the outlines of its organization, and gave the first signs of the existence of an aristocracy based upon the present consideration in which families were held, — the germ of the future nobility. The abolition of the monarchy was but the abolition of the life tenure of the president of the community.

The principle that those who held the land were to defend it, thus early adopted, was fruitful of the happiest results. The freedom, the vigor, and the greatness of Rome are for a long period to be traced to this intimate connection between the military and civil power, — this lively sympathy of the one with the other, — this ever fresh sense of the mutual dependence of both. With the legions that went forth from Rome were neither paupers nor artisans. Every soldier had left

Digitized by Google

behind him his share in the land of the community to assure the fidelity it stimulated. An attempt to use the army for political purposes was for centuries an unheard of event. At not too long intervals the soldier returned to partake in the deliberations of the *comitia*, — to help preserve the balance between the military and civil forces of the government. And this steady mingling of the political element in the army with the military element in the *comitia* tended to the improvement of both. What the deep religious sense which is found underlying the constitution of our early settlements was to them, the military spirit of the legions was to the Romans. The private soldier could advance by promotion to no higher post than that of centurion. The superior officers were elected by the people. The legions which wrestled with Pyrrhus, and wore out the resources of Hannibal, were led by commanders chosen by popular vote, — a condition of things which may partly explain the frequent and disastrous defeats they incurred.

That the system did not, indeed, prove wholly ruinous, was owing to the fact, not sufficiently appreciated perhaps, that the spirit of the *comitia* was essentially military. From this combination of military and political experience, the leaders of the army became the civil rulers of the people. Both owed their position to the choice of the *comitia*. But it is obvious that, under such a system, neither great generals nor great magistrates would have been possible, if the discipline and proud traditions of the army had not reacted upon the *comitia*. The aristocracy of an army is founded upon merit. The Roman idea of nobility is to be traced, to a certain extent, to the military character of the *comitia*. But from the tyranny resulting from universal suffrage — the early and the lasting scourge of Greece — Rome was saved, not by the tribunate of the plebs, — a wretched compromise, as Mommsen maintains, between the wealthy aristocracy and the leaderless multitude, — but in part by the exclusion from the public assemblies of those who had no share in the ownership of the land, and in part by the constant presence of an opposition party in the state. The agrarian law of Spurius Cassius, designed to wrest the control of the public lands from the Senate, was

Digitized by Google

defeated, indeed, and its author doomed to die; but his law was not buried with him. It haunted the streets of Rome, which it filled with tumults, till in the end it overthrew the Commonwealth. The efforts, however, to substitute for the powers of the Tribune a limitation by written law of those of the Consuls, which led to the despatch of a commission to Greece to report upon the laws of Solon and the promulgation of the first and only legal code of the Romans, — the laws of the Twelve Tables, — resulted, through the arrogance and tyranny of the Decemvirs, in a failure, the effects of which are discernible in all the subsequent history of Rome. No attempt to abolish the tribunate was ever afterwards made. But the laws of Licinius and Sextius, which made one of the Consuls a plebeian, was the severest blow to the aristocracy. They deprived the nobles of exclusive possession of curule magistracies, of hereditary distinctions, and of priestly dignities; and the nobility ceased, both in fact and in law, to be one of the political institutions of Rome, though the patrician spirit, which under the kings had not been exclusive, survived and increased under the Republic. By closing its ranks, the aristocracy lost its power. The extension of the Roman boundaries, however, by opening to the free *proletarii* fresher fields to cultivate, relieved in time the distress which the laws of Licinius and Sextius, directed against the system of farming on a large scale and with slaves, had failed to mitigate.

In theory the constitution of Rome was democratic. The humblest citizen might attain the highest office, but it was a rare exception when he did. Yet, notwithstanding the enlargement of the powers of the popular assemblies, their practical influence had begun to wane three centuries at least before our era. The government became in spirit aristocratic. The Tribunes, instead of being its enemies, became its tools. By degrees the whole control of it fell into the hands of the Senate; war and peace, agriculture and finance, the founding of colonies, the assigning of lands, — in all things it usurped the decision of measures it was meant only to discuss, and extinguished that free action of the people it was meant to assure. Yet it was a commanding, an august assembly, concentrating the political intelligence of the nation it embraced,

Digitized by Google

wielding with marvellous skill the power it monopolized. A seat in it was open to the lowest citizen; it afforded scope for the vastest ambition. All the virtues and all the defects of the Roman character are mirrored in the Roman Senate. Sagacious, earnest, indomitable, it managed the foreign relations of Rome with a calm confidence in success which is the explanation of half its greatness; but the temptation to individual aggrandizement, the taint of personal corruption which early perverted its influence, in the end destroyed its power. No spectacle is more splendid than the Roman Senate at the height of its glory; no ruin juster than that which overtook the Roman oligarchy in the depths of its abasement. There is, perhaps, no more frightful scene in history than that exhibited by the Italy of Cicero, — worse than the Hellas of Polybius, or the Carthage of Hannibal, or the Red Terror of Robespierre, — when the capital which had developed commerce had destroyed the middle class, and the free life of the Republic had died away into a glittering petrifaction.

But however instructive may be the study of the Roman state, it is in the march of the Roman legion that we recognize the mission of Rome. The period which intervened between the institution of the Republic and the subjugation of Italy was one of the most important in its history. It organized the Commonwealth, and laid the foundation of the common law; it originated the *pilum* and the *maniple*, the farming of estates and the monetary system; and it witnessed the construction of the first great military road and the first great aqueduct. It was then, toward the close of the fifth century of the city, that Rome, already become the ruling power in the Peninsula, girt itself for its final struggles with Macedonia and Carthage.

When Rome had become the mistress of the world, the Greeks often taunted her by saying that she owed her greatness to the fever of which Alexander died at Babylon; but the Romans could well afford to smile at the sarcasm, so wanting in truth, by which the Greeks sought to console their vanity, or to indicate their contempt. The work of Alexander, long outliving the empire he founded, was the diffusion of the Greek civilization in the East. It could have been only

Digitized by Google

in some distempered dream that his thoughts ever wandered to the West. He was too great a statesman to misconceive either his power or his task. The inroads of Pyrrhus, first general and first adventurer of his age, like the invasions of the Gauls a century before, were no more than a desolating storm which passes over the earth and is gone. The Roman armies might be defeated, but the Roman confidence was never shaken. Routed by the Gauls almost within sight of Rome, their city burned, their citadel besieged, the Romans were saved from annihilation by the cackling of geese; and the Gallic sword was thrown down, to be outweighed by Roman gold. "Rome never negotiates while foreign armies are on Italian soil," was the proud reply of the blind old Claudius to the envoys of Pyrrhus, victorious at Heraclea. In either case, the reliance upon fortune indicates the consciousness of a destiny.

In one respect, however, the appearance of Pyrrhus in Italy marks an era in the history of Rome. He was the first Greek whom the Romans encountered in battle. Hellenic influences, indeed, had long been diffused by the Greek cities of Lower Italy. It was from the Greeks that the Roman kings borrowed the purple mantle and the ivory sceptre. Sybaris, in its time the largest city in Italy, was founded in the same century with Rome. At the foot of Vesuvius had long clustered the Greek colonies whose settlements were regarded by Thucydides as the earliest in the West. So extensive was the Greek colonization in the Peninsula in these early ages, that the name Italia was confined in Greek authors of the fifth century, as in Aristotle, to the modern Calabria. The description of the Romans in their own state law was simply and fitly that of "men of the toga" (*togati*). In all branches of the development of Rome at this period — in legislation, in coinage, in religion, in social habits — the influence of the Greek mind is apparent. During the Samnite wars, at the command of the Pythian Apollo, there were set up in the Roman Forum the statues of two of the wisest and bravest of the Greeks, — Pythagoras and Alcibiades. Facing one another now in battle, the phalanx against the cohort, the mercenary army against the militia, the military monarchy against the

Digitized by Google

government of the Senate, the antagonism of the Greek and Roman was brought out in its fullest light. To complete the civilization of the ancient world, it was necessary for these two forces to meet and mingle, for the boundless variety of Hellenism to stimulate and to conquer the massive monotony of Rome. The external union of the world under Rome was to prepare the way for its internal unity in Hellenism. Over the ruins of nationalities conquered and civilized was silently and slowly to be worked out between the Greeks and the Romans the great historical compromise of the Roman Empire.

But before this could happen, one formidable obstacle was to be removed. The dominion of Carthage blocked the pathway of Rome. In the times of the kings, the Phœnicians and the Hellenes had contended for supremacy on all the shores of the Mediterranean; but about the second century of the city, the Greek colonization was arrested by the growth of Carthage, which had centralized the military resources of the Aramæan race. Active, however, as the Phœnicians had been, at an incredibly early period, in setting up their trading establishments in all parts of the Mediterranean, and along the shores of the outer seas, from Cornwall to Malabar, with a single exception, no traces of them are found in Italy. There is, therefore, no ground for supposing that any direct influence was exercised by the Phœnicians upon the Italians. Italian art, like Italian writing, was developed, not under Phœnician, but under Hellenic influences. The Italians may have bought of the Phœnicians; they learned only from the Greeks. When Carthage came into contact with Rome, it was the first of the Canaanite cities, as Rome was the first of the communities of Latium. In point of wealth, Carthage was, according to Polybius, the first among the states of antiquity. At the time of the Peloponnesian war, its revenues, superior to those of all the Greek states, were compared with those of the Great King. When the ambassadors of Carthage returned from Rome, they reported, with a sneer, that a single service of plate had sufficed for the whole Senate, and had reappeared in every house to which they had been invited. The strength of the Romans by sea was very far from keeping pace with their progress on land. The dominant maritime power, con-

Digitized by Google

trolling the navigation of the Mediterranean, was Carthage. And the fatal delusion of antiquity, that one nation could not thrive except at the expense of others, soon brought the rival cities into collision.

The Romans were little prepared for the encounter by sea. The boast of the Carthaginians, when they warned the Romans, before the outbreak of hostilities, not to push matters to an extremity, — that without their leave no Roman could so much as wash his hands in the sea, — was perfectly well founded. But the Romans were silent, and extemporized a fleet, and were beaten on their own ground over and over again. Yet in the end the blind faith of the Roman was more than a match for the enlightened tenacity of the Aramæan. On the deserted site of Carthage the Roman eagles plumed their wings for a wider flight. But the fall of Carthage, which made room for the career of Rome, tended also to the wider diffusion of the civilization of Greece.

In his religion, in his laws, in his ideas, the Roman was a striking contrast to the Greek. In the Greek mythology the person is predominant, in the Roman, the idea; in the former, freedom, — in the latter, necessity. The Greek, when he sacrificed, raised his eyes to heaven, the Roman veiled his head. The prayer of the former was vision, of the latter, reflection. With the Greeks the free play of the imagination was encouraged, with the Romans it was repressed. The Latin worship was to obtain the favor of the deity for earthly objects, the Greek was to appease the hunger of the soul for spiritual conceptions. The Roman approached his gods with much the same feeling as he met his creditors. At the bottom of his religion was the idea of expiation, and that profounder one of substitution, — that the anger of the gods might be appeased by voluntary sacrifice of one's self, or by the offering of criminals condemned to die. Further than that the idea seems never to have been carried. Human sacrifices other than these were unknown to the Latin race. With the Greek his religion was his culture, the repository of his ideas, the stimulus of his progress. Its essence was production, of form or idea. The Roman religion could exhibit no image peculiar to itself, except, perhaps, the double-headed Janus. Its chief

Digitized by Google

use was to promote order and protect morality. And the Roman literature shared in the poverty of the Roman religion. The Greek poetry inspired the Greek tribes with the consciousness of a common nationality, of a common humanity. To the Roman, renouncing all attempts to idealize, the singer and the poet were on pretty much the same level with the rope-dancer and the harlequin. The whole system of Rome tended to train up the citizen to an average character of ability, not to develop individual genius; to stifle, and not to foster, artistic expression and speculative thought.

As was inevitable, the progress of culture bore no sort of proportion to the increase of wealth. To the Greek, the idea of beauty was his individual and his chief possession. The worship of Apollo glorifying earthly morality, the divine intoxication of Dionysus, were incomprehensible to the Roman. Yet the Greek could not advance from national to political unity without exchanging freedom for despotism. The Italian surrendered his personal will to insure the liberty of the commonwealth, and learned to obey his father, that he might know how to obey the state. As the Romans conquered with the sword, they cultivated with the plough. They lost battles, but they held their territory. Their faith was in material things, and they clung to the earth they subdued. The Greek cared less for power than for enjoyment, less for national greatness than for individual glory. With marvellous sagacity, the Romans left the states they conquered in the enjoyment of an autonomy free from taxation. The Greeks exacted tribute, and misruled their subjects. It was the immutable idea of a policy, not individual genius, that ruled Rome, and through Rome Italy and the world. It was the utter want of political unity that sent the Greeks into every land, and saved the earth from the stagnant materialism of Rome. Wherever the Roman legions penetrated, the Greek schoolmaster followed. The higher Roman culture was but the preaching in the Italian tongue of the great gospel of Hellenic arts. It was the dream of Cæsar to rule, not by the sword, but, like Pericles, by the confidence of the nation, — the only illusion, perhaps, which ever prevailed over the clear understanding of that ablest of the Romans. The military monarchy which it was his funda-

Digitized by Google

mental principle not to found already existed, — the logical result of five hundred years of history. He came not to alter, but to fulfil.

The history of the Romans under the Empire is doubtless one of the most splendid chapters in the annals of the race. That a handful of shepherds, gathered by the hill-sides of the Tiber, — slowly groping their way out of the darkness of an instinct into the glare of a destiny, — should have founded a city and conquered Italy, may afford us matter of curious speculation, of possible surprise. But that out of this long career of foreign conquest and domestic discord, out of these diverse creeds and this profound demoralization, there should have arisen that grand ideal of unity in polity and religion which lifted with itself from the ruins of the Republic the Empire of the Cæsars, — this is the drama, the mystery, the wonder, — startling, solemn, inexplicable, — the phantom form behind the curtain of the ages, — the restless world refusing to be dead, — the surging sea of passion unstilled by the falling shadows of doom, — to which we give the name of Rome.

The spreading empire of Rome had absorbed the civilizing forces of the ancient world. The thought of Greece had long reached its limits, — the task of Judæa was done. What will become of Rome, asked Cato, when there are no more states to conquer? When the Roman legions had reached the farthest boundaries of the Roman world, and, ceasing to conquer, had begun to occupy, though kingdoms rebelled and races migrated, though Roman galleys filled the Mediterranean and Roman eagles glittered from the Euphrates to the Thames, there was stagnation at the heart of the ancient world. A civilization wholly material passes to inevitable decay when the stimulus of conquest ends, and the slumber of peace begins. Silently and slowly the torpor of idleness and luxury undermined the vigor and relaxed the will of Rome. A nation without individuals, strong only by the union of its forces and the power of its traditions, a vast homogeneous mass, moving as with one mind, yet that never of one master, as in the despotisms of Asia, but of many equals, — the very causes of its success conspired for its ruin. And nothing, perhaps, better accounts for the weakness and the decay of the ancient civili-

Digitized by Google

zation, than the military domination and the arrogant materialism of Rome.

It is about a hundred and fifty years from the battle of Pydna, when the last civilized foe succumbed before the advance of the Roman legions, to the age of Augustus. In that interval the Roman world was consolidated, the fabric of the Roman power finally established; — a colossal structure, upheld on the spears of cohorts, gilded with the wealth of kingdoms, but inwardly as hollow and barbaric as the Roman mind was empty and proud. Without intellectual stimulus, with little respect for learning, and little aptitude for the arts, lustful of pleasure, greedy of power, superstitious and cruel and rich, the genuine Roman might boast, indeed, of his citizenship, as he traversed the civilized world, and remembered that it was his; but beneath this complacency of wealth and this vanity of empire was the stagnation of success, the ennui of dominion. To administer the world it had won may have been the early aspiration, but it soon ceased to be the lasting task of Rome. The cumbersome ceremonial of the Roman religion, says Polybius, was invented for the many, who are not governed by reason, but must be controlled by signs and wonders; people of sense need no religion. They will never want for wealth, said Sulla, when he emptied the coffers of the Greek temples, whose treasuries the gods fill. The immortality of the soul is but a chimera, declared the first of the Cæsars, and the high-priest of its religion, to the assembled Senate. The earth and the enjoyment of it was the ambition and the privilege of the citizens it represented. Beyond the confines of the Empire, as beyond the limits of life, were barbarism and gloom and night. Hence the philosophies borrowed from Greece were moulded wholly for the use of the present, never applied to the explanation of the future. To the Roman consciousness, indeed, there was no future better than the present. How surpass the ancestry in whom was centred that magnificent pride which has been ever since the wonder of the earth? How better the law which alone of Roman institutions has survived the corruption it failed to repel? What more to win, in banquets, or beauty, or slaves, or shows, when gladiators, saluting the Emperor, strode erect to their bath of

Digitized by Google

blood, and Christian martyrs never quailed at the roar of the bestial mob?

In what direction the Greek mind would have advanced if the blight of the Roman Empire had not fallen upon Greece, it is useless to speculate. Torn by faction, and bereft of freedom, the genius of Greece was degraded to the arts or extinguished by the vices to which, in a hopeless slavery, men ever resort to secure their existence or to deaden their shame. The Hebrew religion redeemed the race and re-created the civilization of Europe, which has embodied and will forever wield the spiritual empire it has won. But the entire lack of vital force observable in the Roman civilization — accounting at once for the rise and for the fall of the Empire — may be traced, if to anything, to the consciousness of a mission completed, to the arrogance which rests in the past, to the mental poverty which is satisfied with the present. The history of the world is the history of human progress. Failing to recognize that divine element, that saving grace, the problem of life is not worth the solving. Our animal courage will keep up from despair, — the philosophy of Epicurus will teach us how to make the best of the sunlight before the shadows thicken; but strike out the future from an individual, or from a nation, and they perish from the earth they cumber.

In our journeyings along the highways of human living backward into the shadowy land of the past, we come out now and then upon some stretch of level plain, higher, broader, more populous, which indicates a commanding empire and a wide-spread civilization, — a land of rest, rich in cities, gorgeous with temples, — a vision of greatness, — a promise of glory. Such to us is the Roman world in the age of the Antonines. After long and weary struggles, — the clouds of the morning banished by the blaze of her noontide conquests, her power acknowledged, her ideal achieved, — calm, resplendent, stately, — the Imperial City, mistress of the earth, might have drawn about her the purple robes, and looked with repose upon the red sunset flushes which had begun to circle round her Seven Hills. But to be changeless in the midst of change is more than an idle dream, is a fatal deception. That in the midst of her gorgeous sunset Rome was incredulous of

Digitized by Google

the possibility or unconscious of the need of a morrow, was the Nemesis of her earthly frailty, — was God in history.

The external, political condition of a country is the result and the reflection of its natural tendencies, of its inherited traditions, of its inner life. To this struggling age, with its heavier burden and its intenser hopes, the story of Roman conquests, except as the illustration of Roman ideas, has no attraction and no meaning. The details of battles are without interest as compared with the epochs they may represent. The intrigues of politicians, personal, petty, corrupting, may fail to be worth the contempt they excite. But into the thought of the past, profounder, clearer, more prophetic to each advancing age and each ascending civilization, it is laid upon us to enter, as into the presence of a diviner intelligence, into the unseen world which is transforming the seen. As with the struggle and the years, with the enlightenment of conscience and the mastery of passion, the fashion of men's faces is altered, so change the features, lustrous with a higher life and a more anxious destiny of the great being, man. Thus in the consummation of the ancient civilization in the age of the Antonines — the ideas of Greece diffused by the power of Rome — there is a certain calmness and content, a certain flush of intelligence, which shows how it had learned to trace in the strife of the past the harmony which had flowered into the life of the present.

From the turbulent epochs it reviewed, as from the rest it abused, there survives for us the lesson it refused to learn, the hymn of fate it refused to hear. A military empire built upon a decaying faith must fall to pieces at the first awakening of conscience, at the first attack of revolution. The material empire of the Romans, the result and the expression of their vast aggressive activities, was unattended, unconsecrated by any general perception of a personal, spiritual progress or reform of the Roman. But the restless soul of man, craving light as the body craves food, aspiring ever to something beyond the mortal, appeased thus for a time by the splendor, or overcome by the languor of success, came by degrees to assert its character, and to claim its rights.

And there was at hand a teacher to inflame its ardor and to

Digitized by Google

guide its effort. As a reaction not so much from Paganism as from material pursuits and an earthly ideal, the Christianity of the first three centuries was perhaps a purer, more penetrating, more vital element in the world than it has ever been since. It was not so much a religion as a revelation. In the rapid breaking up of the Empire after the age of Constantine, in the dark and stormy forming-time of the new civilization, it shared in the superstition and was degraded to the uses of a new dominion, which under the form of a hierarchy aspired to regain for a college of ecclesiastics the lost Empire of the Cæsars, — a relapse into barbarism, a thraldom of error, which still enslaves Christianity, and still darkens the world. Over the seas and through the ages there echoes now in our ears the crash of a falling empire, — the jubilee of men redeemed. It admonishes us, as by divine voices, that in the perilous times and the tremendous task upon which we have entered, in this new world set apart from the old, saved it must be, if for fiercer struggles, for a higher destiny and the final deliverance, — it is for us never to forget that empire, however vast, and government, however beneficent, is but a form, a means, an invitation to personal struggle and aspiration and faith. It is a summons to the national regeneration and progress and hope, — ceaseless, profound, permanent, — which recognize in military success and the sovereignty of force the stimulus and the obligation of spiritual activity, of humility, of love, — not a temptation to luxury, to discord, or to pride.

Digitized by Google

Art. IV. — THE PULPIT IN THE PAST.

Les Libres Prêcheurs-devanciers de Luther et de Rabelais. Étude Historique, Critique et Anecdotique sur les XIV^e^, XV^e^ *et* XVI^e^ *Siècles.* Par Antony Méray. Paris. 1860. 12mo. pp. 210.

In this very little compilation with a very loud-sounding title, M. Méray has, we think, rendered a service to popular literature, though by no means such a service as he might have rendered. His book seems designed for entertainment rather than instruction, and yet the matter of it suggests instruction before entertainment. It is too serious to amuse, and too amusing to be serious. As a study in the history of Church or of people, it is very incomplete. As a critical study, it is inadequate; as a collection of anecdotes, it is meagre. It is simply a handful of specimens of the pulpit oratory that marked the closing period of the Middle Age, and as such it is interesting to those who are unacquainted with the original works of the old preachers, or with the larger compilations from them of Peignot and others. We shall not attempt at present to set forth any detailed theory respecting the functions of the pulpit; but, following our author's example, shall speak rather of the place it holds in history, seeking illustration, in part, in anecdotes and *facetiæ* from his pleasant little volume.

The epochs of the world's moral life have been epochs of popular preaching. When the soul has been dead, the prophet of the soul has been mute. In the old Hebrew times, prophecy rose or fell with the rise or fall of spiritual life in the people. When faith in the Lord was low, the "servant of the Lord" lay neglected in obscurity, or fled, hiding himself from popular rage; when faith in the Lord revived, he took his place, and poured forth his burden to listening ears. The prophet was always the leader of the age, — if the age had any leader, — if it marched with open eye or purpose in any direction. If it had no leader, it was simply priest-ridden. The worshippers stayed clustering about the altars, chanting prayers by rote, and shedding profusely the blood of rams, instead of the sacred tide of their own hearts. The prophet

Digitized by Google

gathered into himself the genius of the nation, and enriched that genius by the contribution of his own. When he came, there was "vision." Through him the Lord spoke. Through him the Spirit was poured forth. Through him communication was made from the everlasting "I AM"; and when communication was not made through him, it was not made. At his coming the altar-fires paled before the day-star from on high; and the priestly forms vanished, without stopping to greet the "beautiful feet" that sparkled on the mountains of the dawn. At his disappearing, religion became a business again, and men settled down to the dull routine of altar and ritual. But for those grand old preachers, the Hebrew history would be a blank to us, the Hebrew oracles would be voiceless, the Hebrew race would have no visible link to connect it with the other races of the globe. But for them, Christianity would have had no historic past, and Judaism no historic future. But for them, our sacred literature would suffer the most grievous impoverishment; our stock of moral ideas would be very painfully diminished; the weight of moral authority in modern society would be very sensibly lessened; the hearty faith in a living, breathing, inspiring God would miss, if not its wings, yet in a large measure the holy air on which those wings are upborne. They have ministered more to our worship than any other class of men, and if they contributed nothing to ecclesiastical forms, to the sanctity of the altar or the pomp of the ritual, they contributed that earnestness of conviction, hope, and love, without which altar form and ritual are worse than unsubstantial.

The early Christian age was an age of preaching. Jesus was a preacher, a popular preacher, who took stone or fishing-boat for a pulpit, hillside or shore for a place of congregation, the present crowd for an audience. There was no choir that we hear of; the singing was by the people, the prayer was short. The stately temple service was not used; the responsive liturgies were omitted, and probably were not missed. The words that he spoke were spirit and life. The Great Teacher summed up his faith in a sermon. What were the New Testament without it? The "Sermon on the Mount," not the temple on Moriah, marks the coming in of the new dispen-

Digitized by Google

sation. The whole of Christianity is in the Sermon. It stands on the very first page of Christian literature. It is the life of the Gospels. When faith is earnest, the Sermon is read and re-read. When faith loses vitality, and sinks into ceremonial, the only hope of its revival lies in the Sermon.

It was the fiery tongue that brought the multitudes together on the first Pentecost morning, gave the world the Gospel in a universal speech, and by the power of conviction it carried demonstrated the presence and the action of the Holy Ghost.

In the Greek cities, in the cool of the afternoon, when the people thronged the public square to lounge and gossip, Paul left his tent-making and his book, and drew the crowd together under some deep porch or archway to tell of the Christ in the soul and the great resurrection; and wove that chain of breath which bound the savage wolf of Paganism in bands invisible, but adamantine.

The man of the fourth century in the Eastern Church was Chrysostom, and Chrysostom the preacher. What Christianity there was in Constantinople found utterance from his "golden lips." And when that voice was silenced by the prelatical power whose horror of a living faith was no whit less than its horror of Paganism, — perhaps was far greater, — there was no Gospel left in the imperial city.

The deadest of all churches for centuries was the Eastern Church; and the Eastern Church, since Chrysostom, can produce no great pulpit names. Ecclesiasticism hates preaching. Stanley, in his pleasant history, describes the dismay of the clergy when Nikon, the "Russian Chrysostom," introduced among other bold reforms a sermon, — a thing not heard of for many centuries in the Eastern Church.

"Remark, brother," says an archdeacon to his friend, "what happened now, — an occurrence which surprised and confused our understandings. Not only did he (the Patriarch) read the lesson for the day, but he preached and expounded the meaning of the words to the standing and silent assembly, until our spirits were broken within us during the tedious while. God preserve us and save us!"

The Patriarch is pitiless, and does the abominable thing again.

"The Patriarch was not satisfied with the ritual, but he must needs

Digitized by Google

crown all with an admonition and copious sermon. God grant him moderation! His heart did not ache for the Emperor, nor for the tender infants standing uncovered in the intense cold. What should we say of this in our country?"

This was written by a functionary of Antioch. So that the anti-parenetical rage was not confined to Moscow; nor were the cold feet the sole objection. Feet were not apt to be cold in Antioch. In fact, we are disposed to think even the Muscovite frigidity exaggerated. Ecclesiasticism usually takes good care to warm its places of worship. The day may, however, have been uncommonly bleak for Moscow, and the preachment was possibly a little hard for people who were not used to it. Clearly they were not used to it. They were used to the omission of it, just as they were used to the omission of the moral virtues which Nikon exerted himself to establish. Preaching was disagreeably associated in the Eastern liturgical mind with purity. The sermon suggested sweetness of behavior. The homily squinted at honesty, decency, and kindred graces of religion. Therefore it had fallen into disrespect.

In the Western Church it was almost as bad for a long season. Roman bishops, till Leo the Great, never were in the habit of addressing their people from the pulpit. And for all that period religion was not in the habit of addressing the people in any form of speech that reached their intelligence or touched their soul. Its arrangements were ordered with the utmost art to make an impression on the senses, but the impression was no image of a living God. Its lessons were veiled in symbol, or shadowed forth inarticulately in the gorgeous dumb-show which bent the people in awe before the pomp of its pageantry, and dissipated the gathered sentiment of reverence by colored lights. It was the epoch of the priest. The services were conducted in the Latin tongue, even in countries where Latin was not the native speech, and the congregation were thus taught to pray incoherently, and to allow the charm of a musical language to steal away the substance of their adoration, and lull their souls into a luxurious slumber. The long roll of the ritual, instead of rousing spirits to the battle of life, induced them to sleep more soundly, in the belief that all that ringing of bells, and pattering of pater-

Digitized by Google

nosters, and blazing of candles, and sprinkling of holy water, and waving of consecrated banners, and moving to and fro of processions of purple prelates and white priests, — all that murmuring of chants by concealed choirs, the loud-voiced *Te Deums* and mourning *Misereres*, the organ-pipes, timbrels, and sackbuts, the crosses, the incense, the matins, nones, vespers, midnight masses and vigils, would effectually scare away the Evil One.

Everything was carefully arranged with a view to the suppression of spiritual life; or perhaps it would be juster to say, the suppression of spiritual life made it possible that all things should be so arranged. The confessional was an ingeniously contrived extinguisher of intellectual and moral illumination. It settled questions by putting them out. The Liturgy made independent aspiration an impertinence. The doctrine of salvation by works adapted itself very conveniently to the sluggish consciences which were seeking an escape from the responsibilities of duty and a release from the holy pains of intercourse with the principles of rectitude. There was a grand conspiracy against the soul. Its eyes were dazzled, so that it could not see. Its ears were assaulted with delicious sounds, so that it could not hear. Its hands were busied with telling beads and making the sign of the cross, so that it could not feel after God and find him. Its feet were kept on the march through the routine of ceremonies, so that it could not walk up the hillside to the summit of its transfiguration. What wonder there was no preaching in such an age? What marvel there was no prophet? — that the pulpit, like every other part of the establishment, was used for the purpose of putting the religious people to sleep? Who should preach? Not the priests: it was not their business. Not the clergy: they were too lazy. Not men of any other class; for such are raised up by the Spirit, and the Spirit was not in motion. The growing wealth of the clerical establishments separated the clergy from the people, and rendered impossible any living communication between them. The clergy could neither give voice to the popular feeling, supposing any popular feeling to exist, nor could they do anything towards exciting popular feeling where it lay dormant in the masses of men

Digitized by Google

and women. No vision was possible, for the whole theory of the age assumed that vision was closed. And the people perished, as of course they must.

With the first symptom of reaction against this terrible dearth of spiritual vitality, against this worse than apathy of soul, appeared the preacher; and it was the very pressure of the ecclesiastical spirit that caused the reaction and started him to his feet. The Church had sent army after army against the Waldenses, in the hope of extinguishing their heresy in their blood. Blood-letting, not the keeping and enriching of blood, was then the popular mode of cure for spiritual as well as for physical ills. Sangrado was chief physician of souls. His method, not being scientific, was fallible; the patient did not revive under the process of depletion. And hereupon it occurred to Saint Dominic to lay by the lancet and try the operation of stimulants. In 1213 he founded the Order of Preaching Friars, and sent them among the heretics to blow up into flame the sparks of faith which might yet be smouldering in the ashes of their cold and prayerless breasts. Milman describes them well. They were collected from every country; they spoke every tongue and dialect. In a few years, from the Sierras of Spain to the Steppes of Russia, from the Tiber to the Thames, the Trent, the Baltic Sea, the old faith, in its fullest mediæval, imaginative, inflexible vigor, was preached in every town and hamlet. They were sworn to poverty and consecrated to meanness. They lived on the alms of the faithful; and their fare, we may presume, was of the hardest description. They wore a dress of the coarsest serge, they lodged in the poorest and filthiest quarters. Necessity was laid on them to consort with and to teach the very lowest of the people, even the miserable outcasts of society. Their work was among their fellow-men, all their fellow-men, without regard to class or condition. And they took them where they found them, — in city, town, and village, in the field, the market, the camp, the cattle-yard. They were commissioned to do the Church's work, — to suppress the free spirit of inquiry, to exterminate doubt, to bring men back to the old order of lethargy. They were the dumb show made vocal, the mummers muttering.

Mark now the effect. The spirit which had sat shrouded in

Digitized by Google

silence, so long unable to articulate by reason of those priestly hands laid on its mouth, — the spirit which had been lurking round looking for a door, a window, a crack by which it could find entrance among its people, no sooner saw open these huge uncouth mouths, than it put its word into them; no sooner saw these clumsy tongues wagging, than it touched them with flame. Through these tuneless throats of brass — their own throats, throats of men taken out of their own homes — the people, mute hitherto, found vent for their confused, tumultuous, insurgent, revolutionary thought. The preachers of the Church became the mouth-pieces of humanity. They addressed men in their native language: they used the popular speech, — the speech of the market and the street, — a powerful bond of sympathy and a mighty power of influence. They took the people on their own terms; gave them laugh for laugh, sigh for sigh, and jest for jest. They were at home in the haunts of the vulgar mind, and allowed its coarse, strong humor to find utterance in their sermons. Sensation preachers they were in the most literal sense of the word, enacting over again the grotesque pantomime of the ancient Hebrew prophets, who went to the verge of obscenity in order to catch the eye or ear of the inattentive. As voices of the people, it was necessary that they should utter what was in the people's heart; as voices of the Spirit to the people, it was necessary that their communication should be plain, striking, and impressive.

Antony Méray selects from the remains of these old preachers a good many specimens of their style, which are interesting as showing how the preacher of every age must accommodate himself to the people he addresses. It is interesting to see that the Spurgeons have their place in the Germany, Italy, France of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, as well as in the England and America of to-day. One or two of these will not be foreign to our purpose, or irrelevant to our argument; and they will be instructive, as showing how important the element of humor is in the popular preacher. Some of these sayings suggest at once passages in the sermons of a famous preacher of our own country.

Menot, one of these popular orators, preaching on the miracle of multiplying the loaves, thus takes occasion to satirize the unruly habits of his hearers: —

Digitized by Google

"According to the text," he says, "there were present on that occasion five thousand men. There were, then, about twenty thousand women; for experience tells us that there are always four women to one man. There must have been a great multitude of boys too, if the women of that time never came to church unless, like the women of this town, they had a boy hanging to their breasts, and a crowd hanging to their skirts, who bawl all sermon-time."

Illustrating the price of getting to heaven, as compared with the price of living comfortable here, the same preacher says: —

"To get into Paradise, you must do as they do in the hotels in Spain, — pay before you dine. The damned follow the fashion of the French inns, — dine first and pay afterwards. Everybody must pay sooner or later."

In that age peace principles were hard to defend. Menot, confronted with the question, "Why did Christ rebuke Peter for smiting Malchus?" replied, "Because, being unskilful in fence, he did not cut off his head instead of his ear."

These old preachers did not deal gently with the women. When the men sat on one side of the church and the women on the other, the speaker, being annoyed by the men talking, stopped and rebuked them. Up jumps a woman, and cries, "Reverend father, confess, the noise did not come from our side of the house." "So much the better, my dear, so much the better; it will stop the quicker." The women would come late to the sermon, and caught this buffet. "You could clean out a stable of forty-four horses while a lady was putting in her pins." "Do you know why, after his resurrection, Jesus appeared first to the holy women? Because, knowing their irresistible passion for gossip, he thought the news would spread faster than if he told it to the Apostles."

These old preachers did not stand on points of delicacy when there was a mystery to be explained. The awful drama of sin and redemption is not sublime in the version given by Gabriel Baralete of Naples, in the fifteenth century: —

"'I will give you the earth,' said the Lord to Satan. 'I do not like ploughing,' replied the fiend. 'You shall have the water then.' 'I am not fond of swimming.' 'The air?' 'I have no wish to fly.' 'The fire?' 'Thank you, I am not anxious to burn.' 'Will you have the starry heavens?' 'No: it would tire me to turn it round.' 'The

Digitized by Google

crystalline firmament?' 'That is too near you.' 'What will you have, then, beast?' 'I only ask for the souls of mankind.'"

The catastrophe ensues. Then come the ancients, Abel, David with his harp, Abraham with his bushy beard, to remind God of his promise to send his Son to save the human race. He yields a ready assent to their prayers. The question that remains is, "Who shall give birth to the Saviour?" Eve first presents herself. "Your sin makes you unworthy," is the reply she gets. Then comes Sara: "You doubted the birth of your son Isaac." Rebecca follows: "You were partial between Jacob and Esau." The fourth who presented herself was Judith, to whom the Lord said: "Thou hast been a homicide." The fifth was Madame Hester, and the Lord said to her: "Thou wast too vain in thine endeavors to please Ahasuerus." At last a young serving-maid fourteen years old was sent; she with downcast eyes, and covered with blushes, recited on her knees these words of the Canticle: "Let my well beloved come into my garden; let him eat the apples there." The Son, hearing these words, cried out to his Father, "O my Father, I love this virgin, and ask her for my wife." Who now shall be sent to announce to Mary the great tidings of the incarnation? One after another the patriarchs presented themselves, and offered their services as heralds, and one after another they were rejected. To Adam Jesus said, "Thou wilt stop at the fig-trees on the road." To Abel, "Thou mightest meet thy brother Cain." To Noah, "Thou art a tippler." To John Baptist, "Wouldst thou venture into the presence of a lady in your hair shirt?" The upshot of it was, that Gabriel was chosen messenger.

All this sounds like the poorest trifling; but there is an under-current of solemnity in it. Can one fail to perceive a real human earnestness beneath these grotesque features? No princess of noble family, no member of an ancient house, no revered mother of the faithful, no beautiful and mighty queen, soiled with vanity, is worthy to be mother to the Son of God. What sympathy with the people, what appreciation of the humanity of the lowest, in the picture of love between the Redeemer and the serving-girl! Not even the progenitor of the race, because he had a weakness; not even the first patri-

Digitized by Google

arch in whom the race was saved, because he had a vice; not the last and greatest of the prophets, because he was not decently clothed, — was worthy to be sent to this servant-girl to tell her of the honor that was in store for her. None but the purest angel may bring a message of such import to the child of the people.

The spirit of humanity was strong in these men, and the faith of humanity found utterance through their lips. Where can we find anything lovelier in its way than the following story, let fall like a pure gem from some uncouth mouth to show what channels celestial water will flow through. The Dominican, Jean Herolt, tells the story.

"Long time ago, in a monastery of nuns, there lived a virgin named Beatrice, very beautiful, but very devout, and exceedingly fervent in the service of the Mother of God. Raised to the dignity of stewardess of the convent, she conducted herself with as much piety as liberality, when a clerk, seeing and falling in love with her, began to lay siege to her virtue. The poor girl at first repelled his advances, but, the clerk persevering, the old serpent so inflamed her heart that she could hold out no longer. She went to the altar of the Virgin Mother, her protectress, and said to her, 'My mistress, I have served you as devotedly as I was able; now, being unable to quench my earthly love, I give my keys back to your hands.' Then, having left the keys, she went away with her lover. The clerk, becoming tired of the girl, abandoned her; and the miserable creature, reduced to the last distress, abandoned herself to a career of vice. After some years of this degraded living, she came one day to the door of the monastery, in secular dress, and, knocking, said to the portress, who waited at the gate, 'Know you Beatrice, who was once stewardess of this convent?' 'Perfectly well,' answered the custodian; 'she is an honest and saintly dame, who has lived without reproach in the monastery from her infancy.' Beatrice was at a loss what to think, hearing this, and was about retiring, when the Mother of Mercy appeared to her, and said, 'My daughter, during these sixteen years that you have been absent, I have discharged your office; come in now penitent; no person is acquainted with your fall.'" *

The Christ in humanity asserts itself in the sermon against the less pitiful Christ of the priest.

* This tale has been beautifully versified in Adelaide Procter's "Legend of Provence."

Digitized by Google

The free spirit found utterance through these old preachers. They stood unabashed before nobles, and confronted princes with the holy law. In the disastrous epochs of history, when society is ready to plunge into an abyss of sanguinary discords, when the rapacity of the hereditary protectors of the people has reduced ruined provinces to despair, these pious mendicants with bald heads appear, and audaciously hurl at abandoned princes the anathema of the dervish in the "Orientales": —

> "Ombre de Padishah, qui de Dieu même est l'ombre,
> Tu n'es qu'un chien et qu'un maudit."

The famous monk, Jacques Legrand, publicly rebuked Queen Isabella as she entered the church, her head superbly dressed, her bosom exposed, her feet covered with slippers with points two feet long treading the sacred floor. The same preacher, delivering a sermon before King Charles VI., openly charged the public misery on the Duke of Orleans, whom he called the "cursed of the people," insisted on the scandalous behavior which was notorious in the streets, and ended by predicting that nothing less than a complete and prompt reform would save the empire from falling into the hands of its enemies.

Oliver Maillard, being threatened with drowning by the angry courtiers of Louis XII., because he protested against the edict of Tours, replied, "As you please, — it is as convenient for me to go to Paradise by water as by land." Jean Bricot said to Francis I., *apropos* of wasted finances, "Sire, if you continue to have your hands pierced like the great saint whose name you bear, you will create as many involuntary paupers as St. Francis created voluntary." "They say you make people laugh in your sermon," said the Duke of Epernon to Maurice Poncet; "that is not well." "Monsieur," responds Poncet, "I would have you know that I preach only the word of God, and I have never in my life made as many laugh as you have made cry."

As the humanity of the age spoke out through these men, so did the faith of the age speak out. Like Balaam, they had put into their mouths a testimony which was unexpected. They were sent forth in the interest of the hierarchy; they

Digitized by Google

spoke in the interest of the people; they were sent forth charged with the duty of recovering the beliefs of the Middle Ages; they were made instrumental in weakening those beliefs; they were commissioned to stay the accelerating progress of heresy; they were made the precursors of the Reformation. Alas for a sleepy priesthood, for a corrupt and superstitious Church, that these men were abroad! They were the multitudinous eyes of the people, searching all things. They were the multitudinous tongues of the people, telling all they saw. The arrows of their wit flew high and low, well feathered and poison-tipped. "Go to the tables of the prelates," says one of these men, "the conversation runs always on topics of luxury, and he whose talk is the dirtiest gets the applause." The Dives in the parable is the "great prelate who is dowered beyond measure with the patrimony of Christ, pompously clad in scarlet and silk, and deliciously fed day by day, better even than most of the lords of the high nobility." "O ye gentlemen prelates!" cries Gabriel Baralete, one of the order of preaching friars, "how goes the Church in these times? What have you to say of the cardinal who throws away on his dogs, and the keepers of his dogs, six thousand gold ducats a year?"

"Certes," quoth Michel Menot, "it would seem that the prelates were sent as scourges by the wrath of God, or rather by the malice of the Devil, for the purpose of destroying and depopulating the Church. The thousand prelates are the cause why the poor, simple people sin and damn themselves to all the devils. When the master is a drummer and a fiddler, the varlets are disposed to caper."

The same bold voice exclaims: —

"The temples are crumbling under the weight of gold, rather than the force of the winds. They pretend that the wealth of the Church is the offspring of devotion. If it is, the child has suffocated the mother. What say you, prelates and lords ecclesiastical, who feed on the flesh of this poor one who hangs on the cross?"

Christopher Aubry, announcing the death of Sixtus V. in the Church St. André des Arcs, thus unceremoniously deals with his subject: —

"God has just delivered us from a rascally Pope and politician. If he had lived longer, Paris would have been astonished at hearing him preached at, and it would have been necessary to do it."

Digitized by Google

Says William Pepin, in a sermon: —

"When the dignitaries of the Church notice the death of people of moderate means, they think it not worth their while to leave their dens. The spoil will not pay. They send their lackeys to plunder such as they, and stay at home themselves, amusing their leisure with cards and dice. But when they hear the big bells clang for the funeral of people who are somewhat, then they know that great distributions are on foot. They are like owls or bats, which never go into the Church except to fatten on the lamp-oil."

"Go to the parishes when they make the sermon," exclaims Menot. "You will hear excommunications launched at people for taking a stick of wood or a pair of spurs. I should like much to see them launched at malefactors, blasphemers, usurers, seducers. Let them who send others to the Devil for ten pence, go to the Devil themselves."

When Innocent IV. excommunicated the Emperor Frederick II., in the middle of the thirteenth century, a *curé* of Paris got up in the pulpit, and said: —

"I am ordered to launch excommunication against the Emperor Frederick. I don't know what for. All I know is, that he and the Pope hate each other mortally. God only can tell which of the two is wrong. So with all my might I declare, Excommunicate the one who inflicts the injury, and absolve the one that suffers it."

Early in the sixteenth century came up the question of Indulgences. Let us hear how these old preachers dealt with it. Here the issue was clearly made between conscience and the Church: the pulpit represented conscience.

"Think you," cries Oliver Maillard, "that a usurer full of vice, with thousands and thousands of sins on his head, will obtain remission of his sins by putting six white pieces in a box? Some woman will say, 'Father, is it not better to buy them, since the bishops authorize it?' I believe the bishops take their share of the profits, and that all of them are thieves."

Menot, the often quoted, pours out language in the same strain.

"As to the abuse of indulgences, as to these sharpers who cheat the people, what say you of those who, having lost their relics at the tavern, substitute for them a bit of charcoal found in a stove, and say it came from the pile where St. Lawrence was roasted? What say you of the man who thrusts one of these bulls between the teeth of a dead man, as they are carrying him to burial, pretending that he will be saved

Digitized by Google

by that expedient? Verily, according to your notion, the tail of a calf is all one needs to climb to heaven by, provided it be long enough."

Criticism hereabouts is pretty sharp: the preacher has small respect for persons.

In a sermon preached before the Council of Sienna in the fifteenth century, a preacher delivered himself as follows: —

"In these days of ours, one sees priests who are usurers, inn-keepers, merchants, governors of chateaux, notaries, stewards, confidential go-betweens at court. The only trade they have not yet begun to exercise is that of butcher. The bishops, in the matter of luxury, outdo Epicurus. Over their cups they discuss the authority of Pope and Council."

He tells the legend of St. Brigitta, who, being in an ecstasy in the Church of St. Peter at Rome, lifted her eyes, and saw the building on a sudden swarming with mitred hogs. "What signifies this vision?" cries the saint. "These," replied the Lord, "are the bishops and abbés of this generation." Who can be surprised at the apparition of Martin Luther, after a century or two of such preaching as this?

The yet latent faith of the new age lisped and stammered from the mouth of these men. The freedom with which they interpreted Scripture helped familiarize people with the use of reason and common sense as applied to the sacred books. The broad humor with which they satirized the Prince of Darkness and his imps necessarily brought his Satanic Majesty into something like contempt; and the coarse naturalism which they carried into their descriptions of the future life could hardly fail to shock and shake the deep-rooted reverence for the mediæval traditions.

These illustrations show us a body of men who gave voice to the living faith and conscience of the time, — the steady antagonists of the ecclesiastical establishment to which they themselves belonged. These men illustrate the function of the preacher, as distinct from and opposed to the function of the priest. They addressed the religious sentiment in men through the natural reason and conscience, not through the eye and ear. They had their dumb show, their tricks of gesticulation, their pictures for the sensuous fancy, their grotesque representations of truth under form of allegory and symbol

Digitized by Google

and myth. But their fancy pictures were very different from the painted canvas on the walls of the churches. The word was articulated in the parables; and if eye and ear were addressed, they were addressed in a way that obliged them to report the message that was given them to the soul within. The Spirit moved through these men. It moved as the age moved, and in the very front line of the movement of the age. The old preachers were, without a single exception, social reformers. Without a single exception, too, they were reformers in state and Church. No vice escaped their censure; no abuses evaded their criticism. They believed in the Spirit which made all things new. Radicals they were, laying the axe at the root of the tree, no matter in what private garden or convent enclosure it grew. They were radical as the New Testament; radical as conscience. Belonging to the people, they sympathized with the people. Sympathizing with the people, they were immediately in communication with humanity. Being in communication with humanity, they struck into that broad river of God on whose bosom the Church herself floated like an ark. The probability is, that their age was as much indebted to them for its reverence as it was for its instruction. They helped their contemporaries to worship, as well as to reason and think. Nay, it was in helping them to reason and think that it helped them to worship. Ministers of conscience, they were also ministers of faith. At least, we Protestants are bound to say so, for these preachers were the fathers of Protestantism, — fathers, too, of degenerate children.

Even so far back as this, we find the materials for an esti mate of the function of the preacher as compared with that of the lecturer. Let Abelard represent the lecturer, — and he was a lecturer of whom no modern platform speaker can be ashamed. Let Savonarola represent the preacher, — and he was a preacher with whom the noblest modern prophet will deem it an honor to be compared. Abelard was the model speaker of the platform, the ideal talker to the people on popular themes. His mind was abundantly stored with the knowledge needful to his calling. He was a close, vigorous, intense thinker, an affluent and brilliant orator. Of himself he said, that he preferred the strife of disputations to the trophies of

Digitized by Google

war; and he carried into his disputation the spirit of conquest that marks the warrior. He talked for victory. His object was to get the popular applause. To compass that object, he strained his wonderful faculties to the utmost. All Paris was moved to hear him, and people from the adjacent districts crowded to his school. From distant lands the multitude came over the vague and difficult roads, braving the dangers and the toils of the journey. Even Rome sent her children to hear him. In the later periods of his career, when an outcast from the great cities and from the society of well-reputed men, he repaired to the solitary places, and, making a stone his platform, spoke to as many as his fame for misfortune, for eloquence, for genius might attract. The crowd followed him to his retirement. The caves around were made lodgings. The hillsides and fields were covered with booths and huts. A colony grew about the speaker. The enthusiasm was prodigious; but it was enthusiasm of the intellect. The heart was not moved, nor was the conscience quickened or the life reformed. The themes dealt with were the matters of philosophy which exercised the subtile wit of the time, questions in metaphysics and theology. He gave voice to the inarticulate doubt of the age. He brought to self-consciousness the dumb, brooding, restless reason which was beginning to have a sense of its own rights, and was beginning to feel out for itself the dim and perilous way which led through old credulity into the field of independent truth. One of the most popular of our modern lecturers, whose fame is as great now on the shores of the Pacific as it was formerly on the shores of the Atlantic, spoke in all our great cities to overflowing and delighted audiences on "Substance and Show." Substance and show was also the topic on which Abelard dilated in Paris, and on the ground afterward hallowed by the Chapel of the Paraclete. His masterly powers of analysis, his daring speculation, his brilliant development and antithesis, his skilful combinations and generalizings, his charm of diction and intense fervor of mental excitement, carried people away as effectually as they have done since. But the joy which Abelard felt and imparted was joy of the brain. He had no purpose to bless the poor, to comfort the afflicted, to reclaim

Digitized by Google

the erring, to recover the lost. The despot did not fear him. The worldling did not quail before him. The wicked neither fell at his feet in penitence nor gnashed at him in rage. He was persecuted as a rationalist, not as a reformer. He was banished on account of his alleged infidelity to the creed, not on account of his unquestionable fidelity to conscience. True, in his years of sadness, when his spirit was softened by suffering and chastened by a sense of quiet, he sternly rebuked the lax and lascivious morals of the monks with whom he sought refuge; but this was an incidental passage in his career. The spirit of moral rebuke did not animate any more his public discourses nor enter as an element into his public designs. To the last he talked for victory in the realm of thought, not for sway in the realm of virtue. All honor to the bold thinker and undaunted speaker, — the founder of philosophy in the Middle Age, the prince of rationalism, the superb talker, through whose tongue the dormant intellect of the generation found swift and copious utterance. But a sigh for his shame and sin; a tear for his memory. He did what was in him to do; and he did no more, because with such power as he had no more was to be done. Greater work demanded greater endowment.

And here comes Savonarola, the preacher, to do that greater work. He employs the same instruments, — the human speech, the face, the eye, the gesture, the majestic force of presence, — but employs them to what different effect, because using them with what different purpose. There was a genuine prophet of the soul. We are concerned with him now simply as a preacher, and therefore we shall say nothing about his life, as we said nothing about the life of Abelard. The direction, point, power of the word is the thing which concerns us; and by his words he shall be judged. Hear him: he is in veighing against the corruptions of Rome.

"What is Babylon but Rome? Babylon means confusion. There is not in the world greater confusion of crimes and all sorts of iniquity than at Rome. Since they have made it a dwelling for harlots, God will make it a stable for swine and horses. . . . . .

"The Popes have reached the highest priestly dignities through shameless simony and craft; and, seated in the holy chair, give them-

Digitized by Google

selves up to a life of voluptuousness and insatiable avarice. Cardinals and bishops follow their example. No discipline, no fear of God, is in them. Many believe in no God. The chastity of the cloister is slain, and they who should serve God with holy zeal have become lukewarm and cold. . . . . .

"The most sacred things are degraded in the pulpit, — theology to rhetoric, poetry, fable. The holy is mixed with sin, the ecclesiastical with worldly vanity. They hold market in the churches. Men and women come in gaudy decoration and crowd about the altar, pushing and confessing without devotion or fear of God. The women go up and down listening to a thousand improper speeches. The young men surround the pretty girls like a wall. They think they honor God by dressing the church, and paint the Virgin Mary as a mistress. I tell you that nowhere in the Gospel is it commanded to have golden and silvern crosses and other costly things in the Church. If those who gave them as offerings will be satisfied, I will be the first to lay hands on the cups and crosses of my cloister to feed the poor from their superfluity. . . . . .

"The pillars of the Church are cast down to the earth, and evangelical doctrine is heard no more. The gold of the temple is gone, — the true Divine Wisdom which enlightens and gladdens the heart. The roof of the Church has fallen in. In the storm and the whirlwind are swept away the devout priests and princes who adorn the bride of Jesus. The binding lime and mortar fail. All the walls of the Church are undermined. The revenues of the Church are devoted to perishable pomp and worldly ends, and the sin of the Devil's children is doubled; for they pride themselves in their deed, and boast that they have made broad the way of the Christian life. Cursing and swearing take with them the place of manly courage. Prodigality they esteem liberality; fraud upon their neighbor, laudable prudence; self-revenge, honor; ostentation, virtue. In the primitive Church the chalices were of wood and the prelates of gold: in our days the chalices are of gold and the prelates of wood. A great prelate of this stamp once showed to St. Thomas Aquinas a hugh wash-basin full of ducats, and said, See here, Master Thomas, the Church can no more say, with St. Peter, 'Silver and gold have I none.' True, responded Thomas; but neither can she say, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, stand up and walk.'"

This man had no wonderful arts of oratory; but he drew the people to him by the heart-strings, and held them by the conscience till they heard all he had to say. The cloister of

Digitized by Google

San Marco, where he first preached, was so beset by the thronging multitude, that the vast doors of the Florentine cathedral were thrown open, and the voice of the preacher rang through its immense spaces. The entranced crowd covered the floor, hung black on every perch and coigne of vantage, and sent back from thousands of burning eyes the glances which flashed from the orbs of the impassioned prophet. His appeal is ever to first principles. He lays his long finger on the golden rule, and makes it the measure of all practice in Church and in state, in private and in public affairs. Florence is virtually ruled from the pulpit of the Duomo. The Word of God, quick, powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, clove the Prince of the World from crown to breast-bone, and sent his vicious imps trooping from the city. Savonarola was a small, spare man; but he had back of him the moral force of humanity. As the soft candle penetrates the two-inch plank like an iron ball when driven by the force of gunpowder, as the viewless air compressed by the whizzing cannon-shot prostrates the man, as the wad from a rifle-barrel does the work of the bullet, so this frail voice, propelled by the force of a great conviction, fell like a thunder-stone on priest and prince, — even on princes like Lorenzo the Magnificent, and on priests like Alexander VI. This prophet is greater than the extant Church. He is great as the extant Christendom.

Lorenzo tries to silence him by princely condescensions; but he retorts, "The good dog always barks in order to defend his master's house, and if a robber offer him a bone or the like, he pushes it aside, and barks on." The Pope condemns his conduct, and cites him to Rome.

"If the commands of superiors contend with the Divine decrees," thunders the preacher, "no one is bound by the latter to observe the former; nay, in that case, the observance would be sin. Should the Church command anything against the law of Love, then say I, Thou art not the Roman Church, nor a shepherd of it, but a man, and dost err.....

"I turn myself to the wicked. O ye ungrateful! hear my words. Ye strive not against this monk, but against Christ, who is a righteous and powerful judge. Ye say, Thou art the cause of our strife. I answer, The wicked life is the cause. Live well, and you will have peace.....

Digitized by Google

"If this power of the Church be indeed destructive or ruinous, it is no ecclesiastical, but a hellish power of Satan. I tell you when they maintain concubines, catamites, and robbers, and endeavor to hinder the Christian life, it is a devilish power that we must resist. I defend the Romish Church and the Christian doctrine against that hellish power of Satan."

There was a torch to carry into those chambers of imagery where the elders were bowing before profane idols. As if it did not flame high enough, or throw its beams over a wide enough space, the elders seized it, and lifted it up on a scaffold, and piled fagots around it, and made a flame which lighted up all Italy and Germany and France. For two hundred years Florence remembered the martyrdom of Savonarola. The Church that rejected him was glad to take him back victorious in death. A Dominican opposed him; the Dominican order asked for him an admission among the saints. A Pope excommunicated him; a Pope favored his canonization. Michel Angelo spread his inspiration over the walls of the Sixtine Chapel, Rafaelle honored him with a place in his most famous fresco, among the great doctors of the Church. Luther gave him rank with the holy witnesses of reform, Humanity gives him a place among its benefactors.

Digitized by Google

Art. V. — KINGLAKE AND HIS CRITICS.

The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vols. I., II.

When the Crimean war was brought to a close by the reduction of Sebastopol, and its accounts came to be balanced, the English people settled down into a condition of mind which was not exactly one of satisfaction, certainly not one of pride, but one in which the preponderant feeling was perhaps that of relief at having at length finished a war of which the origin had been so uncertain, the object so shadowy, the conduct in many respects so discreditable, the glory so scanty, and the cost so dreadfully disproportioned to the results. It had not been a war which could, on the whole, be reviewed by an Englishman with much complacency, and possibly the nation would have been content to see its history remain unwritten. But this could not be. The materials for its history were known to be ample beyond all precedent. It shortly became known that these materials had been placed in the hands of Mr. Kinglake, who would in due course of time present to the eyes of the reluctant nation the most complete and vivid picture which could be produced from them of this latest "war for an idea." After nearly seven years of preparation, the first portion of the work has at length appeared, and is at once rendered remarkable by the extraordinary vigor of the criticisms which it has provoked from the reviewers of its own country. From the Edinburgh and Quarterly down to "the little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," it is one grand burst of anger and objurgation.*

We opened the book with a strongly favorable prepossession, which may have been partly due to this extreme severity on the part of the British critics; for it was not unnatural that, when these sensitive reviewers broke forth with such unusual violence against the historian of their latest war, whose materials had been at once so ample and so fresh, and whose task

* Except the later very able and authoritative paper in the North British Review.

Digitized by Google

had been so long in progress, we should look a little beyond the avowed grounds of complaint, to ask where British pride had been wounded, where truth "not to be spoken at all times" had been too imprudently disclosed, and where criticism had been too freely dispensed in regard to the movements of British generals and the policy (or the want of policy) of British statesmen. It did not seem quite possible that so much wrath could be excited in English breasts by underrating France and overrating England. We remembered that the approbativeness of the Hon. Elijah Pogram, who declared that "our people must be cracked up, sir!" was not wholly without parallel in the mother country; and we thought it not unlikely that some theory which recognized that amiable popular weakness might go far to account for the bitterness of the hostility which Mr. Kinglake had been so unfortunate as to provoke. We were not altogether wrong. It *is* hard for an Englishman to be told, still harder for him to hear the announcement made to the admiring world, that the English Cabinet, at a special council, went quietly off to sleep over the first reading of a despatch from the Minister of War to the general commanding the forces in the East, so momentous as that which directed the expedition against Sebastopol. It is hard to be forced to believe that the ministry of Lord Aberdeen, instead of "drifting" into the war, according to the expressive phrase of one of their number, were towed into it by the selfish diplomacy of a foreign usurper. Let us confess at once, as the author himself has undoubtedly done, that the anger is not unnatural, and was only what might have been expected.

Mr. Kinglake has produced a book which, if not as excellent as was hoped from his reputation as a brilliant writer and his deliberate preparation, is still, in many respects, vastly superior to the majority of histories written so shortly after the events they describe. Written as it must have been with a pretty clear foresight of the hostility of the professional critics, it was perhaps not easy to avoid a certain self-assertion and independence of tone which subject him to the charge of conceit. This blemish, however, is not offensively prominent; and it may easily be pardoned in a work which exhibits in a high degree the qualities of courage, energy, and an honesty

Digitized by Google

of purpose that keeps the sympathies of the author always in the right direction, and prevents his sarcasm, even when most bitter and relentless, from becoming indiscriminate.

The first of the two volumes of the English edition is given to an elaborate investigation of the "Transactions which brought on the War." Mr. Kinglake describes with amusing minuteness the quarrel between the monks of the Greek and Latin Churches for the supreme privileges of the holy shrine at Bethlehem, and the skilful management and use of the quarrel by the new-made Emperor of the French, as a means for strengthening his somewhat unstable position on the throne. With equal minuteness he describes the reawakening of the old strife between Russia and the Porte, on the question, half religious and half political, of the privileges of the Christians in Turkey, which was sustained with so much bitterness on the part of the Russian ambassador, Prince Mentschikoff, and with so much moderation and dignity on the part of the Sultan and his advisers, — a strife alternately soothed by the judicious mediation of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and fanned into fresh heat by angry despatches from the Czar, — until the final departure of Mentschikoff from Constantinople, the occupation of the Danubian Principalities by the Russian troops, and the assembling of the representatives of the Four Powers at Vienna. At this point Mr. Kinglake abruptly branches off into a separate and vivid history of the great exploit of Louis Napoleon on the 2d of December. His apology for this seemingly wide digression is his theory of the main cause of the war, — that when the quarrel was in a fair way of being settled by the combined interference and remonstrance of England, France, Austria, and Prussia, the new Emperor, finding his throne undignified by the loyalty of a single Frenchman of character, and endangered by the concealed discontent of the French people, deliberately thwarted the action of the Four Powers, and exasperated the quarrel between Russia and Turkey.

"The associates of the Elysée well understood, that, if they had been able to trample upon France and her laws, then success had been made possible by the dread which the French people had of a return to tumult; and it was clear that, until they could do something more than

Digitized by Google

head the police of the country, their new power would be hardly more stable than the terrors on which it rested. What they had to do was to distract France from thinking of her shame at home by sending her attention abroad. For their very lives' sake, they had to pile up events which might stand between them and the past, and shelter them from the peril to which they were brought whenever men's thoughts were turned to the night of the 2d of December, and to Thursday, the day of blood. There could be no hesitation about this. Ambition had nothing to do with it. If Prince Louis and Morny and Fleury, if Maupas, St. Arnaud, and Magnan, were to continue quartered upon France, instead of being thrown into prison and brought to trial, it was indispensable that Europe should be disturbed. Without delay the needful steps were taken."

During the summer of 1853, the understanding of the Four Powers was perfect in regard to the occupation of the Principalities by Russia. In this understanding, and in the strong pressure which by means of it they were prepared to exert upon the Russian Emperor, Mr. Kinglake recognizes the proper, legitimate, and certain assurance that the haughty Czar might have been forced to abandon his pretensions, and that the peace of Europe might have been preserved. Under the circumstances then existing, the power most interested in opposing the course of the Czar was not France, still less England, but Austria, whose eastern territory was encompassed by the provinces upon which his troops had entered. But to allow Austria to take the lead, either in remonstrance or in retaliation, would be to neglect the very opportunity which Louis Napoleon had been so anxiously preparing, for exhibiting himself to France and the world in the character of the defender of the peace of Europe. Accordingly, Mr. Kinglake represents the Emperor as overruling the inertia of the English ministry, and absolutely forcing it, against its instincts and against its prejudices, to a virtual neglect of the broader alliance, and to the formation of a separate and distinct alliance with himself.

"The purport of this arrangement still lurks in private notes, and in recollections of private interviews, but it can be seen that (for reasons never yet explained) France and England were engaging to move in advance of the other powers. . . . . The Four Powers were to be judges, and two of them — namely, France and England — were to be the executioners."

Digitized by Google

It was not till the 23d of October that the Sultan declared war against Russia. A month before this (still, according to Mr. Kinglake, at the urgent instance of Louis Napoleon) the French and English governments had joined in ordering their fleets, which had been for some months lying at anchor at the mouth of the Dardanelles, to pass the straits and enter the Bosphorus. This was the most important and the most threatening step yet taken, because it was not unnaturally regarded as a violation of the treaty of 1841, by which the five great powers of Europe recognized and agreed to respect the right of the Sultan to exclude foreign vessels of war from the Turkish waters, and by which, on the other hand, the Sultan agreed to enforce the right, except in case of foreign war. The entry of the French and English fleets was, therefore, either a violation of the treaty, or a recognition of a state of war which had not yet been declared. The mischief of the measure consisted in the effect it produced at St. Petersburg. The Russian Chancellor, Count Nesselrode, a statesman of great moderation and foresight, a member of the English Church, and an adviser who had opposed with great courage and manliness the impetuous impulses of the Czar, "now declared with sorrow, that he saw in the course of the British government a settled purpose to humiliate Russia." The Czar himself went beyond his customary threats and denunciations, and, according to Mr. Kinglake, sent to Sebastopol orders for instant and active operations by the Black Sea fleet. A month after the appearance of the Western fleets in the Bosphorus, these orders had been obeyed in the attack on Sinope and the annihilation of the Turkish fleet. The French and English ambassadors, as well as the fleet commanders, knew perfectly well what was to happen for some days before the disaster, and had been in receipt of intelligence of the threatening movements of the Russian fleet outside the harbor, and even of an appeal for reinforcements from the commander of the Turkish squadron. Lord Stratford had been instructed by his government, that, "if the Russian fleet were to come out of Sebastopol, the fleets would then, as a matter of course, pass through the Bosphorus." The governments of France and England had engaged "to defend Constantinople, or any other part of the

Digitized by Google

Turkish territory which might be in danger of attack." But the representatives of these two powers, on the strength of whose encouragement the Sultan had issued his declaration of war, now stood quietly by, holding their fleets almost within hearing of the Russian broadsides, while his fleet was destroyed and his sailors massacred. The Russians entered the harbor of Sinope with six ships of the line.

"The Turks were the first to fire, and to bring upon their little squadron of frigates the broadsides of six sail of the line; and although they fought without hope, still they were steadfast. Either they refused to strike their colors, or else, if their colors went down, the Russian admiral was blind to their signal, and continued to slaughter them. Except the steamer, every one of the Turkish vessels was destroyed. It was believed by men in authority that four thousand Turks were killed, that less than four hundred survived, and that all these were wounded. The Russian fleet did not move from Sinope until the next day."

This ferocious attack on the part of Russia put an end to all hopes of peace. The French and English governments felt the sensitiveness of men who have undertaken to protect a weak neighbor against a strong enemy, and have seen him undergo deadly injury in their very presence. Yet even then the English ministry, governed by the principles of Lord Aberdeen, could not bring itself to do more than to suggest to the Czar that he had better not do that again. Lord Palmerston, seeing perhaps more clearly the temper of the English people, resigned his office. The remainder of the Cabinet drifted on. But the French Emperor took the offence in a different spirit. He submitted to the British Cabinet a proposal to notify Russia

"that France and England were determined to prevent a repetition of the affair of Sinope, and that every Russian ship thenceforward met in the Euxine would be requested, and if necessary constrained, to return to Sebastopol, and that any act of aggression afterwards attempted against the Ottoman territory or flag would be repelled by force."

Mr. Kinglake singularly enough regards this proposal as skilfully adapted to catch the approbation of a timid peace Cabinet, as well as that of the men who, like Palmerston, desired a vigorous policy. And indeed the result of the proposal would seem to authorize this view; for although on the 17th

Digitized by Google

of December "the English government had taken a step in pursuance of the decision of a majority of the Cabinet," yet on being presented, the very next day, with the plan of the French Emperor, they forsook their own, and after a brief struggle yielded to his strong will. Mr. Kinglake acknowledges, however, that the will of Louis Napoleon was also in equal degree the will of the English people, though he does not say, what seems only fair to suppose, that the latter was more apt to be the effective spur. When the stronger policy had been adopted, Lord Palmerston resumed his place in the Cabinet. But it is difficult to believe that any statesmen could be sufficiently simple to suppose for a moment that a monarch so strong and so haughty as Nicholas of Russia could receive quietly a message to the effect that every vessel which bore his flag in the Black Sea was henceforth under the authority of the servants of two foreign powers, and was forbidden to venture out of port on pain of being driven back in utter shame by foreign cruisers. This was the message transmitted to the Czar on the 12th of January by the governments of France and England. On its reception the Czar withdrew his ambassadors from Paris and London. The French and English governments followed suit, and the rupture was complete. From that time the advance of the powers to a state of war was steady and rapid. Meanwhile the allied fleets had entered the Black Sea, which was thenceforward under their control. The Russian forces still occupied Moldavia and Wallachia, and waged active war through the winter with the Turkish army under Omar Pasha. Mr. Kinglake makes it appear that the Austrian government was to take the necessary steps (even at the risk of a war) for forcing the Czar to withdraw his troops from the Principalities, and that Count Buol declared to the French ambassador at Vienna, that "if England and France will fix a day for the evacuation of the Principalities, the expiration of which shall be the signal for hostilities, the Cabinet of Vienna will support the summons." If this was so, the governments of London and Paris in their haste disregarded the proffered co-operation, and sent by themselves the summons which determined the conflict. The Russian government declined to reply, and on the 27th of March France and Great Britain declared war. The formal treaty of alliance was signed on the 10th of April.

Digitized by Google

We have followed Mr. Kinglake only in the most superficial manner through his first volume. It is this portion of the work which his English critics condemn most strongly, and there is scarcely an objection which it is possible to urge against an historical work which they do not bring against this; unless it be the single objection of dulness, of which we believe the author has not yet been accused. They question his authorities, they deny his statements, they criticise his temper and his style, they visit alternately with extravagant praise and vehement abuse. They make out a list of the causes which he cites as producing the war, and undertake to prove them false in whole and in part. But the string on which they harp with the most bitter persistency is his contempt of Louis Napoleon. His book, says the *Edinburgh*, "bears on every page the taint of malignant hostility to the Emperor of the French." "He pursues the Emperor and those about him," says the *Quarterly*, "with a rancorous animosity and a fierce, fiery invective which savors more of the unforgiving vengeance of one who has experienced some great personal wrong, than of the calm judgment of the historian." "The author," says the *National*, "has sacrificed artistic propriety to the gratification of his hatred." These reviewers, without exception, are careful to say, that their disapprobation of the *Coup d'État* is as strong as ever. They still consider it (to use the exquisitely appropriate phrase of the New Jersey opposition, when it becomes necessary to speak of treason and insurrection) an "irregular" proceeding by no means to be accepted as a precedent. Mr. Kinglake's fault lies in not being content with disapprobation. He runs into the grave impropriety of raking up the whole history of that irregularity from the oblivion to which it had been decently consigned, and pours upon the heads of its principal actor and his less conspicuous but equally energetic confederates the overflowing vials of his scorn, his disgust, his ridicule, his lofty and manly anger. What he thought of Louis Napoleon in December, 1851, he thinks now, and what he thinks he says in the most emphatic words at his command.

Let us say that in our opinion he is perfectly right; and that his courage and his unconventional frankness make for us the

Digitized by Google

chief charm of the book. If M. Granier de Cassaignac is not afraid or ashamed to speak out the horrible details of the great crime, in the interest of his master, why should Mr. Kinglake hesitate to review them in the interest of truth and of an outraged humanity? How pitiful is the spectacle of the English nation shivering with terror and shouting with simulated indignation, lest the honest scorn of an English writer for a coil of French conspirators should "endanger the alliance," and leave Great Britain to face alone the dangers of European diplomacy and the complications of European politics! It is no doubt true, that one government in its intercourse with another cannot look too closely into its origin. The English nation and the French nation must have communication, and the Queen and her cabinet must in public ignore the shameful rise of the present Empire, and treat with the Emperor as with a sovereign and an equal. So much the greater is the duty of the English people to guard against the easy judgment which approves whatever is established. So much the more urgent the duty of an English writer to place a criminal before his countrymen as a criminal, however brilliant; whose meanness is none the less to be despised because it has been for a time successful. For us, the Emperor of the French is to-day what he has always been. Not all the seeming security of his present position, not the accumulated splendors of his renovated capital, not the glories of Sebastopol or of Solferino, can blind our eyes to the essential baseness and vulgarity of his character. While in obscurity, he lacked the self-respect to live decently. To raise himself out of that obscurity, he was willing to stain his soul with the meanest vices and the blackest crimes; with falsehood, ingratitude, the betrayal of friends, — with perjury, treason, and with the authorization of wholesale murder. It *was* hard for the Queen of England to be drawn into concerted action with such an Emperor; and the more convincing is Mr. Kinglake's exposition of the artifices by which the alliance was effected, and the motives which influenced Louis Napoleon in making it, the more natural and easy to explain becomes the rage of his English reviewers.

Mr. Kinglake in his disgust for the Emperor does some injustice to his intellectual capacity. He repeatedly represents

Digitized by Google

him as a man of a feeble temper, fond of romantic and ambitious adventure, but without the pushing and self-reliant spirit of a soldier of fortune; with a passion for pomp and vain display, but without energy, and without any large measure even of personalcourage.

"The truth is, that the sources of his boldness were his vanity and his theatric bent, and these passions, though they had power to bring him to the verge of danger, were not robust enough to hold good against man's natural shrinking from the risk of being killed, — being killed within the next minute. Conscious" (this was on the occasion of his attempt at Strasburg) "that in point of hat and coat and boots he was the same as the great Napoleon, he imagined that the great *revoir* of 1815 between the men and the man of a hundred fights could be acted over again between modern French troops and himself; but ..... when checked, he did not, like a madman or a dare-devil, try to carry his venture through, nor did he even hold on long enough to try, and try fairly, whether the Bonapartist sentiment to which he appealed were really existent or not; on the contrary, the moment he encountered the shock of the real world, he stopped dead, and, becoming suddenly quiet, harmless, and obedient, surrendered himself (as he always has done) to the first man who touched him."

In the execution of the plot of December, he is represented as "under the propulsion of Fleury" and of the Count de Morny. The biographical sketches with which these two energetic workers are introduced, as well as those of their coadjutors, M. de Maupas and "St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy," are among the most amusing passages in the book. Having shown the fitness of these gentlemen for the purpose they were intended to serve, Mr. Kinglake goes on to relate the progress and consummation of the conspiracy. The selection and disposition of the necessary regiments, the meeting of the Confederates at the Elysée after the assembly on Monday night, the arrest of the prominent generals and statesmen in the night, and of the Corps Legislatif in the morning, the feeble attempts at resistance on the part of the people, the massacre on the Boulevards, the brutal measures taken for compelling the acquiescence of the provinces, are all related with remarkable spirit and interest. Those who so violently abuse Mr. Kinglake for this chapter of his book do not, we believe, question its sub-

Digitized by Google

stantial truth; but only the propriety of its insertion in the present work.* His apology for it is in his theory, that, as "in France the gentlemen of the country resolved to stand aloof from the government and to do nothing which would make it inconsistent for them, as soon as it suited their policy, to take an opportunity of laying cruel hands on their new Emperor and his associates," the Emperor found himself forced to use the machinery of the government "as a means of safety for himself and his comrades." So that "after the 2d of December, 1851, the foreign policy of France was steadily used as a prop to prop the throne which Morny and his friends had built up.

We have left ourselves small space for noticing the second volume of this work, in which Mr. Kinglake narrates the early movements of the allied armies from Gallipoli to Varna, their inaction in camp during the siege of Silistria, their gradual and imperfect preparation for the expedition against the great fortress of Sebastopol, with the manner in which that enterprise had been determined upon by the home governments, the embarkation of the two armies, amid jarring counsels and the jealousies of commanders, their final landing on the shores of the Crimea, their progress towards Sebastopol, as far as the Alma, and the first great action on its banks.

Perhaps no battle was ever more minutely described than the battle of the Alma, in these pages. The account of it occupies nearly two thirds of the volume. Yet diffuse as it is in many portions, it is far from tiresome, even to a reader who has no national interest in the description. It is a story of astounding blunders on the part of the Allies, which failed of proving fatal to them only because the blunders of the Russians were yet more astounding. It is a story which bears to American readers, tired with wondering and complaining over the mistakes and inefficiency of their own generals, that sort

* The most damaging statement that we have seen is, that Mr. Kinglake cites without comment the vague estimate of one of the officers engaged in the massacre of December 4, who supposed that his regiment had slain about 2,400 persons, — appending the number of regiments engaged, from which the reader might estimate a slaughter of some 30,000, and taking no notice of the official report, which makes the actual number 191.

Digitized by Google

of consolation which a man self-convinced of stupidity always feels in discovering that his neighbor is as stupid as himself. The battle of the Alma furnishes, if Mr. Kinglake's account of it is to be received, a precedent for every blunder which has yet been committed during our civil war. Is it not almost incredible that an army composed of two separate and distinct portions, under two separate and equal commanders, should advance to the passage of a swift river and to the assault of strongly fortified heights beyond, absolutely without a concerted plan of attack? Marshal St. Arnaud visited Lord Raglan on the evening before the battle, with a proposal for such a plan; but Mr. Kinglake represents the English general as treating his colleague throughout the interview with the most contemptuous indifference, and refusing either to accept his plan or to suggest one of his own. Lord Raglan

"sat quiet, with governed features, restraining, or perhaps only postponing his smiles, listening graciously, assenting or not dissenting, putting forward no plan of his own, and, in short, eluding discussion. This method was perhaps instinctive with him, but in his intercourse with the French he followed it deliberately and upon system..... Lord Raglan dealt as though he held it to be a clear gain to be able to avoid intrusting the Marshal with a knowledge of what our army would be likely to undertake."

When St. Arnaud left the hut of Lord Raglan, the only point in regard to the work of the morrow on which they had agreed was that Bosquet's division should march at five in the morning, and the remainder of the forces at seven. If, as Mr. Kinglake affirms, the French general mounted his horse "elate from the sense of that singular comfort which anxious men always derived from the mere power of Lord Raglan's presence," he must indeed have possessed not merely the characteristic French elasticity of spirits, but also a larger share of the Christian virtues of forgiveness and patience than Mr. Kinglake would probably allow him.

With such a council of war before the battle, we are not surprised to learn that the battle itself commenced by the Allies advancing to within easy range of the Russians, but separated from them by the river, and there lying passive for an hour and a half on a smooth, open slope, in full view of the Russian

Digitized by Google

artillerists, and under their vigorous and fatal fire. This was to give time for Bosquet's division to reach its chosen position on the extreme edge of the field of battle, where it remained till the close of the action, of no use to the rest of the army, and in imminent peril of being cut off. At the end of this long hour and a half, Lord Raglan "could not longer endure to see our soldiers lying down without resistance under the enemy's fire." He gave the order for the English to advance, and from that moment practically ceased to command. The English did advance. Regiment by regiment, each for itself, struggled across the river, landed in confusion on the opposite bank, remained there for some minutes, a helpless, disorganized crowd, on a strip of level shore thirty feet broad, under a steep acclivity, and subjected to a vigorous musketry fire from the enemy's skirmishers above, until, galled beyond further endurance, a single brigade, led by Codrington, scaled the steep bank, left its two flank regiments to encounter each a double battalion of Russian infantry, and without formation, almost without guidance, "an armed and warlike crowd," numbering, perhaps, two thousand men, advanced over a smooth slope as unprotected as the glacis of a fortification, to the storming of the Great Redoubt, the chief strength of the Russian position, with its twelve heavy guns, and supported by eighteen battalions of infantry and four field batteries. From this redoubt, thus strengthened by surrounding troops, the Russians ran away at full speed, dragging their guns with them, before the English "crowd" had cleared half the narrow space between the river and the fort. The English took quiet possession; but as nothing came to their support, (the division of Guards relied on for that service having halted on the river-bank, because, being household troops of superb appearance, it was considered doubtful if they ought to be exposed imprudently,) the brigade of Codrington was forced to fall back as soon as the Russians advanced again. Falling back in disorder down the slope, they met the Guards, who had finally overcome their doubts, and the two bodies came into violent collision. "The retreating crowd, by its sheer weight, broke through the left companies of the Scots Fusileer Guards and destroyed their formation. Thus the half of a sin-

Digitized by Google

gle disorganized brigade had taken the key of the Russian position, and had then, from lack of support, retreated in disorder with the loss of a quarter of its men."

The cause which had moved the Russians to run away from their stronghold with such unseemly alacrity is, however, the most surprising part of the whole story. It was, according to Mr. Kinglake, nothing more nor less than the "apparition of horsemen on a knoll in the midst of the Russian position." The horsemen consisted of Lord Raglan and his staff, including Mr. Kinglake himself, who, though not a member of the staff, was riding with it through the action. The knoll was "deep in the very heart of the Russian lines, and even somewhat near (as near as nine hundred yards) to the ground where Mentschikoff had posted his reserves." Furthermore, it was three hundred yards from the most formidable of the Russian field batteries, consisting of sixteen guns, which had taken this position at the commencement of the battle, and had inflicted heavy losses on the English lines during the long period of inaction. This was the point to which the English commander, "led by Fortune in her wild and puissant government of human events," had ridden, — a general sixty-six years old, and with the remembrance of long years of experience at the side of Wellington. "Fortune," says Mr. Kinglake, "still enamored of his boldness, was awaiting him with her radiant smile." Now we are at a loss which to wonder at most; the boldness of a commander-in-chief who leaves his army to take care of itself, and rides with his staff to a position where he stands in the centre of a triangle formed by the three great divisions of the Russian army, or the astounding effect which his "apparition" produces upon the enemy. Lord Raglan, it seems, was delighted with his position, but thought it might be improved by a cannon or two. Two small nine-pounders were accordingly brought up, no one opposing. With a few shots from these two field-pieces, Lord Raglan drove away in confusion, first, the causeway batteries of sixteen guns, and, secondly, the Russian reserves, nine hundred yards off, composed of seven battalions of infantry and two field batteries, with eight guns each. The account reads like the stories of Baron Munchausen, and would be simply incredi-

Digitized by Google

ble were it not that Mr. Kinglake was by the side of Lord Raglan on the knoll, and states what he saw with his own eyes.

After this there were some sharp encounters on the left of the field, between the close battalions of the Russians and the extended lines of the English, in which the steady pluck of the British troops and the superiority of "line over column" uniformly carried the day in the face of superior numbers. The retreat commenced. Here again the utter inefficiency of the Russians strikes us with renewed astonishment. They had eighty-six pieces of artillery, of which seventy-two were in organized field-batteries. Only two of the whole number had been captured. They had three thousand cavalry drawn up on the top of the slope on which the infantry engagement was in progress. Yet not only was neither of these great instruments of war employed to turn the swelling tide of English victory, but during the retreat no attempt was made to protect the brave battalions from the dreadful fire of the English artillery, or to stay the movement from degenerating into disorderly flight.

At the other extremity of the battle-field, where the French army was engaged, the fighting had, according to Mr. Kinglake, been confined mostly to artillery practice, the several divisions of the French army having been disposed in such order that, though they retained a considerable part of the Russian troops in that neighborhood, there was still no infantry engagement in that part of the field. Mr. Kinglake here, perhaps, does some injustice to the French generals, all of whom (with the exception of Bosquet) owed their position directly or indirectly to their relation to the Emperor in the days of December; but it still remains probable that the victory was essentially an English victory, and that the qualities of the French troops were not fully exhibited until later in the campaign.

We must say a word of the style in which this work is written. Mr. Kinglake is the first example we remember to have met of an author whose early style is more mature than his later. The language of Eothen, published when the author was a very young man, is remarkable for its strength, freshness, and freedom from the common sentimentalism of

Digitized by Google

Eastern travellers. The language of the present work, on the contrary, though still in many portions vigorous and picturesque, is constantly relapsing into passages which are absolutely ridiculous, and which would be ridiculous in the composition of a school-boy. We have no room for many examples, but we will mention his inflated allusions to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "the great Eltchi," as he loves to call him. He is never tired of talking of "the grand overhanging of his brow" and "the light that kindled beneath"; of "the thin disciplined lips," of his willingness to "make the elaborate world go back into chaos," rather than suffer St. Arnaud to command the Turkish troops. We venture to quote also, as characteristic of the kind of fine writing to which we refer, this description of the gallant Lacy Yea, when his regiment was about to engage a Russian battalion.

"What man could do, he did. His very shoulders so labored and strove with the might of his desire to form line, that the curt red shell-jacket he wore was as though it were a world too scant for the strength of the man and the passion that raged within him, but when he turned, his dark eyes yielded fire, and all the while from his deep-chiselled, merciless lips there pealed the thunder of imprecation and command," —

and much more to the same purpose. Strange that an Englishman past middle age, a barrister by profession, and a member of the House of Commons, should be capable of making a laughing-stock of a brave man by such a description!

But we must stop. Mr. Kinglake's two volumes end with the battle of the Alma on the 20th of September. He proposes to close the whole work with the death of Lord Raglan, which occurred in the following June, two months before the fall of Sebastopol. He will have use for all his courage if he is to tell the truth and the whole truth of the condition to which the English army was, during that period, reduced. And if he finally does describe that condition with the minute detail of the present volumes, he may prepare for a yet more savage denunciation from his English reviewers than he has yet met.

Digitized by Google

Art. VI. — THE COLENSO CONTROVERSY.

1. *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined.* By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. Part I. London. Oct. 4, 1862.
2. Part II. of the same. London. Jan. 24, 1863.
3. *St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, newly translated and explained from a Missionary Point of View.* By the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863.

If anybody should assert that the political constitution of England or France were such as to keep the English or French chemists blind as to chemistry, or the English or French geologists blind as to geology, it would be said that he asserted an absurdity or impossibility. We should be told that a political constitution, from the nature of the case, had nothing to do with physical science. Nay, we should be told that it could not control physical science if it would. We should probably hear that truth grows all the better for being trampled upon; with some imaginary studies upon the botany of the camomile. For it has grown to be a thing taken for granted, that a discovery in physical science is instantly adopted all over the world as a part of the common property of the world. It was not three months after Daguerre announced his process, before the Waterbury mills were rolling out daguerrotype plates in Connecticut, the New Jersey manufacturers putting up tripoli to polish the plates, and Young America in general staining its fingers with iodine in repeating Daguerre's processes. It was not four weeks after ether was first administered in Boston for painless surgery, before the experiment was repeated in London, in Edinburgh, and in Paris, — before it ceased to be an experiment, and a new truth was recognized for surgery and for humanity.

But if from this statement regarding "physical science" we be obliged to drop the word "physical," — if we have to speak of one of the moral sciences, and, in especial, of theological science, — the statement no longer holds good. A set of conclusions which have been substantiated by the theologians of

Digitized by Google

all countries but one, or by the great majority of them, including, as we shall try to show, the leaders of all great subdivisions of the Church, may be kept out of a single nation by a kind of quarantine, asserted and maintained by its government. It is, of course, to be expected that conviction regarding discoveries in physics shall be obtained more rapidly than conviction in discoveries in morals or in mental phenomena. "Seeing is believing," men say; or, in Latin,

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
> Quam quæ per oculos," &c., &c.;

which means, as it would appear, that the irritation spoken of is more slow, as well as more blunt, in its operation. But, for all this slowness, such discoveries advance, and those who deal in them think they advance more surely because of their slowness. Yet this sure-footedness is not so steadfast but it may be hindered and completely thwarted. It seems that it is in the power of political authority to restrain a discovery in theology, and keep it outside the frontiers of a nation, by laws not unlike those by which men try to keep out plague or yellow-fever. The Colenso controversy, so called, has substantiated this very remarkable fact. It shows that, by a series of Articles framed more than two hundred years ago, the Crown, Lords, and Commons of England have kept back the studies of the twenty thousand professed theologians of England, so that their average opinions and convictions regarding the verbal inspiration of the Old Testament are what the average opinions of Christendom were two hundred years ago. It shows that inquiry or criticism, or any study which deserves the name of study, on the Scriptures of the Old Testament, has been kept in abeyance among the professed theologians of England, apparently on the impression that "the less a man knows, the better," about such things. One of the Bench of Bishops announces to his clergy that he is not a Hebrew scholar, in a tone which really amounts to thanking God for his ignorance.* Indeed, one is reminded of "Power" in the

* The Bishop of Exeter, "on account of his great age, had not read it, but concluded that great had been the mischief that had turned the very bottom of the heart of the Church."

Digitized by Google

story-book, who did thank God for his ignorance; and the old retort is suggested, that, in that view, these clergy have a great deal to thank God for.

This revelation as to the state of study in England seems to us the important point in the "Colenso Controversy." We have not seen that, among the half-hundred books and half-thousand pamphlets which it has called out, any new views as to the Pentateuch or the Book of Joshua have been elicited, which we need present at any length to our readers, or with any great care discuss. What is new in Bishop Colenso's own suggestions of detail is perhaps curious, but it seems to us certainly trivial. The greater part of his suggestions are not new, as he himself says. They are household words to every intelligent Christian in America, in France, or in Germany. We believe we might add, they are the familiar speculations of all the enlightened men not bound by the strictest ties of the Church in Spain, in Italy, and in Russia. England is the only country in Christendom where, at this moment, the promulgation of these views could be welcomed with such a howl of indignation and surprise. Here in America, our own school of theologians, of course, claim no more verbal inspiration for the first six books in the Bible than for any other six. We claim no verbal inspiration for any. But it is not of our own school that we speak. The Bibliotheca Sacra, the organ of the Orthodox Congregationalists at Andover, after leading the reader through a bog of fatuity or misplaced erudition, comes out on the intimation that we may postpone, as if it were quite unimportant, the question whether the Pentateuch is or is not an *immaculate* history, — whether errors, trivial or serious, have been detected in it. The writer proceeds to urge that any such "errors," which he virtually admits, bear only on the personal knowledge of the writer, not on his "*substantial accuracy*." * These Andover gentlemen are used to believing in "substance of doctrine." Professor Mahan, of the General Theological Seminary in New York, more frankly throws up his whole brief at the end of his argument.† He says, very truly, that

* Bibliotheca Sacra, 1863, p. 424.

† The New Presbyterian Quarterly agrees in our view of Dr. Mahan. "He gives up, as it seems to us, the whole field, and goes over to the adversary's side."

Digitized by Google

there is no greater difficulty about Moses's numbers than there is about Herodotus's. "The ancients knew nothing of statistics on any large scale; their histories, therefore, are *unreliable* on that point." And he includes Moses's among the rest. Here are two illustrations, from the most "orthodox points of view," of the breadth of opinion which, as we suppose, is nearly universal in America.

The American Quarterly Church Review, in a general plea for a Christianity of faith rather than one which admits criticism, seems to propose the same breadth of opinion. It alludes to but one of Colenso's difficulties, — that of the spoiling the Egyptians, — to "deprecate, no less than Bishop Colenso, the overstrained attempts of Hengstenberg to make out a case from verbal criticism."* The argument of the Review is, in general, that our business is with the moral of the story, and not with questionings on its details. The Methodist Quarterly, in a sharp and contemptuous review of the Bishop's book, still reserves the explanation of "clerical errors" in the text, "which cannot now be corrected, except conjecturally, inasmuch as the original sources of information have long since perished."† And even the new American Presbyterian and Theological Review, aiming, so far as we understand, to take the extremest ground possible, tells us that the "historical veracity of an author is to be tested, not by any rigid abstract 'literal' or grammatical sense of his words, but by his *probable meaning*, gathered by a fair and candid criticism from the text and context, interpreted according to the idioms of the author's language and his own peculiar habits of thought, style, and expression." It will be seen that even this guarded statement by no means satisfies the English requisitions for faith. Without further citations, we venture to say, that, with due allowance for the number of self-important pretenders who exist in every profession, we do not believe that in any section of the Church in America there is any divine, whose opinion has heretofore commanded respect, who would willingly sustain the extraordinary theses which English bishops have maintained in this controversy.

* American Quarterly Church Review (an Episcopal journal), April, 1863.

† Methodist Quarterly for April.

Digitized by Google

Our own readers may well be excused if they are ignorant of the extraordinary and exaggerated tone of those theses. The most condensed form in which we can state them is in the following advertisement by Dr. Baylee, alluded to in Bishop Colenso's second Preface as the head of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead. This College supplies one twentieth part of the candidates for the English Church ministry.

Dr. Baylee, on the 6th of April last, published the following challenge to Bishop Colenso in the Times: —

THE INFALLIBILITY OF GOD'S HOLY WORD.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Colenso.

My Lord: Having twice made public reference to me as maintaining untenable principles with regard to the Infallibility of God's Holy Word, I hope I shall not be looked upon as intruding myself upon public notice in inviting you to give me the opportunity of defending that teaching which you have thus publicly impugned.

I therefore beg to make the following proposals: —

1. I affirm that the Hebrew Old Testament and the Greek New Testament, as God gave them, are unitedly the whole and infallible written word of God; that, as such, they do not contain, —

I. One misapplied metaphor.

II. One misstatement in science.

III. One error in history.

IV. One fault in moral teaching.

V. One mistake in legislation.

VI. One error in the use of human language.

VII. One unworthy statement respecting the Divine Being.

2. That that holy volume is the only one which gives a true account of the original creation: it alone accounts for the geological changes of the crust of this earth; it alone contains a true system of philosophy; it alone contains a true system of theology.

3. As the head of a Church of England Theological College, I am prepared to maintain, —

That the Book of Common Prayer, including the occasional services and Thirty-nine Articles, contains nothing in it contrary, —

I. To God's Word written.

II. To true science.

III. To true history and philosophy.

And consequently, that every well-instructed clergyman is able, with

Digitized by Google

Christian sincerity, to give his "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer.

I beg to propose, therefore, —

1. That we should discuss those awfully important questions in the columns of some public journal.

2. That I shall give categorical answers to all questions put by you to me.

3. That you shall give categorical answers to all questions proposed by me to you.

4. That in other respects we be at liberty to write as we think best.

5. That we each have liberty to republish the correspondence, with any additional matter that we please.

I remain, your Lordship's faithful servant,

JOSEPH BAYLEE.

St. Aidan's, Good Friday, 1863.

It is evident that in this challenge the words "as God gave them" admit of a subterfuge through which an unprincipled man might escape when he was weary of defeat. But Dr. Baylee has no such intention. His own manual for his own College, on "Verbal Inspiration," makes the following statements: —

"Modern science, with all its wonderful advances, has discovered not one single inaccurate allusion to physical truth in all the countless illustrations employed in the Bible."

"The Bible cannot be less than verbally inspired. Every word, every syllable, every letter, is just what it would be had God spoken from heaven without any human intervention."

"Every scientific statement is infallibly accurate, and all its history and narrations of every kind are without any inaccuracy. The words and phrases have a grammatical and philological accuracy, such as is possessed by no human composition."

The Paladin who flings down that glove is too reckless a man to seek any subterfuge when the conflict comes. Yet this challenge is no more extraordinary than the position taken by the great majority of English writers. We venture to say, however, that it is a position which would be assumed by no theologian of established reputation in any other nation of the world.

To such a point has the political Constitution of England reduced the studies of English Churchmen. We confess our-

Digitized by Google

selves surprised at the discovery. We knew, of course, that any gentleman who had taken a Bachelor's degree in England could pass a bishop's examination and receive his license to preach by spending two or three months in reading Paley, and perhaps Clarke, and by showing that he could construe the New Testament, if in any sense, however "Pickwickian," he could profess a belief in the Thirty-nine Articles. We have never thought ill of a system so simple for the literary training for entrance into a profession which has work for the learned and the unlearned together. We knew, of course, that the Church of England, as an organization, prefers to dodge difficult subjects rather than to discuss them; that in standing by what is established, it preferred not to dig very deeply at the foundations of the Establishment. We knew that a man was, in old days, as apt to be made a bishop for writing a commentary on Horace as if he had written on St. John. But we had seen improvement here. It has been evident that the English government has adopted the policy of strengthening the Church by the preferment of such men as Alford, Blomfield, and Thirlwall, simply upon the supposition that they were learned in theology. And while we recognize, therefore, in common with all mankind, the ignorance of theology of many of the lower clergy of the English Church, — of some of whom we remember one of their distinguished brethren said they did not *know* the difference between Augustine of Hippo and Augustine of Kent, — we did suppose that the leaders of the clergy, their spiritual heads, their teachers and consecrators, generally knew what had been the results — what a year ago we should have called the definite results — of the criticism of the last century upon the Pentateuch.

The Colenso Controversy shows that in general they knew no such thing.

We have no reason to charge them with insincerity. Their position and personal character alike defend them against any such charge. Their language and zeal alike in this controversy show that they have been kept ignorant, very thoroughly ignorant, of the subject at issue. The handful of illustrations which Bishop Colenso presents, where he might have presented thousands, are painfully and sedulously discussed, as if the

Digitized by Google

whole case were wrapped up in them. Everything in the controversy shows to us, that to the great majority of the English clergy, of the higher orders as well as of the lower, the discovery that the Pentateuch is self-contradictory, or that any statement in it is untenable, is not simply painful, but a surprise.

The most of the leaders of the Church of England did not know that modern criticism had completely set aside the literal and numerical accuracy of parts of the Old Testament.

In the very structure of the system of the Church to which they belonged, its clergy were prohibited from knowing this. It commanded ignorance. It gave its rewards to ignorance. "The less a man knew, the better."

But it happened, in the gracious work of the Holy Spirit, that the truth which was walled out of the Church by the bastions of her Articles sprung up full-armed from dragon's teeth which that spirit had planted within. However successful the quarantine against German criticism or Hebrew scholarship, truth proved to be not only epidemic, but sporadic. Within the body of the clergy there appeared intimations of restlessness, and even while their superiors were asking how they could prune such shoots off from the vine so that it should bleed the least, a bishop appeared, whose especial business in his younger days had been to show that two and two make four, and who chose to hold to that conviction even when the letter of the Pentateuch was against him. Now "once a bishop, always a bishop." You can unfrock a priest, but you cannot unmitre a bishop. You can turn out a contumacious Dr. Temple. But when the Episcopal unction has once descended on a Colenso's head, you cannot draw it back into the ampulla. We learned this when we had an Onderdonk. England learned it as long ago as the days of the homicide sportsman Abbot. Bishop Colenso had studied, in his diocese of Natal, the curious Tulu language, with great assiduity. Our American mission was at work on the translation of the New Testament. For his part the Bishop took the Old. An intelligent native convert assisted him. It was this process of restating in another language the declarations of

Digitized by Google

the Pentateuch, which first startled him from that convenient position, which till then satisfied him, of "a willing acquiescence in the general truth of the narrative, whatever difficulties might still hang about particular parts of it." He thus tells the story of his experience: —

"Here, however, amidst my work in this land, I have been brought face to face with the very questions which I then put by. While translating the story of the flood, I have had a simple-minded, but intelligent native, — one with the docility of a child, but the reasoning powers of mature age, — look up and ask, 'Is all that true? Do you really believe that all this happened thus, — that the beasts and birds and creeping things upon the earth, large and small, from hot countries and cold, came thus by pairs, and entered into the ark with Noah? And did Noah gather food for them *all*, for the beasts and birds of prey, as well as for the rest?' My heart answered in the words of the Prophet, 'Shall a man speak lies in the name of the Lord?' Zech. xiii. 3. I dared not do so. My own knowledge of some branches of science, of Geology in particular, had been much increased since I left England; and I now knew for certain, on geological grounds, a fact of which I had only misgivings before, viz. that a universal deluge, such as the Bible manifestly speaks of, could not possibly have taken place in the way described in the Book of Genesis, not to mention other difficulties which the story contains. . . . . Knowing this, I felt that I dared not, as a servant of the God of Truth, urge my brother man to believe that which I did not myself believe, which I knew to be untrue as matter-of-fact historical narrative. I gave him, however, such a reply as satisfied him for the time, without throwing any discredit upon the general veracity of the Bible history."

Nothing but the grossest bigotry can ridicule this story, or give it the construction which our readers may have seen, — which calls it the conversion by a heathen of a Christian bishop. The little story sufficiently, though simply, illustrates the fact that the Bishop was compelled to face those difficult questions regarding the Pentateuch which, as the general course of the controversy shows, nineteen twentieths of his brethren feel a right to evade. It was his appointed business to translate the Pentateuch into this Tulu language. He could not satisfy himself, therefore, with the convenient assumption that somebody in the Church somewhere understood all about it, and could prove that it was all right;

Digitized by Google

that this was not his part of the field; that he need not meddle with these scepticisms, but might do his duty elsewhere. His precise business was to deal with the Pentateuch. And if he found it saying that all the beasts, birds, and insects of the world could live together in Noah's ark, or if he found it saying that in four generations seventy persons could increase by natural descent to three millions, he had to judge what he was to do with such statements in translating them for the use of a tribe scarcely established in any form of Christianity. It will be observed, that for this decision of his it was a matter of no consequence whether the errors of statement were what his critics call "trivial," or "personal," or "non-substantial," or not. Was he to put into the Tulu language an *untrue* statement, — a statement which he knew to be untrue. You may account for the want of truth with all the ingenuity of the commentators. You may say the text is corrupt, or the passage has been added. The Bishop's question remains the same. "Shall I publish to this people, as the word of God, a statement which I know is not the word of God." To persons trained in our habits of thought, it is wonderful that, in this position, the Bishop, instead of ridicule and contempt, has not met with the most tender sympathy from all Christian men.

What was he to do? He did the duty next his hand. He sent to England for the best books on the criticism of the Pentateuch, and went gallantly to work upon them. Everything in his position tended to make him a fair inquirer. As he worked, the inconsistencies between different parts of the narrative, long since regarded, out of England, as the work of different hands in different ages, presented themselves to him. The mathematical habit of his own mind led him to examine with particular curiosity the difficulties connected with what we may call the statistics of the history. He does not seem to have made any unseemly haste in announcing the convictions which were thus forced upon him. But on his first return from South Africa to England, he published the volume which we have named first among these works of his, containing in twenty-two chapters about as many statements of difficulties, not to say impossibilities, found in such study of the first five books of the Bible.

Digitized by Google

It is not our intention here to go into the consideration of these chapters. As we have intimated, the discussion of their substance is behind the times in America, perhaps in every section of the Church. Our purpose, on the other hand, is to state what is the real nucleus of this controversy which rages around these books, — and, if we can, to keep attention fixed upon that, — and upon none of the clouds of the surrounding nebula. With a very perfect knowledge of the habit of mind of his countrymen, — with a knowledge of their reverence for fact and arithmetic wholly surmounting their respect for abstract truth or moral certainty, — the Bishop had selected mathematical propositions for most of the instances where he demonstrated the inaccuracy of the detail of the Pentateuch. He was wise in his selection. The Englishman, who will believe that God in his own person dictated from the clouds above Sinai those audible words in the Hebrew language which mean in English, "For a ram, thou shalt prepare for a meat-offering two tenth deals of flour, mingled with the third part of a hin of oil," cannot be made to believe that sixteen times seventy is three million.* Bishop Colenso stated his mathematical points, therefore, — he demonstrated by arithmetic the impossibility of the literal truth of the figures found in the Pentateuch. He was not mistaken in his opinion as to his countrymen. The book, coming fresh on the more generous and general suggestions of the "Essays and Reviews" touched the heart, the conscience, and the intellect of this England, which plumes herself on being the Bœotia of the modern world, as nothing in the "Essays and Reviews" had done. The Englishman is a little fond of ridiculing theory. "Give me a fact," he says. He laughs at speculation, except on the

* We have thus stated the problem of the increase of the emigrants from Palestine, supposing that we were doing precise justice to its severest requisitions. We know of no theory of propagation on which four generations of men of all ages, in large numbers, could be supposed to multiply more rapidly than sixteen-fold. We were not prepared for the coolness with which the American Presbyterian Quarterly makes them double every fifteen years. The 36,000 English settlers of New England, with what we had supposed the greatest advantages for rapid growth, have multiplied two hundred fold since their emigration stopped in 1636. This Reviewer supposes the Israelites to have multiplied three thousand six hundred and forty-three fold in less time!

Digitized by Google

exchange. "What are the figures?" he says. And Colenso gave him facts and figures in his first volume, and enough of them. Let it be remembered, also, that the extravagant postulates which he attacked were so unguarded, that, by one demonstration of a failure in the figures of the narrative, he would have destroyed it as completely as if he had shown ten thousand. But he never avails himself of his right to assail an unimportant incident of the narrative. A fair instance of his criticism is in the chapters where he states the difficulties with regard to the number of the Israelites at the time of the Exodus. "In the fourth generation they shall come hither again," is the specific statement of Genesis xv. 16. The genealogies repeat it. Moses is represented as being the fourth generation from Levi; Levi, Kohath, Amram, Moses, are the successive names. Yet the literal statement is also that Jacob and his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, who went with him into Egypt, were only seventy souls. The statement as literal, of the Exodus, is, that, under Moses, they marched out of Egypt, having increased to six hundred thousand fighting men, — besides women and children; that is to say, on the accustomed proportion, a population of three million souls. It is such figures as these which Bishop Colenso presents to a nation fond of facts. The reader will observe that all the accounting for their inconsistency does not in the least help the case of those against whom he argues, who are maintaing that the Bible "does not contain one error in the use of human language." It may be perfectly possible to derive from such statements a consistent or true history of the Exodus. But the Englishman sees that these statements, as they stand, are not a consistent or true history of the Exodus. One disputant says, that more than seventy descendants of Jacob went with him; another says, there were more than four generations before they returned; and another, that there were not then six hundred thousand fighting men. Probably all of these conjectures are true. But so far from being answers to Bishop Colenso, they are simply contributions to his argument. The fact-loving Englishman sees that they are. Each of them is a confession that the literal statement is not true.

Digitized by Google

In this position of the controversy, another wing of those who reply to him — comprising those whom we may distinguish as the literary rather than the theological disputants — take another horn of the dilemma, and say they never thought the record was literally true. They say the Bishop's criticisms are old. They say men of science have long since turned to these ancient books for their religious lessons only, but have not pretended to scientific accuracy in them. In this statement, which, as we believe, is perfectly well founded, they reveal the essential point of the controversy, which lifts it entirely above any mere personal discussion. Bishop Colenso replies thus to this line of suggestion: —

"I assert, however, without fear of contradiction, that there are multitudes now of the more intelligent clergy who do not believe in the reality of the Noachian Deluge, as described in the Book of Genesis. Yet did ever a layman hear his clergyman speak out distinctly what he thought, and say plainly from the pulpit what he himself believed, and what he would have them to believe on this point? Did ever a *doctor* or *bishop* of the Church do this, — at least at the present day? I doubt not that some cases may be found, where such plainness of speech has been exercised by the clergy. But I appeal to the laity, generally, with confidence. Have you ever heard your minister — able, earnest, excellent as you know him to be — tell out plainly to his people the truth which he knows himself about these things? Or if not to the congregation at large, — for fear lest the ignorant and unlearned should 'wrest it to their own destruction,' — has he ever told these things to you in private, to you, men and women of education and intelligence, — parents of families, teachers of youth, — and so helped you to lay wisely from the first, in the minds of your children and pupils, — in order to meet the necessities of this age of advancing science and free inquiry, when the middle-class, as well as the civil-service, examinations are encouraging the study of geology and other sciences, — the foundation of a right understanding in respect of these matters? As before, I doubt not that here also exceptions may be found to the general rule. But is not the case notoriously otherwise in the vast majority of instances? Have not your clergy *kept back* from you their thoughts hitherto, not only about the deluge, but about a multitude of other matters, such as those treated of in Part I. of this book, which yet, as my adverse reviewers say almost with one voice, have been all along perfectly familiar to all respectable students of theology?"

Digitized by Google

The theological replies to Bishop Colenso, and what we have called the literary replies, have thus only piled up evidences — of a character to arrest the attention of all England — to the great central proposition contained in his Prefaces. This proposition is, that practically the Church of England has one creed for its clergy and another creed for its laity. All intelligent men among its laity may and do form their opinions in theology, as if theology, like other sciences, were an advancing science. Its clergy are the only men whom the Church forbids to do so. Its clergy must be bound by the Articles, and must use the Prayer-Book. If the whole twenty thousand of them followed the venerable example of the Non-conformists to-morrow, and abandoned their relations with her, still the Church must bribe, flatter, or seduce twenty thousand meaner men and more ignorant to take their places. But her laity all the while may innocently disbelieve, and do disbelieve, the very points about which the consciences of the clergy are tender, if the clergy know anything about them. The decision of the Court of Arches in this matter sounds to us like the sneer of Mephistopheles. It tells the clergy that they too may believe what the laity may believe, — only they must not proclaim their belief from the pulpit. There are those who say that the clergy have not needed this advice. But it is too gross a charge upon a body of Christian ministers, to assert that they hold the truth in the unrighteousness which dares not expound it to those for whose religious culture they have sworn to labor their lives through.

It is to this gross limitation of the right of inquiry of the English clergy that Bishop Colenso addresses himself. He makes his appeal to the laymen rather than to his brethren. From the nature of the case, his brethren are powerless. Their hands are tied and their lips are sealed. But the laity may inquire, may count and add and multiply, may think, may believe. It is to them that Bishop Colenso appeals.

"I appeal to the English laity to look to their own religious liberties, and the interests of the truth, and to set on foot such measures as may seem best, for obtaining, through the action of Parliament, on whose decisions the system of our national Church depends, such relief for the consciences of the clergy as shall give room for the free utterance of

Digitized by Google

God's truth in the congregation, instead of the worn-out formulæ of a bygone age. Can we not trust God's truth to take care of itself in the world? Must we seek, in our ignorant, feeble way, to prop it up by legal enactments, and fence it round by a system of fines and forfeitures and church anathemas, lest the rude step of some free inquirer should approach too near, and do some fatal injury to the eternal truth of God? *Have we no faith in God, the living God?* And do we not believe that he himself is willing, and surely able as willing, to protect his own honor, and to keep in safety the souls of his children, and amidst the conflict of opinion that will ever be waged in this world in the search after truth, — which may be vehement, but need not be uncharitable, — to maintain in each humble, prayerful heart the essential substance of that truth which maketh wise unto salvation?"

This touching appeal has its effect for all but theological controversialists, who are, indeed, always the most case-hardened of men. Dr. Stanley, with courage, intelligence, and promptness worthy of himself and of his great teacher, has boldly proposed the exemption of the clergy from all subscriptions whatever. Lord Ebury, on the night of the 19th of May, pressed to a second reading in the House of Lords his bill for relieving clergymen from the necessity of declaring their agreement to the Articles, and to everything that was in the Prayer-Book. In the debate which followed, the new Archbishop of Canterbury acknowledged that the number of declarations might be simplified, but he and the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce) and the Bishop of Cashel (Dr. Daly) opposed the innovation. The Bishop of London (Dr. Tait) and the Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Olivant) supported it; and it was defeated by a vote of only ninety to fifty, — eleven bishops voting against it, — and four for it, Drs. Higgin, Olivant, Tait, and Thirlwall. The strength of the vote for Lord Ebury's proposal is most gratifying. If only the clergy themselves had joined heartily in the effort to throw off the chains of their order!

The very next day, in answer to a petition from the Lower House of Convocation, the bishops had voted

"that Colenso's book involves errors of the most dangerous character, subversive of faith in the Bible as the Word of God; that this House, having reason to believe that the book in question will shortly be submitted to the judgment of an ecclesiastical court, declines to take far-

Digitized by Google

ther action in the matter, but that we affectionately warn those who may not be able to read the published and convincing answers to the work which have already appeared, of its dangerous character."

Dr. Thirlwall was the only person who voted against the first of these resolutions.

We should not venture to state the number of authors and of pamphleteers who have flung themselves into this controversy. As we have said, there is no reason why we should analyze their writings. If the Pentateuch and Joshua are not to be understood as the conscientious, single-minded reader understands them, — if they require these tons of elucidation to be heaped upon them, when, in a book as big as a man's hand, a single writer points out their internal contradictions, — it is evident to the single eye and the simple mind that they have not the severe, single simplicity which belongs to every Word of God. The replies to Colenso all of them substantiate his argument.

It was at first supposed that, in a system so elaborate as that of the English Church, he would incur ecclesiastical censure and degradation. Censure he did incur, but it was informal. Most of the archbishops and bishops in England affectionately invited him to give up his see. But this was an informal request, and he affectionately declined. It was then announced, on authority, that he was answerable only to his ecclesiastical superior, the Bishop of Capetown. We understand, on private authority, that this gentleman, Dr. Robert Gray, is himself so much inclined to critical study and independent theology, that he will not probably exercise any uncomfortable restraints upon his friend and fellow-laborer of Natal. If our information is correct, the spectacle is renewed which the world saw when Winthrop was moved from England to New England, when Wellesley was transplanted to India, Mackintosh to Bombay, and Macaulay to Bengal, — the exhibition of the truth, that, to make the best of the splendid material there is in the native Islander of Britain, you must carry him for his training to a wider sphere than that at home, and let him hear the surging of the ocean-tempests, as well as the chimes of the Bow Bells. As late as the 20th of May, however, the Bishop of London, who ought to be well informed, said in

Digitized by Google

Convocation that he believed the Bishop of Capetown had commenced judicial proceedings against Bishop Colenso, or "was about to do so." Whether any appeal lies from the metropolitan of Capetown to the metropolitan of Canterbury seems doubtful, but the Convocation assumed that there is such an appeal. For ourselves, we hope that, with a friendly metropolitan, proceedings may *commence* of that character which never end.

The effort to establish one creed for the clergy and another for the laity has an interest for us on this side of the water, in what we see of the smaller-scale troubles of that Protestant Episcopal Church in America which studies to keep close its relations with the National Church of England. *Parva componere magnis*, this organization is vexed by the same evil which is convulsing the bishops, priests, clergy, and laity of England. She admits any and all worshippers to her pews. Assent in the Apostles' Creed, at the outside in the Nicene Creed, is all that is expected of them, more than is demanded of them. She reinforces her people, therefore, by gathering in all who are fond of liturgical service, and who seek in their church attendance the minimum of preaching. But if any religious man among these communicants wishes to preach the word, he finds there is one creed for the pews, and another for the pulpit. The minister must assent to the Thirty-nine Articles. Those insignificant pages of the Prayer-Book, whose existence seems unknown to most worshippers in the Episcopal Church,* start at once into an awful importance to him. He is obliged to believe what he has never heard preached, what he is never expected to preach. The story is told of a devout, pure, noble man who was offered, not long since, to an American bishop as a candidate for ordination. He was asked if he believed the Articles. He replied that he was willing to assent to all but the fourth;† that, regarding this, he sup-

* They were *accidentally* omitted in one of the latest Oxford editions, published by authority. What a relief all round if the accident could be made perpetual!

† "Art. IV. Christ did truly rise again from the dead, and took again his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature; wherewith he ascended to heaven, and there sitteth until he return to judge all men at the last day."

Digitized by Google

posed that our Lord's resurrection and ascension were real, and not phantasmal; but that he had no reason to believe that the veritable physical bones and flesh of Nazareth and Jerusalem are now the Saviour's body in heaven, and none to suppose that he is now sitting waiting for duty which is yet to come to him. The story says that the bishop declined to ordain such a heretic; that the next year the poor young man appeared again, and now *believed* the whole, and was ordained. We do not vouch for the truth of the story. It may be a parable. But it expresses the gross and wretched reality that every candidate for episcopal ordination is driven up to the misery of affecting an interest in subjects never preached on from the pulpit, and professing opinions shared in by no mortal whom he addresses.

It is the uneasy consciousness that there is this radical diversity in the creed of the clergy and the laity of the Episcopal Church, which deprives that Church of all influence, even a hair's weight, in the life and movement of America.

Art. VII. — ART AND ARTISTS OF AMERICA.

Catalogue of the Thirty-Eighth Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. New York. 1863.

At no previous period has there been such rapid progress towards the development of what we may be permitted to term an American school of painting, as at present. In the general intellectual and material activity growing out of our necessities as a nation art has shared, much to its advantage. But, before investigating its present condition, it will be useful to refer to our earlier artists, in order to see what foundation they laid for American art, and how they compare with their successors of to-day.

West, Copley, and Leslie were American only by birth. Their training and success were wholly due to England, so that, as regards art, we have no right to claim them. Sully, Trumbull, Mount, and Peale acquired their reputation chiefly

Digitized by Google

among us, although their style was formed after English examples. They can be considered only as a respectable branch of the elder art of our mother land. Even now, American artists of some repute, of whom Cropsey and Kellogg are examples, find their chief encouragement in London, a city in which few Americans can long live without sinking, in large degree, their national characteristics under the weighty pressure of English character. England tends rather to absorb such of our artists as look to her for culture into her own schools, than to strengthen their original power or aid the special development of a distinct style. Allston instinctively felt this, and, resisting the temptations of noble patrons and the persuasions of his friend Leslie, he preferred the uncertainties of America, with its uncongenial art-atmosphere, to being absorbed into the intellectual life of a foreign land. Stuart and Vanderlyn and Allston may be classed as the first American artists whose manner tended to form an independent school. With the first two, indeed, this is true only in a qualified degree. The Ariadne of Vanderlyn, in the Historical Society's gallery at New York, is, in feeling, of the French classical school, although the artist has imparted to it a purity of idea, and a breadth, delicacy, and truthfulness of treatment, devoid of affectation or mannerism, peculiarly his own. It still remains in America unequalled by any other attempt at representing the nude female figure, notwithstanding age has not dealt over-gently with its surface-tints.

Stuart's style betrays English influences, but his heads possess a vitality derived solely from his own perceptions as an artist. Looking beyond the mere externals of form and features into the souls of his sitters, he was successful in portraying the actual outlook of their countenances as immortal men and women, after a manner in which he has had no rival in America, and few in Europe, since his time. Indeed, so strongly is this subtile seizure of the internal elements of our being characterized in some of his portraits, that they almost approach our notions of disembodied spirits; and even when the play of emotions in eye or lip is more after the natural man, by his purity and delicacy of tint and touch, combined with ease and breadth of general treatment, he makes it evi-

Digitized by Google

dent that he always aimed at rendering the highest qualities of those who sat to him. Add to this rare merit his grace and refinement, and it is easy to account for the constantly increasing estimation bestowed upon his portraits by cultivated people.

Trumbull painted more solidly than Stuart; but his portraits show a correspondingly careful study of the character of his sitters. They excel as historical portraits, giving prominent mental characteristics and an accurate delineation of costume subordinated to its proper position in portraiture. His historical paintings are graphic, well-balanced compositions, with spirited action and an elevated conception of his themes. Devoid of exaggeration, truthful as narratives, national in motives, painting gentlemen as *gentlemen*, with the harmony and repose belonging to high conceptions of art, the first specimens of our historical art still maintain their position as the best our school has produced.

Until very recently the reputation of Allston had seemed to us chiefly the result of local friendship, or a Boston notion; but the favor of viewing some of his best works in private possession has given us not only a truer conception of the greatness of Washington Allston, but added a white day to the scant list which America has to offer in way of æsthetic enjoyment. We do not mean to assert that Allston is so absolutely a great master by the quantity and variety of the work he has done, as by showing in what he did do the qualities of execution and imagination which make the great master, and which failed only in perfect and large consummation in him, because he was born out of his proper age and country. His right companions were Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, Paolo Veronese, and, above all, Michel Angelo. And yet not wholly out of his age and country, for, although as yet comparatively fameless and unappreciated, there is revealed in his works the entire promise of an American school of art.

The true artist shows himself more completely by his pencil than the author by his pen. Color, like music, is nearer akin to the blood than to the brain; and the feelings and sentiments which the painter embodies on his canvas are necessarily attempered by his own heart-beats. This is emphatically true of Allston, in which respect he shows his relationship

Digitized by Google

to those great brethren of his art whose works were example and instruction to him. Although a close student and even copyist of the old masters, like them he was neither plagiarist nor mere imitator. Real greatness promptly recognizes its affinities, for the language of genius knows no boundaries of time or space. Allston studied the old masters to learn their methods, analyze their styles, but chiefly to appreciate their spirit. He was entirely devoid of that silly conceit and presumption which thinks there is nothing to be learned from the past, but went instinctively, and, as his works show, with benefit, to drink from the great fountain-heads of art. We recognize in his pictures in private possession in Boston the separate and commingled influences of those old masters to whom he was particularly drawn. Yet, in each, the old spirit is recast in a new form, and manifested as an original conception. Perhaps in some of his earlier landscapes after the manner of Claude he is less original and distinctive than in any other of his paintings. But even in this respect he simply translated Claude as did Wilson, Cozzens, and Turner, when they first came under his bewitching influence in the infancy of modern landscape art. Allston was too comprehensive an artist to confine himself to landscape. Like Titian he used it as an accessory or an interpreter of a deeper meaning, rather than in a merely objective sense, to display his technical mastery of form and color. His idealism interpenetrated and controlled his realism, — vitalized it, as it were, with the fire of a living soul. The range of his mind was at once wide and lofty. While his sympathies, directed by a refined taste, went forth spontaneously towards everything lovable and beautiful of the earth, his intellect prompted him to the great and poetical in historical or imaginative compositions, and his deep religious feeling inspired his genius with lofty conceptions of the supernatural. To him alone of American painters can we apply the term *genius*, as it is spoken of the chief of the old masters. And with Allston, genius was harmoniously wedded to talent. The thoroughness and completeness of his finished work, as indicated in his unfinished, is analogous to the refinement, solidity, and breadth of his mind. In execution he was as much a "master" as in his

Digitized by Google

conceptions. None of our artists is more forcible in design, realistic and powerful in anatomical expression, broad and free in touch, masterly in the sweep of his brush, better in management of drapery, his equal in causing color to correspond with and express sentiment, or possesses a nicer sense of its harmonies. Perfect work was ever his aim, equally in the smallest detail as in the grand whole. There is no taint of artifice or trickery in him. He despised falsehood as strongly in painting as in speech. The best maxims of art guided his ideas of composition. In grouping he was dramatically vigorous, rivalling Raphael, not in grace but in effective narration and varied action. His figures *do* what he means they shall do. The forcible sweep of his pencil is apparent to every one. But look deeper, and perceive the intensity of the individual emotions he calls into being, their harmony with his main motive, the quality of his ambition, his abnegation of self in subject, and the depth of his artistic repose, — a repose that suggests a fund of latent strength. In no other respect is a great master more apparent than in his reserved power.

We have only to refer to the works of Allston, Vanderlyn, Stuart, and Trumbull, to show that the American school began under a lofty inspiration, and based its claims to success upon the highest efforts of portraiture, historical and imaginative art, without evincing any taste or desire for common or *genre* subjects, or even landscape. A loftier beginning in feeling, or indeed a more fruitful one in execution, considering the limited number of artists and the inauspicious condition of our country, few other schools, if any, can exhibit. It remains for us to trace the results in our present art, and to see if it has been worthy of its parentage. Between the fathers of our school and the living artists there seems to be so wide a gulf that we scarcely know how to connect them in one nationality. And yet the difference perhaps is not greater between the motive and aims of our earliest artists and their successors, than between the statesmen of that day and the politicians of this. The materialism which overtook art has likewise infected our entire body politic. But as we have only to do with art, we must trace its influence on that only. Art, so far as it is worthy to be named in history, is a mere blank in ours in the

Digitized by Google

brief interval between the men we have named and those who now sustain our reputation. Its revival began under foreign influence. Düsseldorf, in the persons of Leutze, Lang, Edwin White, and others of more or less repute, naturalized itself in America. Its influence has been salutary in two respects. The attention of the people generally has been awakened by exhibitions of the best works of that school to a renewed interest in painting because of its dramatic effects and easily understood motives, while its academic qualities have incited our young artists to more careful study of the science of art. For a time it wholly swayed public taste, and does now the common mind. The quality of art that makes Forrest popular as an actor, makes Leutze equally so as a painter. But Düsseldorf has done us all the good of which it is capable, and is rapidly yielding its position as a teacher to the more varied motives and higher qualities of the French and Belgian schools, which are now exerting a beneficial influence on our artists and amateurs. If to them could be added the finest examples of the English school, we should possess the advantage of comparing at home our indigenous art with the best modern work of foreign nations. Our art is at disadvantage, owing to its comparative isolation from international competition and instruction. We have no fears of its ever becoming a servile imitator, for by nature it possesses the virtue of an active ambition, based upon our mixed characteristics as a heterogeneous people. But of late, beyond some ambitious failures or partial successes, we have done nothing to be classed under the head of historical art. Congress and other public bodies have from time to time bestowed sufficient pecuniary encouragement to have produced work worthy of the nation, had it not treated art on the political system of contract or job, instead of opening up its æsthetic wants to a public concurrence of all artists, as is done abroad. While this system is adhered to, our public buildings and their ornamentation will continue to be the failures they have ever been, and no grander efforts than easel-work mark progress in painting. Besides the public misdirection of art-patronage, there is a lamentable want of noble effort among artists themselves. The war of equal liberty for the human race, which we are waging, has thus far failed in

Digitized by Google

painting to elicit any elaborate original compositions, although suggestions for such have been made from time to time in our illustrated journals, showing that there is employed in them a latent talent for inventive design, of a high order, not perceptible among our painters. Hunt's Drummer-Boy and Bugle-Call are spirited single ideas, whose popularity sufficiently attests the desire of the people to have its art illustrate the national mind and feeling. But there can be no elaborate composition without figure-painting, and this only exists on sufferance. Indeed, our artists have few means of acquiring skill in this line. The sympathy of the public goes almost exclusively to the landscape, or does not rise above *genre* topics. Portraiture is an exception to this want of popularity, because governed by domestic affections. But its condition is low. Ames and Gray excel as colorists, Elliot, Healey, and a few others render character forcibly. Huntington is refined and dignified, but the usual specimens of heads seen at our exhibitions are below criticism. The attempts at a religious art are even fewer and feebler than the historical, but occasionally we perceive a spiritual significance or an elevated and intelligible conception of the supernatural, as in Thompson, indicative of a struggling faith and cunning effort in this highest direction of art, which is full of hope for the future.

Genre painting is rapidly rising into favor, because of the cleverness of many young artists and the intelligibility of its motives. He that looks may understand. The basis of its success is clever imitation and a graphic bringing together of the common elements of life in their more materialistic sense. As the skill of the artists increases in this direction, it will attract the popular taste more and more from its too exclusive partiality for landscape. When it takes the range of domestic affections, or the social sentiments, as illustrated by the followers of Frère, it is worthy of a high place in our esteem. But our Wilkies, Teniers, Frères, and Merles are yet to appear. In an artist from the West, Beard by name, we have an original and clever hand, and a humorist of the first water. His specialty is to infuse into his animal compositions, which are given with great spirit, human fancies, whims, and ideas. Anything more ludicrously clever and original in its way we

Digitized by Google

have never seen than his "Jealous Rabbits and Grimalkin's Dream." He paints animals as if he loved them, and believed in their possessing souls. Tait paints birds, too, with a naturalist's eye to their instincts and habits, and a freshness of execution that greatly commends him in this department.

The field in which American painting may be said to have acquired any distinctive success is the landscape. In this direction its late progress is rapid and noteworthy, Cole being our first "master." Influenced in his early style by Claude, he soon emancipated himself from any servility of manner, and manifested original thought and capacity, especially in his compositions which were idealistic and poetical, inclined to allegory, but adhering to the landscape as the basis of his conception and imbuing it with human or mythical associations. It will be perceived from his example that the American landscape school, like that of the human figure, began its career in the highest motives. Progress in this direction, however, requires imaginative power of high order, and Cole left no successors. His coloring was crudè, cold, and inharmonious, inclining to extremes of paleness and darkness, although he manifested an appreciation of the subtile gradations of light of the Italian masters. Cole exercises little influence on the public or artistic mind, because of his abstract intellectuality. But as art itself advances in America, his reputation will steadily increase, not so much for what he actually accomplished as for being the pioneer of landscape art in its nobler direction, with a full appreciation of its loftiest significance.

The American landscape school is now developing itself almost entirely in the direction of simple naturalism. By this term we mean the imitation of the forms and phenomena of nature as they appear to the eye, regardless of any higher meaning. To such an extent is this dry literalness carried by the majority of our painters, that their works are quite divested of human associations. Like the Ancient Mariner's "painted ship upon a painted ocean," they both pall and appall the senses. Their barrenness of thought and feeling became inexpressibly wearisome after the first shock of rude or bewildering surprise at overstrained atmospherical effects, monotonous in motive, however dramatically varied in execution. The high-

Digitized by Google

est aim of the greater number of our landscapists evidently is intense gradations of skies, or violent contrasts of color. We are undergoing a virulent epidemic of sunsets. Despite that one of our transcendental painters says that there can be no great work without the three fundamental qualities of "rest, repose, and tranquillity," our bias is rather in the opposite direction of exaggerated effects or action. He could also have truthfully added, in accordance with his scale of definition, that three other qualities are now in vogue, "bigness, greatness, largeness," culminating in what we may term "full-length" landscapes. Added to these foibles are superficial, slipshod work, endless repetition, impatient execution, and a disposition of self-exaggeration, arising from want of competitive comparison with better instructed artists. Large numbers of our pictures seem to be painted for the purpose of conspicuously displaying the painter's autograph. We have seen a portrait even, in which the first thing to catch the eyes is the artist's name; just as our architecture seems made to accommodate shop-signs.

Having exposed the weak parts of our landscapists, we rejoice in being able to announce their successes. Church leads the way, or misleads, according as the taste of the spectator prefers the idealistic or materialistic plane of art. Certain it is that Church has achieved a great popular success in his tropical American scenery, icebergs, and Niagaras; success which brings him orders for pictures as fast as he can produce them, at from five thousand to ten thousand dollars each. Dr. Johnson says he who writes otherwise than for money is a fool. For "writes" read "paints," and we get a primary motive-power for any school of artists. Not that true artistic ambition does not here exist, but a sudden success, like that of Church, measured by pecuniary gain and sensational effect, is not the most wholesome stimulant for a youthful art.

Church has carried success in his particular vein to a very high point. No one may be expected to excel his wonderful memory of details, his vivid sense of color, his quick, sparkling touch and iridiscent effects, his dexterous manipulations, his magical jugglery of tint and composition, picturesque arrangements of material facts and cleverness of imitation.

Digitized by Google

He fascinates and bewilders. With him color is an Arabian night's entertainment, a pyrotechnic display, brilliantly enchanting on a first view, but leaving no permanent satisfaction to the mind, as all things fail to do which delight more in astonishing than instructing. Church's pictures have no reserved power of suggestion either for thought or imagination, but expend their entire force in *coup de main* effects. Hence it is that his spectators are so loud in their exclamations of delight. Felicitous and novel in composition, lively in details, experimentive, reflecting in his pictures many of the psychological qualities of the American mind, notwithstanding their artificial character, Church will always remain popular as an artist among large classes of spectators.

The rival of Church in popular favor is Bierstadt, who has selected the Rocky Mountains and Western Prairies for his artistic field. Both these men are as laborious as they are ambitious, regarding neither personal exposure nor expense in their distant fields of study. Each composes his pictures from actual sketches, with a desire to render in good faith the general truths and spirit of the localities of their landscapes. Bierstadt uses his also to illustrate Indian life. His figures are picturesquely grouped, and prosaically true to actual life, and harmonize well with his landscape, giving it additional interest to most observers, though rendering his great work, "The Rocky Mountains," as it is termed, liable to the artistic objection of two pictures in one from two points of view. We form our estimate of him from this picture. It is the most successful great piece of realism in landscape art of the American school, heartily to be welcomed, because it recalls it from the delusive enchantments of the Church style to the scientific truths of nature. Titian and Correggio, in their backgrounds, give us the highest qualities of the landscape, by a broad and noble suggestion of its forms, in tone and meaning subordinated to their chief motive. This idealistic treatment finds few friends in America. Its practical life demands absolute truth of representation in detail and in mass. In this respect Bierstadt has been wonderfully successful. If he has no liking for the broad, imaginative treatment of Titian, neither has he any for the hard lifelessness of the mechanical

Digitized by Google

Düsseldorf school. He gives us the absolute qualities and forms of things. The botanist and geologist are at home in his rocks and vegetation, for there is no mistaking their nomenclature. He seizes upon natural phenomena with sharp, naturalistic eyes. But there is no littleness of brush. Every stroke is free and telling. Correct in detail, he is no less truthful in generals. His mountains, glaciers, streams, mid-distance, back and fore grounds, unite in an harmonious unity, letting the eye into varied space, or leading it far off and above to snow-clad peaks in ethereal relief against the sky. In the quality of American light, — clear, transparent, sharp in outlines and shadows, yet infused with that atmospherical moisture which magnifies and mystifies distances and subtile gradations of color, creative of indefinite space, and filling the highly oxygenated air with pure light and balmy health, — he is unsurpassed. The shadows of his clouds sweep and play over sun-warmed hills which throb to their caresses. In color, too, we are inclined to award him great praise for its truth to nature. He is too intent on securing the great principle of his art, realism, to attempt artifices, or to labor for isolated or startling effects. This accurate perception of natural truths and reliance upon truthful execution, has given to American art, in its particular choice of motive, a truly great work. Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" will still further raise the opinion of cultivated Europeans of our landscapists, for their best qualities are appreciated even more by them than by our own citizens.

Kensett is esteemed for his refined sentiment, and truthful delicacy of pencil. He is the lyric poet of our autumnal scenes; a little sad, perhaps, but ever sweet and gentle in his pictorial sonnets. He is one of the few American landscapists who repeats himself without monotony or affectation, and, by his sensibility to the spiritual language of nature, lifts the spectator above mere matter into poetical fancy and repose.

Gifford has a similar vein of feeling, united to a more vigorous touch in design, rather conventional than true to Nature, and reminding one of the manipulation of the old masters. He suggests, more than he imitates, forms. The tone of his coloring is artificial, as if he saw Nature through stained glass, and is frequently of a lively or deep brimstone tint.

Digitized by Google

Ginoux's Niagara by Moonlight, in Mr. Belmont's gallery, is the only Niagara we have seen which appeals to the imagination, or conveys to the mind any suggestion of the volume, force, and flow of the cataract. Equally true to the spirit of the scene in aerial perspective, breezy water, transparent distances, and harmonious general effect, with a picturesque arrangement of details, is Colman's Gibraltar of this year's Academy Exhibition at New York. Critics may object that the rock seems thin and weak, and does not meet the idea of the stern strength of this natural fortress. But the rock is a secondary nature in the picture, and takes its proper hue and form as seen at the mid-distance on one of those perfect Mediterranean days, which seem as if borrowed from Paradise. Colman has seen such a day, and given its general effects with rare fidelity. He is not less successful in rendering the subtile qualities of smoke in contrast with the more subtile qualities of atmosphere. Turner has done nothing better in this detail.

Inness in some respects stands at the head of our landscapists. He impersonates in his pictures his own conditions of mind, leaving it doubtful as yet whether a genius or a failure is before us. His style is formed after Rousseau's, but with an eccentric freedom of feeling and handling that marks original power. He is wildly unequal. But in qualities of vegetable growth, aerial distances, beautiful gradations, and interblending of tints, a rich, vigorous, free brush, in glowing summer heat and noontide repose, suggesting the hum of insects and the ruminating delight of cattle, fleecy, sleeping clouds, water-fed meadows, and verdant hillside, suffusing sky and earth with a lavish warmth of color and a solemn glow of tint almost approaching melancholy in sentiment, but very welcome to certain conditions of soul, Inness stands by himself, the youthful father of a distinct class of landscapists. His skies are not American skies, because they have none of their crystalline, cold gray or silvery light. A colorist and idealist by blood, he so delights in gold and purple and crimson, in intense greens, in deep and strong color of every hue, as indicative of passions and emotions, that it is difficult for him to restrain his brush within the prescribed rules of naturalism.

Digitized by Google

It is impossible, in our limited space, to do full justice to our subject. More names and works might be quoted, but enough have been given to present a general idea of the good points, past condition, and present prospects of our landscape-art. A few words on color, the feeling for which is strong and general, but crude and untrained. Design is too much neglected for its more striking effects. Page is an instance of so deep a feeling in this respect as almost, as it were, to pass his long career in theories and experiments, to the neglect of producing work commensurate with his lofty ideas of art. Hunt sacrifices force of design to diaphanous effects, but is captivating from his delicate sense of color, the refinement of his motives, and purity of his taste. Babcock and Dana are colorists by instinct, Giorgionesque in feeling; the former eccentric in sentiment, color-drunk as it might be; the latter, refined and domestic. La Farge comes before us with equal feeling and an intelligent ambition for the highest walks of art. The tone of his work and mind, alone of our artists, recalls Allston.

Elihu Vedder is another of our young men who seem destined to counteract the materialistic tendencies of our art, and to infuse into it higher aims. As a colorist, he is second to none. He has a firm, solid touch, bespeaking executive ability of a high order. No one who has seen his "Sphinx," "Star of Bethlehem," his "Lair of the Sea-Serpent," his alto-rilievos of ideal heads, or his sketches in general, can fail to recognize in him an imagination and invention hitherto rare in our art. But we must await the mature development of our young artists before definitely pronouncing upon them.

America has advanced from indifference to fashion in art. It has become the mode to have a taste. Private galleries in New York are becoming almost as common as private stables. Thousands of dollars are now as freely given for pictures, as hundreds one year back. The result is, that not only large sales of indifferent foreign pictures are frequent, at prices that will be likely to flood us with the cheap pictures or falsifications of Europe, but our own artists, to meet the demand, sell even the sketches from their walls at valuations which but recently they did not venture to affix to their

Digitized by Google

finished works. Compared with past neglect, it is beneficial, but it is not the sort of stimulus art craves for its highest effects. That cannot be given by mere competition of rich men, but must come from an educated public appreciation of the real meaning and purpose of art. This is dawning upon America as a general idea displayed by a zeal to establish institutions for the promotion of knowledge of art and the preservation of its works. New York is giving two hundred thousand dollars to provide a building for the Academy of Design, in which will be established the long needed Life-School. Under the auspices of the Historical Society, a large sum is collecting to improve their noble grant of land in Central Park by buildings to receive their collections of objects of art and antiquity, on the plan of the British and South Kensington Museums, free to the public. New York has a great advantage over any European capital in the founding of a national art institution, in possessing sufficient land in the very centre of the city, in the midst of its beautiful Park, for indefinite expansion for centuries to come. Baltimore has a similar institution, begun on the Peabody gift of half a million of dollars, with the promise of as much more. Neither is Boston far behindhand. Its Institute of Technology, carefully studied from the experience of Europe, is the most scientifically complete and comprehensive in its organization of any as yet begun in America. It embraces a department of art to include galleries of all epochs and schools. Numerous smaller organizations are springing up in cities like Buffalo, Rochester, and Chicago, showing that the war, so far from stifling the growth of educational institutions at the North, has had the effect to stimulate them, by convincing Americans that the only permanent security for a republic is the enlarged culture of its citizens. Without rating too highly what has as yet been accomplished, we feel warranted in stating that the present time has proved the most auspicious for art and artists that America has seen, and leads us to believe that, under the influence of that activity which characterizes the American mind whenever awakened to topics of universal interest and utility, she will shortly possess schools of art and galleries that shall be commensurate with her mental growth in other directions.

Digitized by Google

Art. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

In the second volume of his treatise,* Bishop Colenso does the singular service of bringing the controversy respecting the Hebrew records upon the ground of pure literary criticism, and of defining that ground with great exactness. It is evident to any one who has followed the course of argument as stated by Mackay or Nicolas, or on the other side by Ewald, that the antiquity of the name Jehovah has a very important bearing on it, — how important, and with what result, it is the special object of this volume to set forth.

The argument, as here stated, consists essentially of two parts. In the first, the distribution of the Pentateuch into portions of different age — the earlier "Elohistic" and the latter "Jehovistic" — is stated with great distinctness, more clearly and convincingly than the reader will easily find elsewhere; and the opinion is suggested, rather than argued, that Samuel may probably have been the writer of the earlier document. The marked distinction of this portion (which is pretty easily and clearly traceable as the basis or outline of the narrative) is, that it employs the name Elohim with absolute consistency down to the beginning of Exodus (chap. iii. or vi.), where the name Jehovah is solemnly and formally introduced, after which the latter becomes the proper and constant designation of the Divine Sovereign of Israel. The more recent portions of the narrative — sometimes parallel with the earlier, as in the two accounts of the creation and of the flood, sometimes simply the filling in — must have been written when the name Jehovah was already so familiar that the distinction was no longer kept. Once (in Gen. ii., iii.) the two names are used together, to signify their identity, — Jehovah-Elohim, — and afterwards quite indifferently. They do not, then, according to Bishop Colenso, express the radical distinction in idea which a numerous recent class of writers have found in them, — the distinction between an idolatrous nature-worship and the sharp monotheism of the Hebrews; neither the distinction which Orthodox critics, as Hengstenberg, have insisted on, — as if one expressed the Divine sovereignty alone, and the other God's personal relation to the soul of the worshipper. But the introduction of the later name does mark a distinct period of religious development, — a crisis or revolution, corresponding, no doubt, with some marked constructive era in the history of the Hebrew state.

The cardinal point of the discussion thence arising is that which defines the date of this religious revolution. The constant tradition of the Hebrews has referred it, without hesitation, to Moses, the founder of the theocracy. This view has in its favor the testimony of the Hebrew and Christian Scripture, wherever it refers to the matter at

* The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, Bishop of Natal. Part II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Digitized by Google

all. It has also, on grounds partly but not wholly independent, the high authority of Ewald, who vindicates it with great force, and makes it the basis of his entire conception of the early history. On the other hand, a negative school of criticism has given it a very late date, — a date even as late as the monarchy; has brought the composition of the Pentateuch down as low as Ezra; has given the name Jehovah an origin and a meaning almost purely polemic; and has made the two titles of the Divinity stand, not only for two orders of religious ideas, but as watchwords (so to speak) of the great struggle which the prophets waged with the Canaanitish paganism. Such is, if we understand it, the view of some of the writers we have just referred to. And, apart from dogmatism or tradition, it is not at first apparent where the decision is to be.

The argument, however, turns upon two pretty well defined points, one of antiquities and one of literary criticism, both of which are discussed with great fulness in the present volume. The first is, the use of the name Jehovah (or abridgments of it) in the composition of proper names, — a use which is clearly proved to belong to the periods succeeding Samuel, and not to those before. One or two apparent exceptions, urged by Hengstenberg, are, we think, fully disposed of. There remains, however, the supposition — to which Bishop Colenso hardly gives sufficient heed — that the name may have been fully established in its religious uses long before, though not adopted, as it were, into the Hebrew hearts and homes by being linked with the fond appellation of a child. This point remains, then, rather a matter of curiosity, subsidiary and uncertain.

The other point is more important, and opens into a far wider field. It touches the use of the name Jehovah in the genuine remains of the earliest Hebrew literature. It has been discussed by Bishop Colenso with so much fulness and ability, that it must compel every scholar of a different way of thinking to review his ground carefully. For ourselves, with the best examination we could give the question, we have been satisfied with the argument which assigns the name Jehovah to a period decidedly earlier than Samuel, and hence to the agency and age of Moses.* We are unable to regard the period of the great lawgiver as quite so dim and unhistoric as our author represents it.

"It is quite possible," he says, "and indeed, as far as our present inquiries have gone, highly probable, that Moses may be an historical character, — that is to say, it is probable that legendary stories, connected with his name, of some remarkable movement in former days, may have existed among the Hebrew tribes, and these legends may have formed the foundation of the narrative. But this is merely conjectural." — p. 71.

This main point we should state — and, in fact, should find it impossible not to state — with very much greater confidence. We could not even admit it as a supposition (which our author appears to do) that the patriarchal narrative is mere invention or mere myth. We hold that there was a tolerably well-defined Hebrew nationality, dating a

* This argument is briefly stated in "Hebrew Men and Times."

Digitized by Google

good way beyond Samuel, — dating, in short, from Moses, — and that the centre and symbol of it was the worship of Jehovah, which was restored, not created, by the greatest of the Judges. And we consider that no argument as to the date of the two chief monuments of the early poetic literature — the Oracle of Jacob and the Song of Deborah — is, on the whole, so plausible as that which refers them to the period of the Judges, — not long before Samuel, perhaps, yet enough before to indicate for the type of the religion and for the name of the God of Israel an age some generations earlier than Bishop Colenso is willing to allow.

It is but just to add, however, that the argument is, in the nature of it, an uncertain one. The Song of Deborah may be, as he urges, a later composition, — in short, an artificial ode, instead of the genuine lay or ballad which we have taken it to be. We are by no means prepared to meet (except on the general grounds we have stated) the argument which makes it later than Psalm lxviii., with whose language, in one passage, it is so strikingly parallel, — the name Jehovah being found in the ballad, and Elohim in the Psalm, in phrases otherwise exactly similar. Indeed, the whole argument from the language of the Psalms is stated by Bishop Colenso with great skill, and is, we believe, in large part original with him. By careful comparison (which every reader may verify in the common version), he establishes that the Psalms are clearly divided into classes, corresponding, no doubt, to periods of the history strikingly differing in their religious phraseology, and that those which on general grounds we should consider oldest are also those in which the older name, Elohim, is almost, if not quite, always used.

At the same time, it must be remembered, that in the latest period of the history, as well as the earliest, the name Jehovah disappears. Thus, in the Book of Nehemiah, where "Elohim" constantly occurs, "Jehovah" is found in only a few formal religious phrases. In the vigor of the national existence, the personal name of the God of Israel was the symbol at once of spiritual courage and confidence, loyalty and faith, — a protest against idolatry on one side, and against superstition on the other. So it continued while Israel was an independent nation. In the earliest age, it is lost in the darkness of idolatry and civil anarchy; towards the last, it disappears from current use in the shades of superstition and the gloom of subjugation. That it became the symbol, in the better age, of the national life and of the popular faith, was due to the noble and devout founders of the Hebrew state; — probably to Moses, who had cherished it in passionate adoration during his sojourn in the desert; * certainly to Samuel, whose true service, as the first and grandest name in the Hebrew prophetic literature, has never been more clearly set forth than in the present treatise.

A LARGE number of excellent compilations prepared for single churches testify to the want, widely felt, of some manual which may

* See Ewald.

Digitized by Google

bring our forms of public prayer somewhat nearer the ancient standards. If we single out for special notice the manual just issued by Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co.,* it is not for invidious distinction, but for these two reasons; — that it has the sanction given it by a certain concert of action between two liberal communions in England and America; and that its excellence is assured by the eminent name and the alike lofty and cultivated intellect of its principal compiler, Mr. Martineau. It is distinguished from most attempts of this sort in not being a mere compilation, but including a considerable amount of matter freshly composed, expressly to clothe new devotional thought in language as much as possible like the time-hallowed forms of psalm or liturgy. And this not only in forms of prayer composed for special occasions or moods, but in a peculiar style of modern psalm, or "canticle," in which the Christian language and thought is frankly substituted for the Hebrew. In the following example, the reader will acknowledge the extraordinary skill, and the richness of spiritual diction, with which this difficult task has been achieved.

"Lo! at length the True Light: — light for every man born into the world;
Kindling the face of them that receive it: till they become the sons of God.
Cease, blinding glories of the heavens: which none could see and live!
Cease, gross darkness of the earth; where the righteous put forth their hands and fear!
The veil between is taken away: and the mingling day-spring comes;
No longer is the dwelling of eternal life too bright above: and the perishable world too dark below.
The Son of God hath dwelt among us: full of grace and truth;
The Son of man hath got up on high: made perfect through suffering for the holy of holies.
He is our peace: giving us access by one spirit to the Father;
No more strangers and exiles: but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.
O Lord Almighty! we had said of thee: 'Thy thoughts are not as our thoughts';
But thou hast looked on us as with the pity of a man: and raised us to think the thoughts of God.
We had said, 'Our righteousness reacheth not unto thee: or to the holy ones of thy presence';
But thou hast made one family, there and here: one living communion of seen and unseen.
We had said, 'Thou layest men fast in everlasting sleep': but lo! they sleep into everlasting waking.
Blessed be the Lord God, that giveth beauty for ashes: and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

The one sanction which could establish a genuine "common prayer" in any considerable number of churches must be either antiquity, authority, or general consent. The last is as little likely as the others are impossible. So that it is difficult to judge the work before us from the only point of view from which it could be fairly judged. We

* Common Prayer for Christian Worship, in Ten Services for Morning and Evening; with Special Collects, Prayers, and Occasional Services. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

Digitized by Google

are obliged, against our wish, to think of it as a work of literary art, and not as the long-sanctioned and familiar guide of devotion, which our very definition of a liturgy seems to demand. We also look at it, unavoidably, with reference to our personal feeling and want, rather than the uses of a congregation; and, in such a book as this, we seek the utmost range and copiousness of material, as a manual of devout thought. In this view, we regret the repetition of matter in a book where we would have the utmost completeness and condensation, — as for instance, in the *Te Deum*, which is given in full no less than five times. And we equally regret the omission of some arrangement (at least) of the Hebrew Psalms, — which more than all other compositions seem essential to the order of public worship; together with other omissions, made, we suppose, on the score of taste, — as, for instance, that passage in the burial service, of so rich and mournful cadence, beginning, "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery." The repetition and the omission alike impair the uses of the volume as a manual of devotion, — which are what we chiefly desire in it, — while its use as a strictly ordered form, of general acceptance, it would be quite premature to anticipate.

There remains to it, however, the high sanction which we mentioned at first. And, along with this, we think it will be found that no similar volume contains so large a variety of brief petitions and thanksgivings, so chaste and elevated in their diction, and combining, with so delicate skill, the richness of modern devotional thought with the simple gravity of the antique form.

THE new Hymn-Book of the "Christian" sect* is too excellent to be passed unnoticed. It has been compiled with extraordinary skill, care, and research, and in its convenience as a manual for use in the church is unsurpassed by any collection that has been published. In the arrangement of subjects, in the aids given for selecting suitable hymns, and in the helps offered to memory, it is as nearly perfect as any book is likely to be.

We can only state concisely the special practical excellences of the book. 1. The large number of hymns, 1,188 in all. 2. The hymns are not (with one or two exceptions) printed on the two sides of any leaf. 3. Nearly all the hymns are adapted to some text of Scripture, to which reference is not only made in the heading of the hymn itself, but in a systematic index. 4. There is not only an index of the first line of every hymn, but of every stanza. 5. The alphabetical index of subjects is very full, and the topics are arranged and classified with unusual precision. 6. While there are many new hymns, most of the favorite standard hymns are retained, original readings are restored, while many less familiar fine hymns of the old composers are restored to use. Some alterations, however, have been made, both tasteless and unwise. 7. Nearly all the hymns are adapted to musical expression,

* The Christian Hymn-Book, for the Sanctuary and Home. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1863. 12mo. pp. 800.

Digitized by Google

and are such as choirs can readily sing, having few difficult or exceptional metres. The book is distinctly a collection of hymns, and not partly of devotional poetry. 8. The tone is cheerful, hopeful, and inspiring, more lyric than elegiac.

The chief objection which we have to make is to its materialistic views of redemption, of the future life, and the joys of heaven. Many hymns seem to set forth the "blood" theology, and to imply a vicarious character in Christ's sacrifice. The hymns which express affection for Jesus are frequently superstitious in their extravagance; and in one or two instances the doctrine of his actual Deity seems to be involved. There is a too literal interpretation of Scripture imagery, and a preference for this literalness. The elimination of about two hundred hymns of this materialistic kind would leave an admirable collection.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

We are always indebted to the luminous and faithful report of the annual progress in science and art* for some of the most agreeable and suggestive reading of the year. It is inevitable that such a report should contain much that is hasty and crude, which a few years more will winnow out from the accumulating mass of sound knowledge. In fact, a part of its value consists in reflecting the actual phase of scientific opinion as well as knowledge, and treasuring up some things for future curiosity among a good many other things for future use. Of the many points of interest it offers, we need barely mention the experiments going on, on so vast a scale, in the great science of attack and defence, — the scientific investigations followed, in the heat and thunder of battle, under the walls of Sumter or the blazing bluffs of Vicksburg. We have marked, besides, several matters pertaining to the regular and peaceful advance of discovery, which have quite as genuine interest in our time.

The doctrine of the "conservation of force" has been curiously illustrated in many ways in these last years, — some experiments verifying, within a very narrow margin, the statement that the amount of muscular power which can be got by any animal from a given quantity of food represents precisely the amount of heat "obtainable by burning that quantity of food." (p. 188.) Practically, as applied to the economy of the arts, this doctrine has immense importance. Heat, like current coin, is a common measure of a great many sorts of value. Light, electricity, weight, resistance, nervous or muscular force, all have their expression on this common scale. The twelve million "horse-power" of steam in actual use in England represents a definite amount of heat actually shed from the sun in the "carboniferous era"; and the "conservation of force" has a practical illustration in devices for compressing the waste of coal-mines, and furnaces with "regenerating chambers," or decomposing jets of water, for the fierce heat to be got from the gas it generates. In the "aniline dyes" of purple and

* Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1863. Edited by David A. Wells. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

Digitized by Google

crimson, distilled from coal-tar, we have, again, a sort of glorified ideal of utilitarianism. Among the more interesting recent applications of science to the uses of life, we have methods of making distilled water fit for common use; paper substituted for iron in pipes for gas or water, of wonderful lightness and toughness; aluminum employed for the most delicate weights in the chemist's balance; and the intense brilliancy of the electrical light put to service in light-houses. While metals that were never known till discovered in the lines and tints of the prismatic spectrum — thallium and rubidium — are likely to find their place in arts of beauty or utility.

Along with these practical matters we have something of the speculative side of science. Of this, the two most notable examples are the extremely interesting researches in "spectral analysis," of which a brief account was given a year ago, and the daring and hazardous observations made in a series of balloon ascensions by a pair of English aeronauts, who reached the astonishing height of about six miles, and had nearly perished in the intense cold (—20°), which rendered one of them quite insensible. These make two valuable and curious episodes in the present Annual. It would appear that two years ago, in the summer of 1861, the tail of the brilliant comet did actually envelop the earth, without causing so much as the quiver of a magnetic needle. New observations of Saturn's ring, the recently discovered companion to Sirius, the disappearance of certain nebulæ, and photographic "autographs of the sun," testify the unfading interest that belongs to the grandest of the sciences.

But on the side of observation and theory, by far the greatest interest is found in the recent studies of geology. It is instructive to hear of the ancient beds of rivers and lakes, and the agency of glaciers in shaping them; it is startling to be told that Vesuvius is probably degenerating to a mud-volcano; and our notion of the great central forces of the earth is helped by the magnificent imagination of the slow upheaval and subsidence of continents, through long geologic periods, in a series of changes which is far from being at an end. But these are quite subordinate to the testimony which they suggest and illustrate respecting the changes in animal life, the antiquity of man upon the earth, and the periods of civilization before all records of human history. This curious and fruitful field, more than any other, characterizes the scientific research of these late years; and a very fair statement of the general result is found in the volume which makes the subject of this notice.

THE particular question raised in the foregoing class of investigations is discussed with great fulness by Sir Charles Lyell, in his recent volume.* It may be defined as an inquiry into the earliest civilization of Europe through the testimony of geological records, and the connection of the primitive history of man with past geological periods. It

* The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By SIR CHARLES LYELL. Philadelphia: G. W. Childs. 8vo.

Digitized by Google

has been the way, heretofore, to draw an arbitrary line, separating the period of human existence from all those forms of life now extinct, which are made known to us by the evidence of the rocks, and to assume that man, having had an existence of only some six thousand years, has no connection with the era of saurian or mammoth. This boundary between history and palæontology has long been fading out. It has seemed likely that the numerous traditions of conflict with dragons and other monsters may point to a time when such creatures were contemporary with man; and wild Indian legends of this continent tell how the last of the mammoths fled from the children of the forest. More exact testimony, found in caves, and the dredge of lakes, and old refuse-heaps in the North of Europe, has definitely shown the presence of some low grade of humanity among those races that were assumed to have perished in some overwhelming cataclysm. The drift of the testimony is to show that there has never been any one great shock which destroyed all, or most, of the existing forms of life; while species, like individuals, may have their term of existence, and continually, though imperceptibly, disappear.

Without going into the detail, which should be sought in such works as this of Sir Charles Lyell, we may refer to two main points of evidence brought forward: — 1. The definite proof of a "glacial epoch," — a period of intense cold, when Europe was much in the condition of Greenland now, — which seems to have very nearly preceded the first historic times, and in which certain grand features, such as the form of the Swiss lakes and valleys, were determined by glacial action, — a view, by the way, having a remarkable correspondence with that which Ruskin assumes as an hypothesis in explaining the mountain outlines; and 2. The fixing of three pretty well defined periods of early and rude civilization in Europe. These periods are now quite familiarly known as the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron. They give us glimpses into no very vast and fabulous antiquity, — not even the eleven thousand years of the Nile-valley reckoning, so curiously confirmed by the traditions recounted by Herodotus. On the contrary, it is within the modest limit of five to seven thousand years that we are taught to think of a stunted and wretched race, like Laplanders, who dwelt in rude, wattled huts by the lake-shore, and painfully scraped their wooden implements into shape, with sharp edges and cleavages of flint; while the age of bronze, as nearly as we make out, corresponds with the heroic age of Homer, — whose warriors fight with arms and panoply of bronze, — and reaches down to some generations below Julius Cæsar. These dim tracings of the first civilizing arts of Europe are the more interesting, because they prove that there must have been a good deal of intercourse and traffic, over pretty wide spaces, as well as skill to forge such metals as copper and tin, at a time which we are apt to associate with the stationariness of savage life.

A considerable part of Sir Charles Lyell's book is taken up with an argument which has only a sideway connection with the main point, as to the Darwinian theory, and the proper place of man among the orders of creation. He confesses to a considerable change of opinion on these

Digitized by Google

points within a few years; and, without exactly committing himself to the extreme views suggested by Mr. Darwin, or in the "Vestiges of Creation," the tendency of the discussion is very decided in that direction. It is hardly an unfair representation to say, that the motive of his argument is to vindicate Mr. Darwin's views from unfriendly criticism, and to expose the fallacies relied on by Professor Owen and others, who have been the chief opponents of the development theory in its recent modifications.

THIS theory, in its special application to mankind, leads at once, of course, to suggestions as to "the relations of man to the lower animals," particularly to those of the "pithecoid type," as they are learnedly and politely termed, that is, apes. The old tales of pygmies, mandrills, and wild men of the woods, reflected in the Linnæan names *Homo nocturnus* and *Homo sylvestris* applied to the larger apes, recur again in Professor Huxley's * careful and scientific exposition. His clear statement of the leading facts of embryology, and his well-illustrated comparison of the anatomy of the different tribes, and especially of fossil with actual skulls, both of men and apes, make the most valuable portions of his book. Professor Huxley does not shrink from asserting the completest analogy of physical structure between man and brute, or from maintaining that the rudiments even of the noblest human faculties are found in the ruder intelligence of humbler beings. The supremacy of man, and his distinguishing attribute, he places strictly in his capacity to husband and combine his resources, and so to follow, from the lowest beginnings, a course of indefinite improvement.

IN the works which we have just mentioned, the tendency is very notable to accept a pretty liberal theory of development, to account for the origin and explain the mutual connection of animal races. The same tendency is quite marked in the argument adopted by Mr. Brace in his excellent and handsome Manual,† which seeks to reduce the several races of mankind to a common type. The comparative anatomist tells us that the structural differences between certain lowest races of men and highest of brutes are less strongly marked than those among the several races of men. The ethnologist assures us that these latter may be fully accounted for on the strictest theory of actual descent from a single pair. In this form, the statement has perhaps rather a theological than a scientific motive; since, as Professor Agassiz has shown, we can no more conceive of mankind existing as a solitary pair, and not in tribes or multitudes, than we can conceive of the existence of cattle otherwise than in herds, or sheep in flocks, or bees in swarms. So far as the science of ethnology is concerned, it is only embarrassed by this extreme statement. It is enough to know — if so much can be proved — that all existing differences may fairly be traced to variations

* Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature. By THOMAS H. HUXLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† The Races of the Old World; a Manual of Ethnology. By CHARLES L. BRACE. New York: Charles Scribner.

Digitized by Google

from one original type. Mr. Brace adopts the theory of Prichard, that these differences are due to external or social conditions, operating through long periods of time; and he states, as a very interesting confirmation, that the old Egyptian type of feature, as found in the ancient monuments, has been actually *reproduced*, under climatic influences, in the only stationary class that has subsisted out of the mongrel population of the Nile valley through several successive centuries. Certain outward signs of form and feature, it would seem, correspond to those changes which are slowly wrought in the system to adapt it to a given class of influences, and which we vaguely call "acclimatization." It is gratifying to find the following testimony as to the results of this process in America: —

"It is a great error of many writers on Ethnology, to suppose that the American physique has degenerated from the English type. . . . . It is well known by manufacturers and employers in this country, that for labors requiring the utmost physical endurance and muscular power . . . . . foreigners are never so suitable as native Americans. The reports of the examining surgeons for volunteers . . . . . show a far higher average of physique in the Americans examined, than in the English, Germans, or Irish. . . . . It is a fact well known to our life-insurance companies that the average length of life here is greater than that of the English tables. The effect of the climate is indeed to produce a somewhat spare, nervous, and muscular type, — quite different from the English, — though to this there are vast numbers of exceptions; but the average of health, of muscular strength, and power of sustained endurance, we believe to be greater here than in England, or in any civilized country." — p. 482.

The volume of Mr. Brace deserves high praise as an effort to condense the utmost amount of information, on a subject so extensive and perplexed, into as compact and clear a shape as possible. Its chief value will be found as a manual to be kept at hand, in the study of the science through the numerous works where it must be sought. As a text-book for independent study of the science, it is too greatly crowded with a multitude of names, of tribes and races, of which no sufficient account is given; and is perplexed, furthermore, by the awkward arrangement, which brings forward the separate races three distinct times, in their ancient, their middle, and their modern period of development. A very great service would be done by a volume less detailed in the way of statistical cataloguing, of more clear and bold outline, and of simpler historic method. The scientific value of the treatise consists largely in the accurate and amply illustrated argument in respect to *language* as the true basis of ethnological classification.

THE very valuable and interesting work of Professor Draper* frankly accepts the doctrine that the development both of animal and intellectual life depends on physical conditions; and asserts this position with a fertility of argument and a wealth of illustration which give it a commanding rank among similar treatises. It is not strictly

* A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 631.

Digitized by Google

true, as he asserts, that this is "a point of view heretofore almost entirely neglected." But we cannot call to mind an author who has stated it with equal force, or has shown himself so thoroughly master of that variety of scientific proof which was needed to fortify it. There is at once a freedom of handling, and a clear, earnest, reverent tone in the discussion, which put it in most favorable comparison with the pedantic dogmatism of Buckle, or the frequent harsh austerity of Comte. The general sketch, in the beginning, of those physical conditions which have shaped the historic life of Europe, is unsurpassed in clearness of outline and comprehensive vigor of grasp. And the closing portion, which contains the scientific analogies that justify his leading position, — that the true doctrine of history or ethnology must be founded on physiology, — has the independence, force, and value of an original argument. It is very rare to find a piece of analogical reasoning presented with the ingenuity and skill of the following: —

"Two pieces of carbonate of lime may be rolling among the pebbles at the bottom of a brook, one perpetually splitting into rhomboids, the other into arragonitic prisms. The fragments differ from one another not only thus in their crystalline form, but in their physical qualities, as density and hardness, and in their optical qualities also. We might say that the calc-spar crystals gave birth to calc-spar crystals, and the arragonitic to arragonite; we might admit that there is an interior propensity, an intrinsic tendency to produce that result, just as we say that there is a tendency in the marsupial to engender a marsupial; but if in our illustration we look for the cause of that cause, we find it in a physical impression long antecedently made, that the carbonate of lime, crystallizing at 212° Fahr., produces arragonite, and, at a lower temperature, calc-spar; and that the physical impression thus accomplished, though it may have been thousands of years ago, was never cast off, but perpetually manifested itself in all the future history of the two samples. That which we sometimes speak of as hereditary transmission, and refer to an interior property, peculiarity, or force, may be nothing more than the manifestation of a physical impression long before made." — p. 571.

Other examples of the quality to which we have referred will be found in what is said of the "wave of verdure expanding towards the pole" in spring; of the variations of the earth's crust affecting migrations (p. 22); of the tilting of the European continent upon an imaginary axis running from east to west, so that the basin of the Baltic is uplifted, while the coasts of the Mediterranean are depressed, — with its influence on history; of the concentrated strength of the Roman Empire, dependent on its main line running east and west, and so not including any very wide diversities of climate; of the analogy between the Egyptian and Peruvian civilizations, both having place in narrow, rainless districts; and particularly, of the effect on the climate, the air, the ocean, and the races of living creatures, that resulted from the enormous absorption of carbonic acid in the "carboniferous era" of our planet, with the calcareus depositions coincident.

The same vigorous independence of thought and facile wealth of illustration appear in the treatment of historical periods, especially of the advance of philosophy and science. Massive generalization, with a command of detail that gives vitality and interest to all the parts, — the

Digitized by Google

magnetizing of facts by a powerful current of thought, — is the highest quality that can be demanded in a work of this kind; and they are *found*, to a rare and high degree, in the present treatise. We should point to it, sooner than to any other we could name, to do the important service of *crystallizing*, in the mind of a thoughtful person, that loose aggregate of facts gathered up in the course of much miscellaneous reading, before the age of twenty-five. And the rather, because its independent and courageous temper is not marred, so far as we observe, by any irreverence or undue defiance in tone. The maturer scholar will find in it a fairer view, we think, of the important part taken by the Saracens and Jews in the intellectual history of Europe, than in any of the standard histories of philosophy; while the hints suggested by the author's special familiarity with topics of physiology and medicine are always curious, often valuable and instructive. The judgment of eminent names, as Socrates, Bacon, and Milton, has something the effect of novelty, in its easy disregard of traditional opinion. We copy a few sentences relating to the first: —

"It was the uncontrollable advancement of knowledge that overthrew Greek religion. Socrates himself never hesitated to denounce physics for that tendency, and the Athenians extended his principles to his own pursuits, their strong common-sense telling them that the philosophical cultivation of ethics must be equally bad. He was not loyal to science, but sought to support his own views by exciting a theological odium against his competitors, — a crime that educated men ought never to forgive. In the tragedy that ensued, the Athenians only paid him in his own coin."

If space permitted, we would call attention to several other striking points of this treatise, — such as the clear exposition of the "Italian system" of church and civil polity; the curious and intelligent account of Buddhism in Eastern Asia, and the indigenous civilizations of America; the comparison of the decadence of Greek polytheism with the present condition of Roman Catholic piety; and what is said of the conditions of national life amongst ourselves. But the book is within the reach of all readers, at a cost quite below its value compared with almost any similar publication; and it should be suffered to speak for itself.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of St. Bernard has been well written by Mr. Morison.* The style is vigorous and free; the study of original authorities seems careful, if not exhaustive. There are certain defects of method, indeed, in his work, which it is easy to indicate. We prefer to express our surprise at its general merit. Omitting the great names, the tone of English writers upon history in the late years has been for the most part hard, conventional, — tedious as chronicles, vapory as homilies. Mr. Morison is an exception. He handles his subject with a vivacity of strength which comes of a full knowledge and a clear conception of

* The Life and Times of Saint Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. A.D. 1091 – 1153. By James Cotter Morison, M. A., Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Chapman and Hall. 1863.

Digitized by Google

the characters and the age he portrays. But his judgment in the choice of a subject has by no means been equal to his manner of treating it. Shrouded in the mists of the Middle Age, as shadowy as the phantoms which encompassed him, a silent monk consecrated by miracles, attended by mystery, St. Bernard is a striking example of the credulity and the strength of the childlike faith and the stagnant materialism of that wondrous age, that period of change when the rude races of the North were putting off the old barbarism to enter upon the new civilization, and in the darkness of their faith were striving for the worldly empire of the dogmas which had enslaved and transformed them.

But though for a time a power in the world, vast, beneficent, mightier than kings, controlling popes, guiding councils, preaching crusades, St. Bernard was, both in his character and his influence, the creation and the servant of his age, sharing its errors while exhibiting its virtues. The world was better, indeed, for his having lived in it. Honesty and humility like his are never lost upon it. But in the great march of men through the centuries it is the leaders only who survive to record or represent the progress they have foreseen and aided. Content with the Church he adorned, fixed in its creed, giving his life to defend what the instinct of mankind was leading it to destroy, St. Bernard was in no proper sense of the term a great man in an age in which the task of genius was reformation. To the fundamental principle of the Middle Age, that one must believe in order to know, St. Bernard yielded a confiding assent, — although when he absorbed the faith of the Church he idealized it. The sanctification of the heart was to him the evidence of truth. He bowed to the authority of the Word, but he found in nature more than in books. He might have been Pope, but he preferred to rule the world as monk. A letter from him drove the armies of the French king from the Champagne. To his influence Innocent II. owed his establishment in the papal chair. The graces of his manner and the charm of his voice won all hearts. His reasoning satisfied all understandings, — with the exception of those few restless, inquiring men who probed the hollowness, and were ever urged to expose the weakness, of the claims they despised. Religion and the Church were to St. Bernard one and indivisible; and the more we examine his life, and the age he illustrated, the drearier does the influence of this view become, — the darker the ignorance to which it led. It is like the streaming in of the morning light upon the ghostly churchyard, to recognize amid these recitals of miracles, these babblings of superstition, the clear voice and the keen logic of a thinker like Abelard. St. Bernard, with his piety and his credulity, his councils and sermons and epistles, disappears for us in the weary wastes of his age, — profitless things to study in these intenser days, with the hopes of the world beating high, — its grander tasks unfolding.

To explore the origin and to trace the influence of the philosophy of Abelard is a higher, more useful effort. The portraiture of the Middle Age, with its bright colors, and its dreamy ideals, with its knights and its *Minne*, with its rapine and desolation, should be kept for the novelist or the poet. They alone can bring back the reality in its wildness and

Digitized by Google

its beauty. The historian who records the legends he refuses to criticise, and narrates the miracles he is too enlightened to despise, who attempts thus to paint the age he explains, misconceives its teaching and denies its charm. The glare of daylight scatters the fancies, while it sweeps away the superstition, which crowded its darkened castles and sighed along its deserted ways. And the ruins on the hill-tops are blacker, and the empty armor gives out a drearier sound to us, as the frightened ghosts fade away; and the mouldering stones and the rusty iron become as the refuse of a world extinct, devoid of meaning, cumbering the earth we tread.

But forgetting Bernard and his epistles and his visions, we may be pardoned for alluding a moment to his opponent Abelard, known to us less by his method of dialectics than by his love for Heloise, — embalmed for us from childhood in the plaintive verses of Pope. Among the first to deny the tyranny of the Church, Abelard demanded that knowledge should precede belief; that words which conveyed no meaning should receive no respect, — affirming that the only key to truth is ceaseless and earnest inquiry. By doubt we come to investigation, — by investigation we obtain truth. Faith founded upon knowledge leads to love, and love sanctifies us. But the general wickedness of his doctrines is best set forth by William of Thierry: —

"(1.) He defines faith as being the estimation of things not seen. (2.) The names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are improperly applied to God, — this is a description of the Highest Good. (3.) The Father is Full Power, the Son a certain power, the Holy Spirit no power. (4.) Of the Holy Spirit, that he is not of the substance of the Father and of the Son, as the Son is of the substance of the Father. (5.) The Holy Spirit is the soul of the world. (6.) By free will, without the assistance of grace, we can will and act rightly. (7.) Christ did not take flesh and suffer, that he might deliver us from subjection to Satan. (8.) Christ, God and Man, is not the third person in the Trinity."

Thus was he in divers ways corrupt. As Bernard wrote to the Pope, when he speaks of the Trinity, he reminds one of Arius; when he treats of grace, of Pelagius; when he discusses the Person of Christ, of Nestorius.

But apart from his merits as a reformer, or rather as the forerunner of those by whom, in after days, reform was to come, it is alone by his connection with that marvellous woman we call Heloise that we continue to find an interest in his career, or to lament his fate. If bold in many of his affirmations, without a master as a disputant, without a rival as a thinker, there was a hardness and selfishness and ambition in the man which forbids our sympathy and repels our confidence. It was by mere force of his intellect, rebellious to a theology it derided, not by the strength of his will working out his convictions, that he fell upon heresies and disturbed his age. But in explanation of the love he inspired, the character of Abelard deserves the examination it has received from Mr. Morison. The dark side of it is painted relentlessly; but its better part, the aspiration in the midst of abasement, the patience under suffering, the purer ideal, he has failed to portray or to appreciate. The life of man is the mingling of many elements. He

Digitized by Google

that recognizes or teaches the best philosophy may be he who lives the worst life. Yet the soul may retain its aspirations when the will may seem to have lost its power. It was the ambition of Abelard which worked his ruin; it was his selfishness which has lost him his fame. Wholly true to Heloise, though the Church never canonized him, the world would have given him a place in its heart forever. But the scholasticism of the age, which sharpened his intellect, deadened his heart. With the first flush of passion there faded the finer sentiments, — the generosity to atone for evil, the courage to submit to sacrifice. In Heloise, on the other hand, the world has recognized an example of the truest love, — unquestioning, absolute, heroic, — that entire harmony of thought, that blending of souls, the realization of that ideal relation of man to woman towards which the world is ever tending, — a love which becomes a part of life, which years cannot banish, nor sorrow darken, nor death extinguish.

The spiritual civilization of man advances with slower steps than the material. The tendencies of the Pagan world have survived in many things the conquests of the Christianity they defied. Remnants of barbarism, dark traces of Paganism, still exist to poison the air we breathe, to taint the civilization we profess. In Plato's republic men were to marry for the good of the state; in our republics they marry as convenience suggests or interest urges. The heathenism of the old, still pollutes the new civilization. Yet in the efforts to throw it off, confused and dangerous as they seem, there is evidence that the conscience of the age is awakened. The elective affinity of Goethe is but the protest of a thinking people against the tyranny of ecclesiastical dogmas and the habits of a selfish age. The real question is not who shall be divorced, but who shall marry. The perception of that profounder law, that in each human heart there lies an impulse to that other heart for which it was created, is the reform men want, — not vicious theories, nor invitations to disorder, nor glosses upon crime. To make the human law accord with the divine, there is need only of the recognition of both. The delusion of a law-making people, that society is to reform the individual it guides, does more than anything to obstruct the progress it craves. The struggle of each soul for itself — stern, persistent, undismayed — is thus put aside for dreams of legislation, for visions of impossibilities. When the state undertakes to do the work which the individual abandons, the state goes to pieces, as it deserves.

Fresh to us, then, as the opening spring-time, fragrant as the early flowers, is the finding here and there, in these arid wastes of earthly living, along these highways of the world's tumultuous history, a heart like that of Heloise, beating with the love, pure, holy, never ending, which the world may take for its ideas and its inspiration and its hope. And not without significance is it, that the nation which confessedly, and by system, acts for the most part upon the principle that marriage is a bargain, cherishes with almost superstitious reverence, in its crowded cemetery of Père la Chaise, under that beautiful monument constructed from the ruins of the Paraclete, the ashes of Abelard and Heloise.

Digitized by Google

In August, 1662, some citizens of Maine, under the auspices of the Maine Historical Society, with more, it is to be feared, of antiquarian zeal than historic insight, undertook a public celebration of the ill-advised and abortive attempt of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Chief Justice Popham to found a colony on the Kennebec in 1607. The President of that feeble plantation, — more feeble in purpose and spirit than in means, — who died of infirmity and old age a few months after the landing, was on this occasion commemorated with a monumental stone bearing a somewhat questionable epigraph, which, though it claims the authority of the Maine Historical Society, cannot, we think, be considered as expressing the deliberate judgment of that learned body regarding the true import of this enterprise. Nor did the occasion pass without a protest from at least one competent judge. Mr. J. W. Thornton, being called upon for a speech, presented the character and claims of the Popham colony in a light very different from that in which the authors of this celebration had placed it. Some of his positions having been controverted, Mr. Thornton has published his Speech,* with copious and elaborate notes illustrating the real nature of the scheme which the Maine Historical Society have seen fit to glorify, exalting it even — so far as the orator of the occasion represents the Society — above the expedition of the Plymouth Pilgrims. It is here shown to have been in part a mining enterprise, and in part a penal colony devised by the ex-highwayman, Sir J. Popham, for the disposition of English rogues, "*those that went thither being pressed to that enterprise as endangered by the law.*" Mr. Thornton is deeply learned in the early history of New England, and has brought together, within a short compass, a great amount of interesting matter relative to that subject.

The remembrance of the English St. Bartholomew of 1662 has called forth a number of appropriate volumes. "The Two Thousand Confessors" † is one of the most popular, because of its abundance of personal anecdotes, — some of them, we judge, resting upon tradition alone. The two that we give have a peculiar professional interest, and are illustrative of great truths, besides being new to the public at large. The celebrated Richard Baxter, having made an appointment to preach on a common near Coventry, set out the evening before for his rendezvous. But, missing his way in the dark, he finds lodging at a gentleman's house, who inquires his business. "A man-catcher," was the reply. "Then," said the gentleman, "you are the very person I want, and to-morrow morning you must help me secure Dick Baxter, who is to preach at a conventicle in the neighborhood." When they reached the spot at the appointed time, the people, seeing their enemy, who proved to be a magistrate, dared not assemble. After waiting some

* Colonial Schemes of Popham and Gorges. Speech by John Wingate Thornton, Esq., at the Fort Popham Celebration, Aug. 29, 1862. Under the Auspices of the Maine Historical Society. Boston. 1863.

† The Two Thousand Confessors of 1662. By Thomas Coleman. 2d edition. London: John Snow. 1861.

Digitized by Google

time, the justice requested his companion to address the multitude upon the unlawfulness of their assemblage. Baxter consented, and requested his companion to pray, who declined because he had no prayer-book, and asked Baxter to officiate. His prayer melted the enemy to tears. After it was over, and Baxter had preached, he announced his name, and gave himself up to the magistrate, who released him, and was ever after a friend and advocate of the persecuted preacher.

The other narrative is of the continuance of religious impressions, even where the life has denied them any manifestation. John Flavel preached a peculiarly earnest discourse to a deeply affected audience, on the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. A sailor-boy of fifteen started immediately on a voyage, and kept up his worldly spirit through various occupations, until, at the age of a hundred, Mr. Flavel's discourse rushed back upon him with such power that he repented, joined the Congregational Church at Middleborough, and for sixteen years maintained a consistent religious character.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

SERVIA, as seen by a High Church minister from London,* is an entirely different thing from the Servia seen by an intelligent merchant from America. The Greek Church, its controlling element, viewed by one who prays for its union with his own more enlightened communion, is light itself in contrast with the darkness felt by any genuine Protestant, under a religious system which ignores an educated ministry, neglects preaching, and idolizes a ritual. As Rev. Mr. Denton went to Servia to admire its ancient ecclesiastical apparatus, — as he approached its bishops with a reverence similar to what he bore his own, — it is not strange that he was welcomed with open arms, was convinced of the antiquity of the rude ecclesiasticism round him, and yearned to see it crowned with unlimited jurisdiction. He detests the oppression of Christians by a handful of Turks, exposes the connivance of England in these continued outrages, shows that the "balance of power" is utterly absurd when it means strengthening Turkey by a nominal sway over exasperated freedmen, declares that Russia has interfered far less to stimulate revolt than England has interfered to sustain a decrepit tyranny, and proves that much of the Russian influence is the intense sympathy of fellow-religionists with one another. No doubt the Servians have advantages which a more living church would develop, a more republican government demonstrate to the world. They do not ape European fashions, do not exhaust their resources in foreign diplomacy, do not ask anything of the rest of the world but to be let alone. They have consequently no national debt, taxation is moderate, and the yearly revenue adequate to all their wants. But internal improvements are hardly begun, agriculture is in the rudest condition, education has made little progress, and religion is a dead ritual, instead of a quickening spirit.

* Servia and the Servians. By REV. W. DENTON. London: Bell and Daldy. 1862.

Digitized by Google

Rufin Pietrowski,* a Polish exile in Paris, seems to have been driven by homesickness to return to Podolia, under the assumed name and manners of a Frenchman, and there sustain himself as a teacher of foreign languages. While demeaning himself in all respects as a good citizen, avoiding for the most part all Polish connections, and frequenting the principal Russian officer's house, he becomes suspected, is arrested, betrays himself in a hopeless moment, is heavily chained, degraded from the nobility, and packed off to Siberia for life. After terrible suffering by the way, he settles down into a government clerk in a penal settlement for the manufacture of liquor, — with the determination, however, to escape, if it cost him his life. This he accomplishes at last by wonderful ingenuity, perseverance, fortitude, and self-denial. Passing through all Siberia, and a great part of Russia in Europe, assailed by the merciless climate, and befriended nowhere by a living soul, he finds the vessels at Archangel environed by the Russian police, and is obliged to turn back to St. Petersburg itself, and escape at last by ship upon the Baltic.

This romantic narrative bears every trace of truth; the Russian rulers are sometimes pitied rather than blamed, while their system is condemned as the cause of this unexampled cruelty. In every calm word, every fervent hope, there breathes a holy patriotism, bowed down with grief, yet not crushed by despair. The last chapter, "A Year of Agitation in Poland," deserves to be read everywhere, not only as a key to the present revolt against barbarous tyranny, but as a marvellous development of national self-sacrifice, and partly as a test of the power of habitual moral resistance in paralyzing the oppressor's arm and baffling the tyrant's schemes.

"Observations upon China,"† by W. L. G. Smith, do not pretend to be profound, extended, or prophetic. Our Consul shows himself a man of business, writes with commercial precision, and tells us what he knows, chiefly about trade, in as few words as possible. Some of his little chapters upon the free ports would not need much condensation for the pages of a gazetteer. There is a class of readers who enjoy such matter-of-fact books, who do not ask for descriptions of scenery, or speculations about the future, but only crave a trustworthy report of what the traveller has actually seen. Mr. Smith has met just this want. He does not pretend to show how the Tai-ping rebellion is to end: he sees very clearly that an immense commerce is opened to us with the Flowery Land; and is justly proud of the pacific measures by which our government secured concessions, for which England and France shed so much needless blood. He gives the population of the Empire at four hundred and fourteen millions, which he thinks cannot be exaggerated, as the imperial tax is levied upon this census. Several single cities possess a million of inhabitants, most of them in extreme

* Story of a Siberian Exile. By M. Rufin Pietrowski. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

† China and the Chinese. By W. L. G. Smith, late U. S. Consul at Shanghai. New York: Carleton. 1863.

Digitized by Google

poverty, but some with a mammoth fortune, increased through the law of primogeniture generation upon generation. The native administration of justice he shows to be utterly corrupt; piracy and highway robbery flourish; and not even an entire revolution would relieve this patient race from their intolerable burdens, as neither the character of the rebel-chief, nor the conduct of his followers, is any improvement upon the ancient order of affairs.

An attempt of three Englishmen,* attended by an American missionary, to pass up the great river of Central China, map out its course, explore its mineral resources, and introduce to the world its commercial facilities, failed simply through the disturbances caused by civil war. Eighteen hundred miles were passed over without peril, when the absolute refusal of their boatmen to venture any nearer the ferocious Tai-pings turned them reluctantly back, after two thirds of their work were well done. While they do ample justice to the noble Yang-Tsze, revealing to the world majestic scenery, most valuable mines, and a population eager for foreign intercourse, still a blood-red cloud darkens the scene. The Chinese government is shown to be hopelessly imbecile, unworthy of European countenance, and utterly corrupt. And yet the Tai-ping rebellion promises but little relief; having in its youth the indolence of extreme age, in its pretended Christianity the bloodthirstiness of a wild beast. The fact of other rebellions, besides that of which foreigners have heard so much, convulsing different parts of the Empire, proves the necessity of thorough political reformation: the success of these separate attempts at revolution shows how paralyzed is the arm that seemed to wield despotic power over these many millions. Foreign interference would certainly be less wrong here than in any other case, among such mere children, warring without hope of victory, making no visible progress from year to year, having within their reach no means of extrication from a sea of troubles, and absurdly scornful of the rest of mankind.

The highly cultivated British Minister at Jeddo has succeeded in making the most valuable treatise on Japan † as repulsive as possible, by marvellous garrulity upon every subject that fell in his way. Many of his chapters might be condensed into single pages; and the omission of half his sentences, not to say three quarters, would add strength to those which remain. Still, in the two bushels of chaff are many grains of wheat. He is doubtful, after all, if any blessing is conferred on the Japanese by breaking down the convent-walls of their seclusion. He finds the population industrious and frugal, contented and servile; the crimes against property rare, those upon the person common; their habits self-denying, yet intemperate; their women superior to other Asiatics, and yet given to prostitution. In fact, the country is full of

* The Yang-Tsze. By Capt. Thomas W. Blakiston. London: John Murray. 1862.

† Capital of the Tycoon. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, Envoy Extraordinary in Japan. 2 vols. with 100 Illustrations. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

Digitized by Google

paradoxes; their books begin where others end; their writing is from right to left and from bottom to top of the page; their locks, though an imitation of ours, turn the opposite way; the old men fly kites, while the children look on; the carpenter draws his plane towards him, while the tailor stitches from him; the horses reverse their position in the stables, and wear their bells on the hind-quarters; the women black their teeth instead of whitening them, and bind their dresses so close around their feet that it is a wonder they can move. The flowers have no scent, the birds no song, the vegetables no flavor; yet, for compensation, the houses have no bugs, the country no lawyers, and the women no expansive skirts.

Sir Rutherford shows that the feudal aristocracy, who hold nine tenths of the land, and are virtually independent rulers, detest foreign trade, and employ the utmost ingenuity to evade the recent treaties with the United States, England, and France. These "Daimios" find the expenses of their numerous followers immensely increased by the new traffic, and are shrewd enough to see that it is a stealthy blow at their barbarous despotism. Meanwhile the invading foreigners are not agreed. Holland prefers the claim of long-tried subserviency to Japanese prejudice. France has her Roman Catholic propagandists. America appears on the stage as a mercantile friend of the half-awake Tycoon. Great Britain alone stands up in the *rôle* of merchant warrior, bristling with guns, remonstrating with frigates, threatening every violation of the treaty with condign punishment. Sir Rutherford does not relish Mr. Harris's pacific bearing, for the same reason that we should; his mission was to place a new candidate for commercial intercourse on more friendly relations than any European power, by concessions to national prejudice, and the gradual introduction of a profitable commerce. This he has done with marked success; and the future will not fail to hold his name in honor. He has kept his temper against every provocation, exposed his life to daily peril, and procured for his countrymen immense privileges, without insulting the native rulers or outraging native prejudices.

For condensation of statement, grace of narrative, variety of intelligence, and pervading mirthfulness, the little work "Japanese Fragments" * surpasses anything yet written on that secluded land. Having read the recent accounts of these unwilling acquaintance of ours, we find in Captain Osborn's funny book nearly everything of value in the larger works, but better told and more impressively illustrated. The Captain himself seems to overflow with mirth; and to have determined that, if these whimsical folk will not yield us a liberal commerce, nothing shall save them from giving us hearty sport, as, in his view of their humor, they gladly would. The illustrations, if not so elegant as in the "Capital of the Tycoon," are more instructive, especially as to the low estate of Japanese art.

* Japanese Fragments, with Illustrations by Artists of Yedo. By Capt. Sherard Osborn. London: Bradbury and Evans.

Digitized by Google

THE son of the celebrated General Paez of Venezuela has paid a worthy tribute to his father's memory in his description of "Wild Scenes in South America." * The larger part of the very attractive narrative is occupied with the chase, capture, branding, and driving home of the vast herds of wild cattle, which make the only wealth of those desolate plains. Fishing and hunting upon a giant scale, however, relieve the severe and often perilous task of securing the live property floating over the unfenced lands. Besides terrific contests with immense crocodiles, ferocious wild beasts were frequently encountered, not without loss of life, poisonous reptiles had to be guarded against, and swarms of venomous insects endured as they could. A vivid picture of half-savage life is given in the writer's experience of severe marches, protracted hunger, narrow escapes, frightful tempests, sometimes unsuccessful attacks, and prolonged sufferings of every kind. The closing chapters, devoted to the war of independence, open with noble exploits, but close in the sadness of self-imposed exile. A melancholy story, on the whole, but no worse than was to have been expected from the insanity of attempting a peaceful republic among races mutually hostile, unprepared for self-government, and inspired by no healthful sentiment of religion. Even the steady tyranny of Spain might have proved less destructive than the bloody strife of President with President and Liberal with Conservative. Cowardice and vengeance, treachery and cruelty, waste of resources and sacrifice of life, lend so dark a color to the latter portion of the Wild Scenes, it is with a feeling of relief that one witnesses the curtain fall at last upon the field of blood.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIKE her father, Miss Thackeray † possesses the power of graphic delineation, sketching scenes and characters as vividly and truthfully, if not quite so boldly. The coloring is even warmer and brighter, for she looks out on the world with more youthful eyes. Her insight, just as it is, is more the intuitive perception of genius than the broader insight educated by observation and personal experience. Hence she has none of that surface cynicism and caustic humor so repulsive to superficial readers of Thackeray. Her style, is clear, liquid, and graceful, and, if not so forcible as that of her father, is more uniformly agreeable. It is entirely free from those mannerisms which so severely try the patience of even his warmest admirers. It is not discursive or argumentative. The even flow of the narrative is not interrupted by needless digressions, nor hampered by tedious genealogical records. While in neither matter nor manner she resembles Thackeray, still she recalls him occasionally in the turn of a sentence or in the quaintness of a reflection, but only in the same measure as a chance gesture or tone of

* Wild Scenes in South America; or, Life in the Llanos of Venezuela. By DON RAMON PAEZ. New York: Scribner. 1862.

† The Story of Elizabeth. Reprinted from the Cornhill Magazine. New York: James G. Gregory. 1863.

Digitized by Google

voice of a stranger recalls a familiar friend. Like him, she speaks of the characters of her story as personal acquaintances, extenuates their foibles, and pities their sorrows; for, pleasant as is the permanent impression, her narrative at times is sadly, strangely pathetic. But the author does not strive to excite painful emotions. Our sadness seems only the result of our own realization of, and sympathy with, the situation of the heroine. Miss Thackeray simply tells her story as it shaped itself in her mind, — tells it as though she had herself witnessed the scenes she relates, and were bound to record them faithfully. The very simplicity of her style adds to its effect, and as she proceeds every incident and character becomes so intensely vivified that it is no longer a romance we are reading, but a drama to which we are listening. Few descriptions equal in graphic force that of the dismal old house of the "Pasteur Tourneur," and the life led within its walls. There is "the desolate garden, with wall-flowers and stocks and tall yellow weeds all flowering together, and fruit-trees running wild against the wall"; — poor Elizabeth looking out wistfully from the window of her bare little room, and turning at the "melancholy bell" which brings in the five pupils clattering with "great big-nailed shoes" over the uncarpeted stairs; the dining-room with its long table, covered with a soiled blue striped table-cloth, and Madame Tourneur "ladling out the cabbage-soup," while Madame Jacob reproves Elizabeth. These scenes, together with the prayer-meetings, lectures, and classes, form a series of such mournful tableaux that we too feel stifled, and are not surprised that Elizabeth mopes and pines away.

A more lovable or natural heroine than Elizabeth, or "Elly," as she is familiarly called, it would be difficult to find. Even in her naughtiness and petulance she is charming, and inspires the liveliest sympathy and regard. She is simple and unaffected, not highly endowed intellectually, not wise, but loving and lovely. And if sorrow teaches her at last to be heroic, hers is by no means a stilted heroism, for she learns the hard lesson in so artless and touching a way that it robs her of none of her childlike grace. The episode at the theatre, where she is ruthlessly carried off by the scandalized pastors, at the very moment she hears that the man she loves, and who loves her, is affianced to his cousin, is characterized by great dramatic power.

John Dampier, the successful lover, recalls Thackeray's heroes; not that he resembles any one of them, but he belongs to the same class of men. He is an attractive, good-hearted, weak young man of the world, — a perfectly natural character, if not very forcible; — one of those men who are doted upon by maiden aunts and older sisters, because they come to them for advice, which they thankfully receive, but never follow. He loves Elly, but his mother does not approve of the connection; and then his cousin has fifty thousand pounds. Will Dampier has much more force, but for Elly's sake, if not for his own, we are glad that John is allowed to marry her at last.

This exquisite little story, when once read, can never be forgotten. It must ever be remembered with affectionate interest, inasmuch as it imparts its own warmth and glow to its readers, associating itself closely

Digitized by Google

with all pleasant memories, such as "song of bird and hue and odor of blossom," which in its sweetness, freshness, and delicate coloring it much resembles.

The little volume of "Miscellaneous Writings" by the late Chancellor Hoyt of St. Louis,* will be read with interest, not only by the large circle of his personal friends, but also by many who knew him only through his growing reputation, and who will be attracted to his writings by the importance of the themes discussed, the freshness and vigor of the thought, the aptness of the illustrations, and by the healthfulness of tone which even physical sickness could not disturb. The collection comprises two addresses, — the admirable Inaugural Address on "The Relation of Culture and Knowledge in a University Education," delivered on occasion of his entering on the duties of Chancellor of Washington University, and an address on "Progress in Popular Education," delivered before several Teachers' Institutes; four very able and attractive review-articles; two lyceum lectures; and several speeches, and other papers. In all of Mr. Hoyt's writings we see evidences of a ripe and various culture, a sound and exercised judgment, a genial and healthful spirit, and a directness of purpose, which, with his perfect intellectual honesty, were doubtless among the chief elements in his great professional success both at Exeter and at St. Louis. Many of his papers, it is true, bear the marks of haste in preparation, and there are a few inelegancies of expression, which would probably have been corrected if Mr. Hoyt had lived long enough to make a proper revision of the whole volume; but with these exceptions his style is clear, strong, and adequate to the demands of his subjects. As a writer on topics connected with the advance of liberal culture, a high rank must be assigned him; and many of his criticisms on literary topics are striking and happy. Prefixed to the collection is a short and admirable Preface by Professor Peabody of Cambridge, doing full justice to Mr. Hoyt's great moral excellence, and his intellectual ability. The volume is also enriched by an excellent portrait of the author.

It is not easy to say too much in praise of Mr. Calvert's little treatise,† which might, in Kantian phrase, be designated "The Critique of the Pure Gentleman." The author is known to the literary world by various publications — prose and poetry — extending over a space of thirty years. Among the former, the translation of Schiller's and Goethe's Correspondence, and "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe," have obtained the greatest celebrity; of the latter, two "Comedies," published in 1856 by Phillips and Sampson, hold the foremost place. These last discover true genius, and deserve, in our judgment, to be more widely known.

---

* Miscellaneous Writings: Addresses, Lectures, and Reviews. By Joseph G. Hoyt, LL. D. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1863. Small 8vo. pp. viii. and 302.

† The Gentleman. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

Digitized by Google

In the present volume he speaks from a height of experience and refinement which gives his statements an authority beyond the intuitions of genius, and beyond the subtilties of criticism. No mere intellectual discrimination is equal to the appreciation of the Gentleman. Mr. Calvert, whose illustrious ancestor, the founder of Maryland, wrote a book on "The Practice of Princes," might seem to have an hereditary vocation for the theme discussed in these pages. Certainly he handles it *en maître*.

Among the choice specimens of the gentleman which he puts forward, appears the figure of St. Paul, from whose speech before Agrippa he cites a notable illustration.

"'Then Agrippa said to Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God that not only thou, but all who hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am.' Here was a fitting close to the most beautiful, the most memorable speech on record. To all orators of whom we know, it had here been finished and well finished; not so to St. Paul. To him three words were yet wanting to it, — words which could only have been spoken by the tongue of one, a gentleman of ripest sensibility, of the most tender regardfulness towards others, and of a high-bred grace, the like of which the king in his many audiences had not surely witnessed before. Figure his great countenance aglow with the sublime fulness of the occasion, as, slightly bending forward and lifting up his manacled hands, he adds, 'except these bonds.' This extemporaneous utterance of exquisite yet simple feeling, of subtlest consideration for his hearers, an instantaneous feeling-full thoughtfulness, as far exceeds all famous strokes of oratory as the play of lightning exceeds all pyrotechnic ostentation."

Whilst insisting that *gentlemanliness* is a product of Christian culture, and scarcely known to the ancients, the author recognizes one or two signal exceptions, and especially that of Socrates, in whose desire to bathe before drinking the poison, in order "*not to trouble the women with the washing of my dead body*, ... that which is of the inmost essence of gentlemanhood, kindly, anticipative thoughtfulness for others, is here — considering the occasion and the moment — carried to the sublime."

Among the Romans, the only gentleman who pre-eminently deserves that distinction, according to Mr. Calvert, is Brutus. A conclusion from which we strongly dissent. The Brutus of history is a pedant and an assassin; it is only on the stage that he is made the model gentleman of Rome. There are many besides who may better claim that title, — Scipio Africanus, for example, and Fabius Maximus. Indeed, although we allow the general truth of Mr. Calvert's position as to the superiority of the Christian style, we must take a wider margin of qualification than he has conceded. There never was a class of men over whom the sentiment of "*noblesse oblige*" had more power than the aristocracy of Rome; and notwithstanding the coarse and disdainful temper illustrated by a passage between Cato and Cæsar, quoted from Plutarch (p. 63), there was never, we suspect, a Christian parliament or council subsisting for the same length of time, whose record has shown more of the personal pride and self-respect which we connect with the idea of a real gentleman, than the Roman Senate.

The author does not affect to give a catalogue of the foremost gen-

Digitized by Google

tlemen of the world, and yet we are rather surprised to find no mention made of two such conspicuous figures as Tancred and Salah-ed-din, the two gentlemen of the Crusades.

As a storehouse of information, Mr. Emerson's account of London * is very valuable, but as a work of entertainment or genius it can only be likened to the numerous compilations of Mr. Charles Knight, more weighty than brilliant. With such abundant material at command, he might easily have put together a picturesque book, which this certainly is not. From the lack of word-painting, we miss all the more the illustrations which the pages require. Its merits are rather negative than positive. It does not offend good taste, does not repeat profane or vulgar jokes, does not vex the reader by tiresome stories or pointless anecdotes, and does not weary by endless antiquarian details. There is nothing disagreeable in the matter, and the topics are well arranged and fairly balanced. Nevertheless, it is evident that Mr. Emerson has not made a good history of London, and that he is not equal to the task of writing such a history. He has some skill in describing recent improvements, but little in restoring life to the former days.

By far the most interesting part of the volume are the chapters which describe the City of London proper, that central nucleus around which the agglomeration of suburbs has clustered. Many facts related of this ancient centre will be new to most readers. Few, for instance, we think, are aware how much larger and finer was the Gothic Cathedral of St. Paul, which was burned in the great fire two hundred years ago, than the Romanesque structure which is Christopher Wren's famous monument on that site. The length of "Old St. Paul's" was two hundred feet more than the length of the present building. The height of the spire was five hundred and twenty feet, fifty feet higher than the spire at Strasburg, and higher even than the Great Pyramid in Egypt. The space covered by it was three and a half acres; and the description of its interior magnificence sounds like the stories of Arabian romance. Dugdale fills twenty-eight folio volumes with a list of the treasures of this wonderful building. The loss of such a masterpiece of art and grandeur was indeed irreparable.

It is interesting, too, to know that more than three centuries ago London contained more inhabitants than the City proper, of which the Lord Mayor has jurisdiction, contains to-day, and that the population of London then was considerably less than the population of Boston now. Indeed, from this account it appears that the official who entertains traitors to-day rules over a population only about as large as that of Chicago, and that no less than eight American mayors have a larger constituency than this functionary. Many of the suburban boroughs of London are far larger than the "City" itself. Southwark is larger; Marylebone is larger; and in comparison with the united suburbs, the "City" is insignificant. The Lord Mayor really governs only about one twentieth of the "great city."

* London: How the Great City Grew. By George Rose Emerson. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. 1862. 16mo. pp. 313.

Digitized by Google

A remarkable fact in ecclesiastical story is mentioned in the account of Bankside. Here, some three centuries ago, were a collection of brothels, leased expressly for this use from the Bishops of Winchester who owned the property, under the stipulation that the houses were not to be opened on Sunday. The poor creatures to whom the Church refused Christian burial were allowed to turn the revenues of their abominable trade into the coffers of the Church. On one of these houses a Cardinal's hat was the sign. This is rather worse than what Ben Jonson tells of the traffic in St. Paul's; that "books, clothes, and tobacco were sold in the side aisles," and that the place was the habitual resort of usurers, blacklegs, horse-jockeys, and cut-throats. The details of this volume of Mr. Emerson (albeit he seems to be not a Dissenter, but a Churchman) are by no means complimentary to the morality of the Establishment.

After telling us about the growth of the central city, which since 1500 has been rather change than growth, Mr. Emerson sketches successively the history of Westminster, of Bermondsey and Southwark, of Kennington and Lambeth, of the West End, of the East End, of the Isle of Dogs and Rotherhithe, of Poplar, Bromley, and Blackwall, of Islington, of Pimlico and Chelsea, of Kensington and Hammersmith, of the Northwest, of Bethnal Green and Hackney, of Greenwich, of Deptford, and of Camberwell and Peckham. In these sketches, of course, he refers to the names of many noted men associated with the several localities. But the notices of this kind are very imperfect. Charles Lamb, Johnson, and other Londoners of equally positive mark, are barely mentioned. Coleridge is not mentioned that we remember. There is a pleasant picture of the household of Sir Thomas More, but no account of many households more distinctly joined to the several localities. We are not told about the history of the British Museum, or of Christ's Hospital, or of Drury Lane Theatre, though due attention is given to Mr. Spurgeon and his Tabernacle.

The nearest approach to a sarcasm in the volume is what is said of the Belgravian fashionable churches.

"Where there was so much aristocracy, of course there was a good deal of piety; so churches were needed in order that the *beau monde* might fitly worship. When churches are built in low neighborhoods, such as Bethnal Green, it is always because the people are so depraved that churches are required to convert them; but in such choice spots as Belgravia the demand comes from the piety, not the wickedness."

THE completion of a work* so extensive, so honorable to the enterprise of its publishers and the skill of its conductors, and embodying in a clear, popular, and agreeable form so vast an amount of information of the sort most needed by the great reading public of our country, deserves more than the passing notice we were able to give it in our last number. We have several times directed attention to the features

* The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Vol. XVI.

Digitized by Google

which characterize this work, — its unusual completeness in the list of topics, especially in the department of contemporary history and biography, and the general skill and felicity of its literary style, making it an excellent compend of popular reading, aside from its merits as a mere work of reference. The want of balance and proportion of parts, resulting partly from this latter feature of it, is well compensated by the authority given it in a list of contributors including (we were about to say) almost every name of any literary or professional eminence in America. To this we have now to add the Appendix, included in the present volume, and containing much the largest and most accessible mass of information on the momentous history of the last three years; and the Supplement which is announced, and of which the second volume has just appeared, to be contained in an annual volume of the same style and price with the original work. We learn, besides, that "a copious Alphabetical Index to the whole work is now in preparation, and will probably be issued in the course of the ensuing season." This will fully remedy the defect in its mechanical arrangement, to which we have before referred; and will make it a compilation of unique character and value.

In this connection we would refer again to the more compact and admirably prepared Encyclopædia * in course of republication by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia. In bulk, cost, and absolute number of titles, it is just about half the American work; and of course in its own field has no claim that can come in competition with it. But as a work of clear and easy reference, of sufficient fulness, and excellent arrangement and proportion of matter, it is perhaps unrivalled. Especially on topics of Science, Art, and Industry, we find ourselves referring to it more frequently than to any other; while its illustrations, particularly in Natural History, are drawn with great care and delicacy, and largely increase its value. The maps, which are beautifully executed, may be had either separately, or bound in the volumes of the main work. No one who is fortunate enough to possess both these excellent publications will regret the space they occupy on the family library-shelves.

A pamphlet prepared by Dr. Bowditch, on the need of a thoroughly organized Ambulance Corps, for the wounded and sick of our great armies, is illustrated by some of the most painful incidents of the recent campaigns, and deserves the attention of the general public, as well as of all men in authority.

---

* Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. No. 63. Ides — Influenza.

Digitized by Google

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Lectures on the Symbolic Character of the Sacred Scriptures. Also, The Holy Word in its own Defence; addressed to Bishop Colenso and all other earnest Seekers after Truth. By Rev. Abiel Silver. (These two volumes contain a sincere attempt to vindicate the Scripture from the results of modern criticism, on Swedenborgian postulates.)

Triumphs of the Bible, with the Testimony of Science to its Truth. By Rev. Henry Tullidge. New York: C. Scribner. 12mo. pp. 439. (Interesting in some details, but not fully posted in the science of which it treats.)

Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and other Papers. By Thomas Fuller. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 397. (In grave and very handsome style, uniform with Sir Thomas Browne's Writings.)

Woman and her Saviour in Persia. By a Returned Missionary. With Illustrations, and a Map of the Nestorian Country. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 303.

Historical Sketch of the Twelfth Congregational Church in Boston. By Lewis G. Pray. Boston: J. Wilson & Son. 18mo. pp. 123.

Substance and Shadow; or, Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life: an Essay upon the Physics of Creation. By Henry James. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 539. (A remarkable book, which we hope to review in a future number.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III. 1760–1860. By Thomas Erskine May. Vol. II. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

The Story of my Career as Student and Professor, with Personal Reminiscences of Goethe, Schiller, Schleiermacher, and others. By Heinrich Steffens. Translated (and abridged) by W. L. Gage. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 284.

Christopher North. A Memoir of John Wilson, compiled from Family Papers and other Sources, by his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. New York: W. J. Widdleton. Large 12mo. pp. 484. (An account of this charming Memoir appeared in the Examiner for March. In style of typography and illustration, this beautiful reprint is fully worthy of the original.)

Chaplain Fuller: being a Life Sketch of a New England Clergyman and Army Chaplain. By Richard F. Fuller. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. (The story of a career of singular energy and self-reliance, and connected with several of the most striking incidents of the war. Mr. Fuller was a man of fearless and eager devotion to the cause he had espoused; and the spirit in which he at length sacrificed his life in the disastrous movement upon Fredericksburg is affectionately and proudly vindicated.)

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous. By G. A. Sala.

Slaves of the Ring; or, Before and After. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

Tales and Sketches. By Hugh Miller. Edited, with a Preface, by Mrs. Miller. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 369.

Two Pictures; or, What we think of Ourselves, and What the World

Digitized by Google

thinks of Us. By M. J. McIntosh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 476.

A Glimpse of the World. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 428.

Lilian. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (A brief sketch, unskilled and wildly improbable in incident, but with exquisite glimpses of scenery, and true artistic feeling. The little tale of Italian tragedy introduced in it is told with fine dramatic effect.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Out-Door Papers. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (Vigorous and brilliant; full of eloquent common-sense.)

The Crisis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 95. (A plea for the concession of Southern demands.)

The Natural Laws of Husbandry. By Justus von Liebig. Edited by John Blyth, M. D. New York: D. Appleton. Large 12mo. pp. 387. Appendices and Index. (This very handsome volume contains, along with Baron Liebig's latest views on the science of the subject, — some of which oppose strongly the common opinion as to the value of nitrogenized manures, — many interesting facts as to the history of agriculture, and an extremely curious account of the system followed, with such marvellous results, on the petty homesteads of Japan.)

Friends in Council; a Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. Reprinted from the last English Edition. New York: James Miller. 2 vols.

Money. By Charles Moran. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 228. (An exposition of the *natural laws* of demand and supply of money, and of its purely *representative* value; which, it is urged, should be left absolutely unembarrassed by legislation.)

The Children's Garland from the Best Poets. Selected and arranged by Coventry Patmore. Cambridge: Sever & Francis. (Another exquisite volume, uniform with "The Golden Treasury"; containing, not poetry about children, nor what is commonly reckoned "children's poetry," but such of the finest poems as intelligent children can enjoy. The series promises to be the most ornamental, and one of the most valuable, issued by the American press.)

*** *The present number of the Examiner has been delayed a few days, in expectation of a paper upon "Loyalty in the West," which we hope to present in September.*

Digitized by Google

WALKER, WISE, & CO.,

245 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON,

General Publishers and Booksellers.

PUBLISHERS OF THE WORKS OF

CHANNING, DEWEY, ELIOT, HILL, NORTON, PEABODY,
SEARS, LAMSON, MARTINEAU,
BARTOL, CLARKE,

and other leading LIBERAL CHRISTIAN minds. Publishers, also, of the *American Edition* of the celebrated

"ESSAYS AND REVIEWS,"

TRACTS FOR PRIESTS AND PEOPLE,

and a number of

CHOICE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN,

concerning which the *North American Review* says: "We consider emphatically, that the imprimatur of WALKER, WISE, & Co. upon a book for young readers is a guaranty of its purity of taste, its high moral character, and its substantial usefulness."

Among our *Latest Publications* are: —

ALTAR AT HOME. *Second Series.* With about one hundred and fifty Original Prayers, by some thirty of our most eminent Clergymen. With appropriate Selections. 16mo. 75 cents.

PRAYERS. By THEODORE PARKER. 16mo. With admirable likeness of Mr. Parker, engraved on steel, by SCHOFF. Cloth, extra, 75 cents.

REJECTED STONE; or, Insurrection *vs.* Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia. 12mo. Cloth, 62 cents.

HEBREW MEN AND TIMES, from the Patriarchs to the Messiah. By REV. J. H. ALLEN. 12mo. $1.

RESULTS OF SLAVERY. By M. COCHIN. 12mo. $1.50.

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION. By M. COCHIN. 12mo. $1.50.

☞ We also keep, on sale, a GENERAL STOCK of

Standard Books

in all departments of Literature, and supply

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, PARISH, OR PRIVATE LIBRARIES

promptly, and on the most favorable terms.

WALKER, WISE, & CO.,

BOSTON.

Digitized by Google

☞ *The Postage on the Examiner, when paid quarterly in advance, is two cents a copy, or twelve cents a year.*

CONTENTS.

Art.		Page
I.	Conditions of Belief	1
II.	Mrs. Browning's Essays on the Poets	24
III.	Rome, Republican and Imperial	44
IV.	The Pulpit in the Past	61
V.	Kinglake and his Critics	81
VI.	The Colenso Controversy	97
VII.	Art and Artists of America	114
VIII.	Review of Current Literature	128

Theology. Colenso on the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua, 128. Mr. Martineau's Book of Common Prayer, 131. Christian Hymn-Book, 132. — *Science and Philosophy.* Scientific Annual, 133. Lyell's Antiquity of Man, 134. Huxley on the Position of Man, 136. Brace's Races of the Old World, 136. Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe, 137. — *History and Biography.* Life of St. Bernard, 139. Gorges and Popham, 143. Two Thousand Confessors, 143. — *Geography and Travels.* Servia and the Servians, 144. Siberian Exile, 145. China and the Chinese, 145. The Yang-Tsze, 146. Capital of the Tycoon, 146. Japanese Fragments, 147. Wild Scenes in South America, 148. — *Miscellaneous.* Story of Elizabeth, 148. Hoyt's Miscellaneous Writings, 150. Calvert's "Gentleman," 150. Emerson's "London," 152. New American Cyclopædia, 153. Chambers's Encyclopædia, 154.

New Publications Received 155

University Press:
Welch, Bigelow, and Company,
Cambridge.

Digitized by Google

Sept. 9 1863 Boston Ch Ex

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CCXXXIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

BOSTON:
BY THE PROPRIETORS,
AT WALKER, WISE, & CO.'S, 245 WASHINGTON STREET.
LONDON: EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178 STRAND.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by T. B. Fox and Jos. Henry Allen, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

The Christian Examiner

is published on the first of January, March, May, July, September, and November, by the Proprietors, at Walker, Wise, & Co.'s Bookstore, 245 Washington Street, Boston, in numbers of at least 156 octavo pages each, at *four dollars* a year, payable *in advance*.

The Examiner will be sent, *by mail*, to any part of the United States, free of postage, on the remittance of a year's subscription *strictly in advance*.

☞ Single numbers *seventy-five cents* each.

☞ Volumes of the Examiner, neatly bound in cloth, will be given in exchange for numbers, at *twenty-five cents* a volume.

☞ A few complete sets of the Christian Examiner, from the commencement of the work to the present time, can be obtained on application to the Proprietors, at 245 Washington Street, Boston.

THOS. B. FOX,
JOS. HENRY ALLEN,
Proprietors.

Digitized by Google

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

Art. I. — TERTULLIAN AND MONTANISM.

1. Tertulliani *Opera edidit* Franciscus Oehler. Lipsiæ: T. O. Wegel. 1853.
2. *Library of the Fathers.* — Tertullian. Translated by the Rev. C. Dodgson, M. A. Oxford: John Henry Parker. 1842.
3. Neander's *Planting of Christianity*, and *Antignostikus*. Translated from the German by J. E. Ryland. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1859.
4. *The Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Centuries, illustrated from the Writings of Tertullian.* By John, Bishop of Lincoln. London: Francis and John Rivington.
5. *Hippolytus and his Age. Or the Beginnings and Prospects of Christianity.* By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen. Second Edition. 1854. Vol. I. *Hippolytus and the Teachers of the Apostolical Age.*

In the first of these volumes we have, in their newest presentation, the heterogeneous writings of Tertullian, just as he coined them out of his fiery heart. Such of them as were written before he became a Montanist, and a few of doubtful character, have been translated by Mr. Dodgson for the Oxford "Library of the Fathers." The translation exhibits no more of the spirit of the original than such an original must needs transmit. All that is given in the shape of notes and dissertations is vitiated by the editor's unfortunate conception of Tertullian's secession from the Church. He regards it as a sudden leap, and a very criminal one at that. The investigation of the Bishop of Lincoln is made very dull, for any one outside his own Church, by its persistency in referring everything to the canons

Digitized by Google

of that institution. Bunsen's brief sketch is valuable; but Neander's excellent monograph will do more than any of these towards giving the general reader a clear conception of Tertullian's work and spirit, and the times in which his lot was cast. The treatise, in its revised form, was one of the last results of the great German's Herculean toil. It impresses us as being better in parts than as a whole, perhaps from its very nature as a critique of Tertullian's separate works. It is a matter of regret that, since English theology is so deficient in its criticism of the great tendencies of the early Church, no one can be found to unlock for us the treasures of the German mind in this department of research. The writings of Baur and the *Montanismus* of Schwegler would be a welcome accession. But the best books do not soonest find translators.

Not all the Fathers seem real to us to-day. It is hard to think that some of them were men of flesh and blood, with human hearts and human passions like our own. We would find some point of union with them, but we cannot. If in the darkness of our souls we stretch out our hands to them, they put not forth their own, or it is as if we touched that of a corpse. And then the performance of these men seems so disproportionate to their opportunities. They wasted their strength in believing, and forgot to do and be. The echoes of Christ's footfalls had hardly died upon the earth, when they began to warp his tropes into dogma and his parables into creed, and could find nothing deeper than shallow doctrine in the agony of the Garden and the suffering of the Cross.

Doubtless the records are most unfair to these men, and tell dreadful falsehoods in not telling all the truth about them. Perhaps they were good citizens, and kind husbands, and true friends. Who knows? But we must take them as we find them, and, so taking them, they seem real or unreal to us with reference to two simple questions. Were they or were they not the representatives of some marked idea, truth, or tendency? Did they or did they not subordinate words to actions, and belief to life? As regards the first point, it does not matter whether the idea or tendency is a favorite one with us. We only ask that our writer or hero shall stand for this thing or for that, and not dabble among all things. The ground of

Digitized by Google

interest in a man is that he be good after his kind, and that his kind be marked distinctly. We are scarcely less interested by the narrowness of Peter's faith than by the breadth of Paul's. Tertullian stands this test. He is a better Montanist than Montanus himself. The object of Neander in the *Antignostikus* is to show that Tertullian is the proper representative of the Realistic tendency and system, which he sets over against the Idealistic with its ultra and moderate wings, its veritable Gnosticism, and its Alexandrian school. As the representative of this practical system, he must, if true to it, stand our second test as well, — must subordinate words to actions and belief to life. And this Tertullian certainly did.

The conception involved in Montanism has struggled into higher and lower forms of expression at every stage of the development of the Christian Church. It is the world's protest against conventional limitations of faith, — an utterance, oftimes a very imperfect one, no doubt, of man's belief in the immanent working of God. The idea of the Paraclete in the Gospel of John, the rude faith of Montanus himself, the higher and more imaginative expression of it in the writings of Tertullian, the Abbot Joachim's doctrine of the Everlasting Gospel, the belief of the sect of the Holy Ghost, which flourished at the close of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century, — namely, that an age of the Holy Ghost was at hand, that it would incarnate itself in entire humanity,* — the mysticism of Fénelon and Madame Guyon, the Quaker's "inner light," and the Methodist's illumination, with Dr. Temple's notion of the "education of the world," — these thoughts of periods so widely separated from each other are after all but different faces of this diamond truth, — that the heavens are never closed, revelation never ceases, God never dies.

This was the deeper meaning of Montanistic thought. It had another less lofty meaning, which perhaps was more apparent. That was its unconscious truth, this its conscious expression. It is from the second point of view that we perceive that these Montanists were the pietists and "latter-day saints" of the second century. So viewed, their movement

* Neander, General Church History, Vol. IV. p. 448.

Digitized by Google

appears reactionary, its apparent cause the increase of worldliness and moral laxity, its evident purpose to renew ancient faith and discipline. To the body of the Church, the movement appeared extravagant. For, in fact, its method, being that of the first century, was out of harmony with the third. Without a belief in the wonder-working power of faith, we can scarcely account for the growth of early Christianity. The Montanist thought he had a right to expect that the conditions of the birth of Christianity would be those of its continuous development. The Church at large saw no necessity, and began to doubt the possibility, of a continuance of the miraculous element. Hence antagonism.

"We should but poorly understand this product," says Neander, "growing out of the developing process in the early Church, if we considered the personal character of the founder, by whom the first impulse was given, as the main cause of all the succeeding effects." We should be thankful that Neander was pleased to say this in his quiet way, since no one can suspect him of sympathizing too deeply with the method of Buckle and Comte.

The personal influence of the fanatical and unlettered Phrygian is altogether inadequate to account for the effects which followed his appearance. We cannot regard him as introducing any new elements, but only as being made the exponent of elements long existing, as furnishing "a point of attachment around which all these elements would gather." "And yet," as Neander tells us, "while we are careful not to overrate the importance of Montanus, we should also guard against the error of allowing him none at all." Though little is known of him, his existence is too well accredited for us to suppose that he was but the personification or general tendency. Although he does not account for Montanism, we cannot account for Montanism without him. When the great ice-mass is ready for its fall, a footstep on the mountain-side is enough to start it on its way. So the anti-speculative, anti-traditional, world-resisting tendencies of the Church waited for the coming of a Montanus to set them free. And he was not needless, any more than the traveller's footstep was needless to the avalanche's fall.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Mackay, in his "Rise and Progress of Christianity," tells us that Montanism had much in common with Gnosis. But other writers, and Neander among them, have not thought so. "Both were based on individual consciousness of elevated sentiment and Divine inspiration"; but as they struggle forth into conscious expression, they have nothing in common but an unmistakable hostility to the regular development of the Church. Gnosticism was a thing of the intellect, Montanism a matter of the heart. So far as speculation was concerned, Montanism was retrogressive in its character. The speculation of Gnosticism was not only free, but wild. It claimed, moreover, a spiritual insight and infallibility for the individual, which the instinct of self-preservation compelled the Church to deny him altogether, while laying claim to it in her corporate capacity. Its rationalizing and generalizing tendencies were altogether incompatible with the notion of a strict ecclesiasticism, and in merging the simple meaning of the Gospel in philosophic ideas, and thus removing it from the possibility of being popularly apprehended, it plainly was at war with the universalizing spirit of the Church. From almost any point of view, the vital conflict between Church and Gnosis is sufficiently apparent.

So, too, the difference between Gnosis and Montanism, already hinted at. For while Gnosis caught up and fused into a mystic system everything that was ideal and transcendental in the time, Montanism, in going back to the Apocalyptic eschatology, and seeking to carry out to the letter all that was severest in the theory of the Apostolic age, was necessarily practical in its character, and involved a union of all the Realistic, and therefore Anti-Gnostic, forces of the time. The movement was not Oriental in its character. It embodied the spirit of the legal, practical West, as opposed to the mystical and speculative East, — Rome, so fond of definition, matched against Alexandria, so fond of dreams.

At first glance, the gulf between Montanism and the Church seems anything but impassable. It offered nothing beyond the Scripture in the shape of doctrine, admitted, in fact, the immutability of doctrinal tradition, and, in matters of discipline, did not so much advance new ideas as it demanded a rigid

Digitized by Google

application of those already in vogue. But a Montanistic writing of North Africa gives us the key-note of the system when it says, "Faith ought not to be so weak and despondent as to suppose that God's grace was powerful only among the ancients." It claimed the inspiration of the Holy Ghost still operating through prophet souls. Moreover, the Holy Ghost was not partial, and any person was liable to be a prophet. To all of which the Church would say again and again, "The Law and the Prophets were until John."

The Montanistic notion of inspiration and prophecy certainly involved a return to the Old Testament stand-point, making the gulf as wide as possible between the human and Divine. Neander tells us that the New Testament aimed at a union between the two, grounded in redemption. However this may be, the instinct of the Church certainly led it to seek for such a union, in doing which it must cease to regard revelation as a thing external to the soul, and recognize the possibility of its coming into combination with purely human forces. "The supernatural must continually become more natural, and the age of revelation and miracles must be succeeded by that of operations carried on by the agency of the human mind, as animated by the Divine Spirit: to the formation of such a process is opposed that tendency which would retain forever in an equal degree the element of the supernatural, — of inspiration when the mind can be only passive." Such was the tendency of Montanism, and there was war between it and the Church. What harmony between stiff traditionalism and the Montanist's notion of the free operation of the Spirit? And the prophetess Maximilla had announced, "After me, no more prophesying, but the end." What harmony between this notion and ecclesiastical consolidation and the world-appropriating spirit of the Church? Montanism meant ascetism, it meant exclusiveness, — it might mean individualism.

We are now prepared to speak of its greatest representative and most able advocate. The Idealism of the East, in its attempt to substitute a true Gnosis *in* the Church for a false Gnosis *outside* of it, found its truest and ablest representative in the great Origen. The opposing Realism of the West attained its highest conscious expression in the bold, passionate, and eloquent Tertullian.

Digitized by Google

Quintus Septimius Florens Tertullianus, the son of a proconsular centurion, was probably born at Carthage, in the latter part of the second century. He flourished at the close of this century and the beginning of the third. We learn from his writings that he was at first a heathen, of those "once blind without the light of the Lord." At this time he appears to have been an advocate or *rhetor*. Bunsen without hesitation ascribes to him the juristic fragments in the Pandects, which bear his name. Even if testimony of a more direct character were denied us,* we might infer, from the bitterness with which he speaks of the corruptions of the heathen world, that he did not know of them only at second hand. And as sinner or saint it was not possible for this man to go half-way. Paul's remembrance of the time when "he breathed forth threatenings and slaughter," and the cry of Augustine, "Too late have I come to thee, O thou Beauty, so ancient and yet so new, — too late have I come to love thee," — are not more sad than the backward glances of Tertullian to a time the thought of which was like a curse. We shudder with him at the mention of that time, as when, in speaking of the gladiatorial shows, he tells us: "No one who has not been a spectator of these scenes can adequately describe them. I would rather fail in describing, than think of them again." No doubt it was the rebound from the sins and follies of his early life which compelled him, in his Christian experience, to adopt that ascetic method which most naturally, at a later period, found a point of union with the Montanistic spirit of the time. He does not appear to have embraced Christianity until he arrived at manhood. We do not learn from his own writings whether he had an office in the Church before his secession. Jerome tells us that he was a presbyter. His commanding talents make it probable. But it must have been at Carthage rather than at Rome, as Jerome would have us believe.

Christianity, though it might redeem, could not transform, the character of this man. Heathen or Christian, he must still be angular and rough, still be hot-headed and warm-hearted. "We find the new wine in an old bottle," says

* De Resurrect. Carnis, Cap. 59.

Digitized by Google

Neander, "and the tang which it has contracted there may easily embarrass the inexperienced judge." As Saul the persecutor and "Paul the servant of Jesus Christ," though different, are yet the same, so we know that Tertullian, at every stage of his life, must have been quick-tempered, impatient of contradiction, not slow to condemn, yet ready to forgive, impulsive, fearless, positive, and strong. "He was a man of smart and acute wit," says Dr. Cave, "though a little too much edged with keenness and satyrism. *Acris et vehementis ingenii*, as St. Jerome characters him, one that knew not how to treat an adversary without salt and sharpness." "A man of such quick and weighty parts," Vicentius tells us, "that there was scarcely anything which he set himself against that he did not either pierce through with the acumen of his wit, or batter down with the strength and solidity of his arguments."

Bunsen makes Tertullian's departure from the Church coincide with the terrible persecution of Severus, which took place in the eleventh year of his reign, in the year 202 of our era. Jerome is pleased to account for it by the envy and persecution of the Roman priesthood; but his opinion is very much invalidated when we remember the bitterness with which he regarded the Roman clergy, and how prone the Church has always been to account for the secession of her members by external considerations. Pamelius again accounts for his secession on the ground of disappointed ambition, the absurdity of which is apparent when we remember how void of pretence was the character of this man,* how little desirous he could ever have been of any outward distinction, and, furthermore, which is a much stronger consideration, how perfectly congenial to his habit of mind the doctrines and practices of the new Prophecy must have been.

As a Montanist, notwithstanding the new duties that must have devolved upon him as a leader of the opposition, as he would naturally and actually did become, he still applied himself as indefatigably as before to the exposition and defence of the Christian doctrines. Bunsen and Neander alike assign

* Spiritual pretence he had, no doubt. But this would lead him to seek the desert rather than a bishopric. It was so with the later ascetics.

Digitized by Google

all of his polemic writings, except the *Præscriptio adversus Hæreticos*, to this period. Of the close of his life we know nothing. It is not likely that he suffered martyrdom, since we have not even a legend, as in Justin's case, pointing to such an event. That God was not pleased to grant him such great honor must have been a sadder thing than death to his great, passionate soul. He would have asked no higher boon, and nothing could seem more fitting, than that a harsh death should end so harsh a life, — that, having lived in battle, he should pass in storm.

The writings of Tertullian which relate to the connection of Christians with the heathen world are deeply interesting in their character. Now with fiery rhetoric and no mean logic he vindicates the cause of the first, and attacks the vices of the second. Again, from the fountains of his own abiding faith, he pours forth healing waters to refresh and strengthen the souls of those who waste in dungeons,

"Longing, and yet afraid to die."

And here most strongly do we feel, in considering the method of his consolation, that, since we cannot ascribe the work * to the Montanistic period of his life, there must have been Montanism in the very fibre of his soul. Anon he summons the soul as an unconscious witness of the Christian's doctrines and the Christian's God: —

"I summon thee, not such as when formed in the schools, exercised in libraries, nourished in the Academies and Porches of Athens, thou utterest thy crude wisdom. I address thee as simple and rude and unpolished and unlearned, such as they have thee who have only thee; the very and entire thing that thou art, in the road, in the highway, in the weaver's factory."

The tract *Ad Martyres* is the first writing of this class in order of time. The occasion of it was, no doubt, the persecution attendant on the refusal of Christians of the stricter sort to participate in the public festivities with which Severus celebrated his final triumph over Piscennius in the East and Albinus in Gaul. As the rescript of Trajan had never been

* The tract *Ad Martyres*.

Digitized by Google

repealed, Christianity still remained a *religio illicita*, and its followers were liable, at any time and for the most fanciful reasons, to be subjected to popular outrage, or imprisonment and death at the hands of unfriendly magistrates. "If the Tiber overflows the walls, if the Nile does not irrigate the fields, if the skies are shut, if the earth quakes, if there is a famine or a pestilence, immediately the cry is raised, *Christianos ad leonem!*" Such abuses called out the two Apologies of Justin under Marcus Antoninus; such, under Aurelius, some thirty years later, summoned him to "witness a good confession"; and now again, in A. D. 197, similar outrages filled the prisons with the condemned, and furnished occasion for Tertullian's earnest words of encouragement and consolation. Many expressions throughout the tract show us how strong was his mental relationship to Montanism; as, for instance, his comparison of the world to a prison, and his condemnation of those whom he considered too anxious to supply the bodily wants of their imprisoned friends. The former of these passages is quite remarkable: —

"For if we only reflect that this world itself is a prison, we must think that we are rather come out of a prison than entered into one. The world has greater darkness, with which it blinds the hearts of men. It imposes heavier fetters, — fetters which bind the very souls of men. . . . . Darkness is in the prison, but ye yourselves are light. It has fetters, but in God's sight ye are free. Its air is noisome, but ye are a sweet-smelling savor. Ye are waiting for the judge; but ye shall judge the judges themselves. Shall he be sad there, who sighs for the enjoyments of the world? Outside the prison, the Christian has renounced the world; but in prison, the prison also. It matters not where ye are in the world, who are not of the world."

And again: —

"The prison is to the Christian what the desert was to the prophets. The Lord himself frequently retired into solitude, that he might pray more freely, and be apart from the world: lastly, he manifested his glory to his disciples in solitude. Let us discard the name of prison, and call it retirement. Though the body is shut up, though the flesh is detained, yet all things are open to the spirit."

It is possible, though by no means certain, that the writing *De Spectaculis* was called out by the festivities, for refusing

Digitized by Google

to participate in which the persons addressed in the tract *Ad Martyres* were cast into prison. It deals with a most difficult question, which could not be blinked, however, by any earnest Christian in Tertullian's time, — "How far the Christian may venture to place himself on a level with the world, and adopt its existing manners and forms of life; and how far this may be done without doing violence to Christian principles and the Christian spirit." We feel at once that there is no danger of Tertullian's erring on the side of a too pliant accommodation. Rather he will advocate the rejection of every heathen usage, to the most absolute extent. Very few old bottles will he find worthy of his new wine. Not one jot of sympathy will he have with anything that looks like appropriation of the world. And we are not disappointed. Did we not feel certain that, if he had been a Montanist at this time, he would have fallen back on the specific commands of the Paracletic revelation, we should certainly class the writing among his Montanistic works. But he is obliged to defend himself on the ground that the Scripture must be interpreted with reference to its general principles, particular applications of which often render it obligatory to do certain things not specially commanded. The clearness with which he distinguishes between the theatres themselves and the use that is made of them, goes far to absolve him from the charge of superstition.

"May God avert from his people such a love of destructive pleasure," he goes on to say. "For what is it to go from the church of God to the church of the Devil? to weary those hands in applauding a player which thou hast been lifting up to God? to give a testimony to a gladiator with a mouth that has said Amen to the Holy One? to say '*for ever and ever*' to any being save to God and Christ, — *εἰς αἰῶνας ἀπ' αἰῶνος alii omnino dicere nisi Deo et Christo?*"

This passage gains additional interest, as indicating that liturgical forms and responses were already in use. In conclusion, he contrasts the joys that the Christian gains with those that he abandons.

"Wouldst thou have fightings and wrestlings? Behold immodesty cast down by chastity, perfidy slain by fidelity, cruelty crushed by compassion, impudence eclipsed by modesty. Such are our contests, in

Digitized by Google

which we gain the crown. Wouldst thou also have somewhat of blood? Thou hast Christ's."

The closing passage of the tract is simply devilish. All attempts to excuse it, with the indignation heaped on Gibbon for quoting it as he does,* seem altogether absurd. It shows plainly enough that Christianity had not been able to subdue the natural harshness of his disposition, if it does not also show that that harshness had been increased by a too careful study of certain portions of Scripture, which are beacons, not to guide us into safe harbors, but to keep us from perilous shoals.

"And yet there remain other shows: that last and eternal day of judgment, the unlooked for, the scorned of the nations, when all the ancient things of the earth, and all that are rising into life, shall be consumed in one fire. What then shall be the expanse of this show! How shall I wonder, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult! beholding so many kings declared to be admitted into Heaven, with Jupiter himself and all that testify of him groaning together in the lowest darkness."

There is more and worse. But that Tertullian should write thus in the third century seems not so strange, when we find his Oxford editor in the nineteenth commenting as follows: "A truth lies at the basis of this painful description, since Scripture says, 'The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance.'"

The tract *De Idololatria*, the *Apologeticus*, and the treatise *De Testimonio Animal*, are writings of a similar character, written before he left the Church. In the first, the attempt is made to show in how many ways idolatry may be committed. He calls upon all who get their livelihood by the manufacture and decoration of idols to resign their employment. He manifests a tendency which, if carried out, would separate the Church entirely from the world. He is hostile to commerce; he unconditionally denounces traffic in anything that may serve the purposes of heathen worship. He would not have a Christian accept any magisterial office.

---

* Roman Empire, Vol. I. Ch. XV. Sec. 2. His translation is slightly incorrect, but does little violence to the original.

Digitized by Google

"Who should more have used these honors than the Son of God? What faces, and how many, would have attended him! What purple would have glistened on his shoulders! What gold would have gleamed from his head, if he had not decided that the glory of the world was foreign to him and his followers! What, therefore, he would not have he rejected, and what he rejected he condemned, and what he condemned he assigned to the pomp of the Devil."

The Apology presents to us a most vivid picture of the suffering Christian community. Hard indeed was the lot of its members, — arrested without authority, condemned without a hearing, executed without judgment. Most earnestly, and most beautifully at times, does Tertullian demand that the Church shall have at least the liberty to defend herself.

"She asketh no favor for her cause, because she feeleth no wonder at her condition. She knoweth that she liveth a stranger upon earth, that among aliens she easily findeth foes; but that she hath her birth, her hope, her favor, and her worth in the heavens. One thing, meanwhile, she earnestly desireth, that she be not condemned unknown."

He contrasts the foolish charges brought against the Christians with the unconscious testimony to their purity of life. That he was not without such speculative temper as could not always be curbed by his will or spoiled by his imagination is shown when he sets forth the difference between Christianity and the philosophic systems in their relation to the world. There is in this analysis the strongest mixture of strength and weakness. Clearness and dulness have met together; bigotry and truth have kissed each other. Anselm long afterward expressed the same thought in somewhat similar language. "I strive not, Lord, to pierce thy height, but I desire to understand thy truth, which my heart believes and loves." Tertullian thought that the philosopher's attempt was the exact reverse of this. He sought truth in order that he might gratify his intellectual faculties, his interest in it being altogether subjective. But "Christians seek the truth impelled by an inward necessity, and retain it in its integrity as men anxious for their salvation." The charges against the Christians were of the most dreadful sort, — no less than cannibalism and incest. The heat of Africa and the fury of her sand-storms

Digitized by Google

are in his reply. Eternal joys would be dearly bought by such sacrifice of all natural feeling. Can it be that he was a father himself, he speaks of the little one so tenderly, "the foe of none, the accused of none, the child of all"?

The Apologies of the second century were anything but conciliatory in their tone, and must, it would seem, if read, have made the matter infinitely worse. The way in which Tertullian contrasts the Roman virtue of earlier days with that of his time could but the more exasperate the enemies of the Church.

"In the women now, owing to their gold, no limb is light; owing to their wine, no kiss is free; and for divorce, — it is now even the object of a wish, as if it were the proper fruit of matrimony."

In the tract *De Testimonio Animæ*, Tertullian asserts man's immediate consciousness of certain spiritual truths. A believer in original sin he was, no doubt, but a much stronger believer in original goodness. "O testimony of the soul, by very nature a Christian," he says, in the Apology. The title of a later tract, *Testimonium Animæ Naturaliter Christianæ*, explains its purpose. "The soul divines what is Divine," he tells us. Man's natural consciousness, he thinks, cannot be at fault. The unity of God is proved from men's casual expressions, e. g. "God sees all things," "God judge between us," in which they use the word *Deus*, and not the name of this god or the other.

Belonging to the same class with the works which we have already mentioned are the tracts *De Corona Militis*, *De Fuga in Persecutione*, *Contra Gnosticos Scorpiace*, and the address *Ad Scapulam*, all written after his secession. The occasion of the first was the refusal on the part of a soldier in the army of Severus to wear a garland at a time when largesses were to be distributed. The soldier was thrown into prison, and many Christians united with the heathen in condemning him. They declared that the wearing of garlands was not disallowed in holy writ. But Tertullian undertook the man's defence. No doubt he would have done this before he became a Montanist; but now he did it the more heartily, and, identifying the opposers of Montanism with those who could not approve of the soldier's stiffness, he attacks them boldly, charging the bishops

Digitized by Google

with cowardice, calling them "lions in peace, but deer in war." In the absence of any positive command, he lays down the maxim, "Whatever is not expressly permitted is forbidden," and still, in default of Scripture proof, falls back on tradition. His argument against crown-wearing, on natural grounds, is, to say the least, amusing. In the Apology, it was: "I use flowers as I think most agreeably, when free and loose and straying out of all order. But if we have them gathered into a wreath, we have our wreath for the nose. Let those please themselves who smell with the hair." And now he says: "It is as much against nature to follow after flowers by the head, as to follow after food by the ear, or sound by the nose."

In the *De Fuga* and *Scorpiace*, the desire for martyrdom which we find in *De Corona* has grown into a passion, and, in opposition to the idea that it should be avoided, the revelations of the Paraclete* are referred to as decisive. "Be unwilling to die on your beds in miscarriages and soft fevers, but desire to die in martyrdom, that He may be glorified who suffered for you."

In those writings of Tertullian which concern the private and Church life of the Christian, that ethical warmth, in which Bunsen places his chief strength, is most clearly manifested. No writer of the first centuries attained sublimer views of Christianity in its moral aspects than he. The writing *De Patientia* is perhaps the most beautiful of this class. Its pervading love contrasts strangely with the harshness which marks so many of Tertullian's works. He did not himself fail to perceive how foreign was the Divine patience of which he spoke to the natural bitterness of his disposition. "I confess before God, my Lord, that I venture, rashly enough if not shamelessly, to write concerning patience, for the practice of which I am altogether unfit, as a man in whom there is no good thing." Still he would reason about that which he cannot enjoy, "like those sick persons who, while they lack health, know not how to be silent about its blessings." Patience is

* We are not justified in supposing that Tertullian thought that Montanus himself was the Paraclete. He was *one* of its instruments.

Digitized by Google

the soul of Christianity, the true imitation of its Founder, who was himself its perfect living image. In many passages there is quietism, if it is not something better. He would not, by his own wilful action, hinder the action of the Divine through him.

> "Why labor at the dull mechanic oar,
> When the fresh breeze is blowing,
> And the strong current flowing
> Right onward to the eternal shore?"

The writings on Prayer and Baptism belong to this period of his life, as also the two tracts *Ad Uxorem*. The first of these advises his wife not to marry again in case of his death, the objection being thus stated: —

"The husband being dead by the will of God, the marriage also is dead by the will of God. Wouldst thou restore a relation to which God has put an end? . . . . . The joy of having children is the bitterest of joys. What can we wish better for them than we wish for ourselves, — that they be taken to the Lord, out of this wicked, persecuting world? 'And woe unto them that are with child, to them that give suck in those days.'"

In the second book, he is less unwilling that his wife again marry; but he would have her wed no one but a Christian. He supports his thesis with a great array of texts and arguments. It is not likely that any writings of the early Church contributed more than these to clothe marriage with that lofty significance which, as a sacrament of the Church, it afterward obtained. The difference between them and his Montanistic writings on the same subject is very strongly marked. In the first of these, *De Exhortatione Castitatis*, a second marriage is not merely inexpedient, — it is a crime. But he argues almost exclusively from the Christian, and not from the Montanistic point of view. This distinguishes it from the tract *De Monogamia*, where he appeals directly to the Paracletic revelation. The objection that the race would die out is easily met. It was near the "end of the times," and no more men were needed. It did not occur to Tertullian that in this matter he could marry the sensuous and spiritual elements of his conception, and that their union would be beautiful. So he would dissever them altogether, and we have the germ of

Digitized by Google

that unnatural relation of the *Subintroductæ* in the later ascetic phenomena.

"A partnership of domestic burdens is necessary. *Have a spiritual wife;* take a widow, adorned with faith, dowered with poverty, guarded by age. You will have married well. To have even more wives of this kind is acceptable to God."

The doctrinal views of Tertullian are to be found, for the most part, in his polemic works, scattered over a wide ground, and never developed harmoniously or in logical connection. Notwithstanding his avowed hostility to all speculation, the impressible life of the man will manifest itself here, no less than in his more congenial labors.

His strict monotheism was manifested in opposition to the dualism of the Gnostics and the Valentinian doctrine of Æons. But the purity of his conception is marred by that materialism which so constantly fettered him. He insisted so much on God's being substantial, that he made him corporeal. But there is nothing gross in his idea.* The corporeity which he asserts cannot convict him of anthropomorphism. The Stoics, while insisting on the first notion, certainly avoided the second. And he does as well.

But his failure here is the condition of his success when we come to the doctrine of the Logos. For it is in virtue of his materialist notions that he can so readily conceive how God should send forth from himself a being of like substance, related to him as the sunbeam to the sun. In the beginning, God was alone; and yet not alone, "because he had with him that Reason which he had in himself." This seems to be his expression of God's self-consciousness. The Word, the Son, that was implied in this Reason and proceeded from it, stands for God's consciousness of himself as creating. "One may say," says Bunsen, "that the Sonship is, to Tertullian, God in his relation to the world, — God in his mundane activity, — that element in God which is turned to finiteness. His illustration is that of thought and speech. Life is full of contradictions. Could an angel from heaven have convinced

* Indeed, Tertullian is never gross; even his millennial notions are far from being so. He contrasts most favorably with Irenæus in this respect.

Digitized by Google

Tertullian, to whom 'nothing was more foreign than the state,' that the time would come when, in the great Council of Nicæa, this doctrine of the unity of substance would, at the beck of the red-handed Constantine, be made the keystone of the Church's creed?"

In Tertullian's view of human nature, what was original with him was his traducianism. It resulted naturally from his corporeal conception of the soul. In the soul of Adam was the germ of all souls. In refusing to submit his will to God's, Adam sinned, and the taint of his soul was propagated. In the light of what we know to-day of inherited diseases and transmitted tendencies, we can see how sad a truth was hinted at in this philosophy. But history and science alike teach us that this is but half the story. "God makes new Adams every day."

"Yet there is," he says, "in the soul that original good, divine and genuine, and which is properly natural to it. For what comes from God is not extinguished, but rather obscured. For it cannot be extinguished, because it is of God."

In most of the Fathers we have a threefold division of human nature, which they think is justified by the Scriptures. Thus, according to Justin, man is made up of body, animal soul, and thinking reason, while in Christ the Logos takes the place of this reason. But Tertullian accepts no such division. Man is simply body and soul; while in Christ the natural human soul is the mediating element between his body and the Logos. The relation of Christ to the Father is thus expressed: "I call the ray sun, but not the sun ray. So I call the Son God, but not God the Son." These views were heretical to the later Church; but they were so in virtue of their realistic rather than their Montanistic sense. In Tertullian's conception of the Holy Spirit, as proceeding from the Father through the Son, there is nothing which was not already in the Church. His doctrine of salvation is very indefinite and obscure, at one time indicating such views as Augustine and Luther afterwards held, at another implying the Catholic doctrine of merit.

Tertullian's arguments in favor of such a progressive reve-

Digitized by Google

lation as was implied in Montanism are quite fully developed in the tract *De Virginibus Velandis*: —

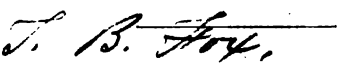
"In the works of grace as in the works of nature, which proceed from the same Creator, everything unfolds itself by certain successive steps. From the seed-kernel shoots forth first the plant; then comes the blossom, and finally this becomes the fruit, which itself arrives at maturity only by degrees. So the kingdom of God unfolds itself by certain stages. In the first place there was the fear of God awakened by the voice of Nature, without a revealed law (the Patriarchal religion). Next follows the stage of childhood under the Law and Prophets; then that of youth under the Gospel; and at length the unfolding of spiritual life to the fulness of manhood through the new outpouring of the Holy Ghost, as connected with the appearance of Montanus through the new instructions of the promised Paraclete. How should the work of God stand still and make no progressive movement, while the kingdom of evil is continually enlarging itself and acquiring new strength?"

The character of Tertullian was reflected in an earnest, impetuous, headlong style, the rudeness of which was indefinitely increased through his difficulty in struggling to express himself in the defective Latinity of Northern Africa. The use of legal forms, while sometimes forcible, oftener tends to confuse. Balzac compares his diction to the brilliancy of ebony. Carlyle uses words in a very different connection, which describe it better: "Short sun-gleams with long tropical tornadoes; touches of guitar-music soon followed by Lisbon earthquakes." It has been said that his earnestness was a rhetorical earnestness, and no index of his life and character. But in reading him, one is rather tempted to think that the man was even better than his books. A strange vanity it must have been that would lead one in Tertullian's time to be as bold as he was in the name of a despised and persecuted sect. If fame was all, could he not have walked to it by a more flowery path than that which led to the dungeon and the arena?

Heresy is continually hardening into creed. The radicalism of one century is the conservatism of the next. Much that was esteemed heretical in Tertullian passed over into the creed and practice of the Mediæval Church, while Protestantism was the attempt to build a communion after the pattern which he saw in the Mount: *Ubi Spiritus, ibi Ecclesia.* His was the

Digitized by Google

true Apostolic succession, not that of bishops and of priests, but of all men on whom the Holy Ghost descends. His superstition, his weakness, his passion, were born of his period, were nourished by its prejudices, and should be buried in its grave. But his earnestness, his devotion, his hatred of cant, of hypocrisy, and religious oppression, his willingness to follow God's beckoning hand wherever it might lead him, are for us also, and for all time. "The animosities are mortal, but the humanities live forever."



Art. II. — THE REALITY OF FICTION.

Works of Charles Dickens. Household Edition. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley and John Gilbert. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Charles Dickens has grown gray telling stories, and is a story-teller still. How successful he has been in his vocation, and how welcomed by millions as a benefactor, is proved, among other things, by this new edition of his tales, admirably illustrated by the pencils of congenial artists. We avail ourselves of the appearance of these volumes to offer a few thoughts on the relation of works of fiction to the imagination and the moral nature. Each of them is a refutation of the common notion, that a sharp line divides the world of fiction from the world of fact; that in reading a novel we quit that which is real to converse with that which is unreal. That unique production, by which, at first and almost instantly, Dickens gained his popularity, exemplifies this remark. Every reader is acquainted with Sam Weller, has listened to his "Wellerisms," and laughed at the dry eccentricities of his devotion to the Pickwick Club. Every reader knows the bland, bald-headed President, the serene, simple-hearted philosopher, Mrs. Bardell's unsuspicious victim, with his round-eyed spectacles and his placid dignity. Equally familiar are the appearance and dress, the sayings and doings, the haps and mishaps, of each clearly individualized member of the

Digitized by Google

group, gathering round the central, rotund figure, "with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat-tails, and the other waving in the air to assist his declamation." So, too, of other personages created by the versatile pen of one whose genius has photographed his daily experiences and reproduced in the ideal the results of his observation, or the suggestions his receptive fancy is quick to take in the actual world. The vein of caricature which prevents their being genuine portraits brings out their individuality more sharply, and serves, as it does in the portraits of "Punch," as a substitute for the nicer touch and more delicate apprehension by which a "natural" character is made known in fiction or in actual life. We can often say of them, that they are not natural; we can never say that they are not real. It is a very suggestive fact, that Dickens's first experience in authorship was as a reporter of police trials. His studies were of distorted and exaggerated, but very genuine, specimens of humanity. The scenes of low life thus brought before him are often intensely dramatic, — more than in our smooth civilization we are apt to guess. Something of the distortion and the melodramatic tone remains even in "David Copperfield," and is very marked in "Bleak House," or "Dombey." But, like an actual scene in street or court-room, its sharp impression is not easily effaced. Shut the eyes and recall his stories, and what a procession of men, women, and children passes as distinctly incarnated and costumed as the men, women, and children daily encountered. The brothers Cheeryble, Tim Linkinwater, Newman Noggs, the Nicklebys, the Marchioness, Dick Swiveller, Oliver and Little Paul, Dot, Peerybingle, Captain Cuttle, Uriah Heep, — who does not know them even as he knows his acquaintance "in the flesh"? — who in his consciousness can separate them from veritable human beings? These "brain-children" of the tale-wright are no mere shadows, myths, or phantoms. The spiritual vision rivals the bodily vision in clearness; and, for all purposes of thought and feeling, mental and moral intercourse, the personages of romance are real personages.

In their full force, these remarks apply only to a certain department of fiction, — that in which characterization is the chief object, and the representation is meant to be dramatic,

Digitized by Google

or at least descriptive of active life. In some works of the imagination, local description, philosophizing, or moralizing is the aim. Persons and incidents are subordinate. These productions affect us by delicate or gorgeous painting of scenery, not by portraiture of people. They interest by splendor of diction, subtilty of wit, keen analysis, glowing eloquence, or critical insight. They do not give us men and women to grasp by the hand, to love or to hate, to listen to and sympathize with. They do not invite us to weep with those who weep, or to rejoice with those who rejoice. They may embody poetic thought, or vitalize dry metaphysics, or throw into dialogue or colloquial essays disquisitions on art; but they fail to incorporate human nature. They are nominally stories, but only nominally, owing to the fact that the actors as such do not engross attention, and it is not their fortunes we follow in the unfolding of the plot. They are treatises, narratives, or prose-poems; they lack the palpitations of the heart, the thrill of the nerves, or the manifestations of passion. It is in form and not in vitality that they are novels.

We are dealing here with writings of another class, distinguished by the fact that they are not pure inventions of the imagination. That faculty is exercised in their production, not so much in the way of creation as in the way of shaping, combining, and harmonizing in the fancy-woven fabrics materials gathered from real life. This is eminently the case with Dickens. The street has been his library. His converse has been with men rather than with books. His genius, if we may use such a phrase, is a gift at metempsychosis, whereby he transfers to his pages the denizens of the highways, blind alleys, and dingy courts, the odd or incongruous inhabitants of strange localities, retaining their sharply-defined features and deformities. The same is true of all really great novelists and dramatists. Sir Walter Scott's Prefaces and Annotations disclose the secret, if secret it may be called. Scenes that his own eye saw in the Canongate and the Grassmarket, old ballads picked up in turf huts and Highland glens, traditions and chronicles taken down as they came from living lips, were the romancer's course of study and his stock in trade. Fiction

Digitized by Google

gave back to reality what it first took from reality, as the clouds shed upon the earth the waters they drink from its bosom.

Indeed, the difference between society and books, when studied by the same observant eye, is not as great as we commonly imagine. Let us read society as we read a drama or a tale, — that is, with an eye to character and incident, — and we shall find in it as much of the grotesque or noble, as much of the comic, the tragic, or eccentric, as ever were stamped on the printed page. Strange modes of habitual speech, quaint mannerisms of all kinds, oddities in dress or action, exaggerated and demonstrative passions, which, if occurring in books, would be objected to as unnatural and impossible, are in everybody's social experience. Shakespeare never fails in appeals to consciousness, however far back he goes in time, or into whatever unfamiliar lands and surroundings he boldly ventures. The crowd on his stage is never a crowd of strangers, because we at once perceive nature in the mirror he holds up to it. This fact emboldens and justifies the criticism passed on those who essay impersonations of his characters. There are originals to refer to, in discussing the fidelity of the rendering. We can say with some positiveness whether Booth is Hamlet, Miss Cushman Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Kemble Lear, or Hackett the veritable Sir John in all his fatness, mendacity, seeming bravado, arrant cowardice, and perfect impudence of wit. There is, therefore, no paradox in saying that the essential thing in fiction is fact, — that it is the truth in it which makes it less strange than truth.

In this connection, the historical novel — an invention so modern as to be a new department in literature — claims attention. The historical novel takes for heroes or heroines those who lived or might have lived at a given time, and its plots hinge directly on actual events. These it treats with the freedom of poetic license, not adhering to the annals; and so, whilst as mere history it is not trustworthy, it is yet truer than the bald narratives it embellishes. If history is "biography with the brains knocked out," the historical novel puts the brains back again. It reproduces the past, not as a museum of skeleton dates and events, but as a living past. It gives us palpable manners and customs, — tells us how people lived,

Digitized by Google

dressed, conversed, — all in the style, not of the antiquarian, but of the biographer. This is what the great majority of readers want. Imagination is as needful to the right reading of history, as in works of pure fancy. Sir Walter Scott earned the title of "Wizard of the North" by the magic power which reproduced Old Scotland, refought its battles, remounted its steel-harnessed warriors, re-enacted its border feuds, repeopled its Highlands, restored the dark days of its Covenanters, revived its bygone superstitions, repaired its ruined castles, started afresh its Tolbooth riots, raised Claverhouse and his troopers from the dead. Beginning with the times of the Fair Maid of Perth, he came down almost to our own times, unrolling a living panorama. The resuscitating wand was waved over other lands, with like vivid effect. It caused England to reappear, from the days of Robin Hood to the days of George III.; dispelled the mists that had settled on early France; bade the "Diamond of the Desert" well up and sparkle in its virgin purity; and flashed light over Western and Eastern Europe from the clash of Saladin's airy scymitar and the ponderous sword of Cœur de Lion. Thus the author of Waverley has blessed the world with as much of history as of romance. "Ivanhoe," Thierry tells us, suggested and inspired the completest narrative of the Norman Conquest. We can easily understand that it should have done this. Few of the characters are historic. The chronological order of events is but slightly regarded. Yet where are the accurate annals so revealing of what we like best to learn, as that gorgeous and fascinating story of the twelfth century? In it we revisit the England of that age, unsettled, and disturbed by conflicting institutions. We look on at the tournament; enter the chapter-house of the Templars; mingle with the outlaws in the greenwood; enjoy the rough games of the peasantry; watch the unerring arrow of Locksley; storm the castle of Front de Bœuf; see how the harassed and hoarding children of Abraham were hunted, tortured, and robbed; mark how the Church held luxurious and hypocritical dominion; note the conditions of serfdom; observe in what fashions chivalry and intrigue played their parts in plots and counterplots; in a word, learn, as we cannot learn elsewhere, the outward forms human na-

Digitized by Google

ture took on in the rude social system, and how through those forms the never changing passions of human nature were expressed in action. We learn all this as if we were eye and ear witnesses. We live the strange era over, as we could not by tracing the meagre and colorless outlines of the annalist. From the romance, and not the chronicle, is obtained the truest conception of that mingling of antagonist races, still incomplete, which we call the Conquest. Out of the juiceless materials of the annalist and the antiquary, the creative faculty of the artist reconstructs the long-departed times, active and breathing, clothed with flesh, and colored with the hues of a warm vitality.

The historical novel is one of the latest, as it is one of the most genuine, forces of literature. Our own age and our own country are to furnish it with fresh themes. Stern experience is teaching that ours are not prosaic times. No times are prosaic except to those living in them, and familiar with their movements as a part of their daily experience. Taking stupendous growths and radical changes in detail and by piecemeal, we fail to perceive how stupendous the growths and how radical the changes really are. This is not, however, always the case. Crises come when the conflict of opinions breaks out in the din of battle, when the gradual revolution comes to a head and bursts forth with volcanic sublimity and terror. Then the actors are observers also, and read the strongly marked processes by which they are making the history which is hereafter to be of such intense interest. This is the position of the present generation; and it is not difficult to foresee how the events of to-day are to go as a rich contribution to the literature of the future, — to be the staple of its novels, epics, and dramas. It is the trial-hour of souls, in the midst of such unwonted and turbulent circumstances, that the sharply contrasted developments give to daily existence the agitation, the passionateness, the peril, the tragedy, the pathos, — all the strange and startling novelty ordinarily seen only in exceptional hours in the lives of individuals or nations. The men who have betrayed their birthright to party, to the cravings of inhuman ambition, to timid policy, or to mean passion for gain, — the halting and the imbecile, the traitorous in speech and the traitorous in

Digitized by Google

act, the mobs they led and the mobs that led them, — these and their opposites, the true men and true patriots, the lovers of the whole country, consecrated to freedom first and freedom always, are to reappear, more truly drawn in the colors of romance. than in the dry outlines of the blue-books, or the hasty etchings of reporters and correspondents.

The reader can easily fancy the superabundance of material of every description accumulating for the future imaginative artist. The grandest scenery, crowding incidents of deepest signification, fierce contests, perilous adventures, strange coincidences and recognitions, marvellous escapes, deeds of daring, confused and violent action, outbreaks of hot passion, the battling of convictions, contests of divided interests and feelings, riot and carnage, villany and heroism, — all that is turbulent and tempestuous, that belongs to a season of mighty upheaving and momentous revolution, — and all this is the daily story of the war, — will give the novelist his stage and machinery, his situations and surprises, his opportunities for description, his studies for the delineation of virtue and vice, originals for his magnificent gallery of historic cartoons and tableaux. Then, outside of these, or hidden in the blaze of their lurid light and the depths of their great shadows, he shall find whatever else he wants. The episodes of the camp, the march, and the hospital, that reveal such touching instances of courtesy and kindness between enemies, the fast clinch of humble friendship, feminine tenderness in stalwart men, and home affections stronger than death, — these, which come to us now in brief anecdotes, in letters and newspaper sketches, connected by pulsing threads of sympathy with far-off villages in their rural peace, the old birthplaces, where abide the heroic patience and the brave, still patriotism of unselfish hearts, and where the tales of love, that soften and relieve the sternness and horror of warfare, are told in sad partings, silent sufferings, and glad reunions, — these will make the tender and rich coloring. Thus, out of whatever is fearful, noble, fierce, or sweet and gentle in that which is passing now, will be moulded, shaped, and woven the truest of fictions by and by.

In estimating the power of literature as one of the forces of human society, it is instructive to think of the increase from

Digitized by Google

generation to generation of the hosts of readers that make up the public of the great workers in the realms of fancy and thought. Go back less than three hundred years, and seek one known only as a pleasant companion, a passable actor, a popular play-wright. We cannot discover where he studies or where he writes. He seems ignorant of the comprehensiveness and versatility of his own powers, and as he works up some hint of history, or weaves together the results of daily observation, or brings from a land of dreams all his own, creatures grotesque, fantastic, airy, to mingle them with common life so deftly that no incongruity or discord shocks us, he does it all, as it were, spontaneously, without the weariness of toil or the harrowing of care. He is not without admirers from the first. But how small the number compared with the crowd he now addresses! And what is Shakespeare's present audience, as contrasted to the audience he is yet to gather? To see in fancy this boundless assemblage, ever filling and never full, is like striving with the naked eye to resolve the nebulæ of the heavens and discern the unnumbered solar systems which may compose them. And this ever-increasing enlargement of the domain of that imaginative literature which already exists, or is to be given to the world, refutes all the fears and lamentations about its decay and disappearance. As if it were to be submerged and lost under the flooding sweep of a despotic and universal utilitarianism! As if He who made the soul would allow its finest and most delicate powers to lie dormant and rust out! As if, under the Providence which arrays the lilies, piles up the splendors of ever-changing cloud-scenery, flashes across the North and up to the zenith the mystic brilliancy of the Aurora, bends the rainbow-hues of hope, and garlands our daily bread with flowers, — as if, under this Providence, so prodigal in dispensations of beauty and ever revelling in infinite forms of grace, man will be suffered to degenerate into a worshipper of machinery and an idolater of the golden calf! When the parables are stricken from the Bible, when the story of Joseph ceases to be told, and David's lyrics are no longer chanted, then the curtain will fall upon the last drama, and the poet sing his last note to the deaf, and the novelist write his last romance for

Digitized by Google

the blind. The realm of imagination to be annihilated! Why, it came into existence when order came out of chaos, and was in the joyous song the morning stars sang together. All races and all climes have colonized it. It is the realm of the spirit, wherein the spirit often lives its purest life, gets its sweetest expression, and learns to transfigure the drudgery of the work-day world. It shares the spirit's immortality, and can never cease to be.

Here we might stop, were it not that a narrow and lugubrious cant still occasionally betrays its ignorance how manifold is human nature, and how large the Divine plan of education, by shallow condemnation of novel-writing and novel-reading; as if both were not inevitable, — interlinked and interwoven with the constant experience and the essential conditions of intellectual and moral life. The world of fiction being as real to the mind as the world of sensible facts, converse with the former is like converse with the latter, and to be governed by the same principles. The virtues and vices of books are the virtues and vices of society. Evil communications corrupt good manners in each; and in each there is exposure to evil communications. Whether friends will be made of the doubtful characters of the library is a question dependent upon the same considerations as the question whether friends will be made of the doubtful characters in social circles. In both cases, the result is much according to the predispositions of those exposed. In both cases, like will be apt to seek and to find like. Reading is simply one way of living. In reading, as in all living, sagacity is to be exercised, self-government maintained, vigilance employed to guard against debasing associations and corrupting influences. Guided by this truism, the uses of light literature — light not in the sense of superficial, but in the sense of its æsthetic and ethereal character, as contrasted with the dulness of prosaic narrative, or the weightiness of unadorned logic — are easily vindicated. This literature, gaining ever new beauty of form and new insight into the philosophy of the soul, — especially in our newer civilization, in company with the fine arts, — is to be a mellowing and softening agency. The danger to that civilization is, that it may become too stern in its toil, and too sensual in its

Digitized by Google

pleasures, — its virtues hard and unlovely, and its vices brutal. Something is wanted to oppose the ceaseless arithmetic of the counting-room, the heartless politics of temporary expediency, the austere theology of dialectic Bodies of Divinity. As a sordid materialism would sell for gold, not only truth, justice, and humanity, but the very Muses themselves, so a coarse sensualism would lynch them as disturbers of the peace of church and state and the profits of the market, with their pestilent music and dancing. Hence it is wise to rejoice that flower-gardens shine like rivers of blossoms among the granite hills; that shop-windows are the people's galleries of art; that picture-shows are common as cattle-shows; and that the architect and painter join the carpenter and upholsterer in building and furnishing our houses. The enrichment which literature gains from poets and novelists, — from the inspiration of the genius that creates the world of fiction, and so constantly enlarges to our consciousness the horizon of the world of reality, — is to be welcomed as a benediction, even as we hail the daily rising of the sun, flushing with ethereal, all-baptizing iridescence the ruggedest regions of the earth.

Art. III. — ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGE.

Geschichte der Staat Rom im Mittelalter. Vom fünften Jahrhundert bis zum sechzehnten Jahrhundert. Von Ferdinand Gregorovius. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. [Three Volumes. 1859 – 60.]

The centre of the widest material civilization in the ancient, and of the vastest hierarchy of the modern world, Rome has in all ages and in all the earth commanded the respect of the thoughtful and received the homage of the superstitious. The myths of its origin and the mysteries of its power have alike fascinated the poet and baffled the philosopher; but there is in its resurrection from an earthly to a spiritual kingdom something always to challenge and task the genius of the historian;

Digitized by Google

for it symbolizes forever the change of the old civilization into the new.

Seven years before the first irruption of the Northern hordes, the last of the Roman poets, Claudian, ascended the Palatine Hill with the Emperor Honorius, to gaze upon the colossal city, still glittering with its countless tokens of victory over an enslaved and motionless world, and to commemorate the splendor of its temples and arches and pillars of triumph, — of its statues and palaces and baths and amphitheatres, — all the works and all the enchantments which the Roman pride had wrought with the Roman wealth. Hardly two hundred years had elapsed when, in the pulpit of St. Peter's, Pope Gregory compared the city of Rome to a broken earthen vessel, and the Roman people, who had once ruled the world, to an eagle unplumed and weak with the years, dying there on the banks of the Tiber. Again, when eight hundred years had circled round them, Poggio Bracciolini wandered sadly among the ruins of the Capitol, to survey and describe the last relics of mediæval Rome, — to be followed in three hundred years by Edward Gibbon, who found on the same spot and among the same ruins the impulse to that great work which was to add another to many proofs that the modern writers may rival and surpass the ancient. These periods all mark, if roughly, great changes in the fortunes and aspect of the city of Rome, carrying us with vast strides from its ancient glory to its modern decay; and it is of this phase of its history of which Gregorovius proposes to write, and which he has already described, in three volumes, down to the eleventh century.

Each volume contains two books, and each book is ambitious to construct and exhaust an epoch. The first book treats of the history of the city of Rome from the beginning of the fifth century to the destruction of the Western Empire in 476; the second covers the period from the appearance of Odoacer to the erection of the Exarchate of Ravenna in 586. In the second volume, the third book carries the history to the beginning of the eighth century, while the fourth discusses the interval between the pontificate of Gregory II. in 715 and the coronation of Charlemagne in 800. In the third volume, the fifth book continues the history of the city in the time of the

Digitized by Google

Carlovingians down to the year 900, and the sixth embraces and illustrates its wretched existence during the tenth century.

Gregorovius has attempted a task which others have shunned, and his success has not been striking. His work is readable, and of a certain service for easy reference; but there is an intrinsic difficulty in the subject which he has not the power to overcome. The history of Rome during those thousand years which his work is meant to cover, is to a great extent the history of the world; it is the history of the most remarkable change in religion known to us among men; it is the history of the forming-time of a civilization of greater hope, because of infinite possibilities, than any which preceded it; it is the history of human culture at a trying epoch, — in that dark passing through corruption and barbarism to the purer ideal and the calmer life. Thus, to one contemplating those great events of which in all this period Rome was the centre and the source, its local history has no charm and little significance. Yet the history has an interest in itself, — a fascination even, — as revealing the character and explaining the progress of the early Christian life, to which no justice is done by making it subordinate to other details and a vaster narrative. Gregorovius has neither a new theory to startle, nor a brilliant style to charm us; his work will not make an epoch, but neither will it be without a use. It is a complete picture he will paint of the city and the people, gradually changing from Pagans and Paganism through the purification of the Christian ideal and the growth of the Christian culture. But by his very inability to confine himself to Rome, he confesses the difficulty he cannot overcome. The growth of the Church and of its political and ecclesiastical power, — that graceful draping of its humble beginnings in the folds of a luxuriant tissue of legends, which, like the fables of ancient Rome, concealed and adorned the origin of its first kings and the barbarism of its early inhabitants; the civilizing influences which travelled out along the old Roman roads, not to conquer, but to heal; — these things, not less than the decay of the ancient and the growth of the modern city upon its site, "in itself the most perfect expression of an organic change of culture," by which it became a second time head of the civilized world, and

Digitized by Google

still has a right to be called Eternal, have tempted the ambition, while we must own that they have lent a charm to the story, of Gregorovius.

The true limits of the Middle Age, gradually blending on the one hand with the ancient and on the other with the modern civilization, have been as little regarded as its real character and its indispensable function. The Middle Age of Rome extends, with Gregorovius, from its fall under the West Goths, in 410, to its last plundering in the time of Clement VII., in 1527; but that is an arbitrary division, to suit the convenience of an historian ambitious to exalt or exhaust his subject. Yet, however defined, the Middle Age presents a problem which Gregorovius has contributed little to solve. The decline of the Roman civilization and the fall of Rome were a result and an event to startle the foolish and bewilder the wise; but they had an explanation, which is to be sought not less in the effect of the Roman institutions upon the Roman people than in that gradual contact between the Roman colonists and the uncivilized races beyond the Rhine and the Danube, which, at first very far from being military, only became such when the arts of peace had taught them the advantages to be derived from the arts of war. It was the birth of the new civilization which caused the death of the old; the one illustrates and explains the other, and both together — never to be separated — make up a chapter unparalleled in interest, in spite of its rudeness and its sadness, in the history of men.

Both in ancient and modern times Rome has assumed and maintained a commanding influence; not, like Babylon, or Tyre, or Persepolis, or Memphis, or Carthage, as the creation and centre of an isolated and wayward civilization, but as the chosen agent of the power which was to subdue and the faith which was to redeem the world. All the quivering arteries of human thought and passion centre in the great heart of Rome. But there was an essential difference in the method of the development of the ancient and modern civilization in Europe. What the Greeks had the wit to invent, the Romans had the power to diffuse. But the groundwork of the modern civilization is neither Greek nor Roman, — it is Christian. It does not exalt a single race at the expense of many; but, trampling

Digitized by Google

under foot at once and forever that ideal and that system of slavery by which the ancient civilizations, Egyptian, Greek, or Roman, were developed and overwhelmed, it has brought out into bold relief the theory and the sacredness of the individual race and the individual man; so that that phantom of unity which the Romans chased with such steady courage and such fatal zeal is at last embodying itself in the very diversity of those modern races — now free to develop their own powers, and emulous each of the other's culture only so far as it may perfect its own — whose ancestors once marched captive and drooping behind the chariot-wheels of Roman conquerors.

But the slow withering of this stupendous colossus of the Roman empire, which, with one foot on the Euphrates and the other on the Thames, bestrode the civilized and the barbarous world, is as difficult to follow as to conceive. We can only mark it by lapses of centuries, and master it by fragments. And so with the architectural greatness of the city itself, which culminated under Trajan, and began its at first imperceptible decline under Constantine, when the new religion had by law supplanted the old, and a new capital was called up on the shores of the Bosphorus, to rival and eclipse the old capital on the banks of the Tiber. The monumental history of Rome is fitly closed by the Arch of Constantine, which Gregorovius felicitously calls a landmark between two epochs of culture; for when the Senate ordered its restoration the artists had no resource but to tear the decorations from a triumphal arch of Trajan, and, when these proved insufficient, to confess with shame that the ancient ideals were lost beyond recovery. But it was not till the beginning of the fifth century, when the edict of Honorius, which deprived the priests of their incomes, declared the temples themselves the property and the care of the state, that Paganism at last fell away like a worn-out garment from the shoulders of ancient Rome, and it became by degrees the ecclesiastical, while it remained the intellectual centre of the world.

The office of Rome in the Middle Age, indeed, was one of vast importance and peculiar honor. It was the central light to attract the devotion and preserve the faith of men. And while the philosophic observer cannot but remark that there

Digitized by Google

was less of the real spirit of the Middle Age in Rome itself, — where the political traditions of the Empire still survived in the ecclesiastical traditions of the Church, and where the homage offered to the statue of St. Peter was but the transferring of the Pagan worship rendered to the statue of the Capitoline Jupiter, from which it was cast, — he cannot but recognize also the different aspect which it presented to the world, and the unconscious service it rendered to the religion it sought to control. In that fermenting age of barbarism, before either religion or government had assumed definite or permanent forms, it kept down those discordant and disorganizing elements which are ever at war with all religion and all government, and by preserving its unity assured its life. The new Rome, like the old Rome, cherished the idea, and struggled for a system of unity and absolutism; and the new Rome, like the old Rome, shivered into fragments when it came into collision with the vigorous understanding and the unconquerable instincts of the German races.

The superstition with which Rome was regarded in the Middle Age has something mysterious in it. It was the great ark of the Christian culture; it held the symbols of the Christian faith. It was the seat of the long-dreamed-of Universal Church, where dwelt the great High-Priest — the Pontifex Maximus — of the New Covenant, where reposed the sacred forms of Peter and of Paul, where were gathered the bones of martyrs, where clustered the memories of saints, and where was to be obtained at last redemption from sin. It was the mystic city; its language was the speech of civilization; it was the lawgiver of nations not less than the interpreter of their religion; while century after century the great heads of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans went thither to be shriven and crowned. With indefatigable toil, and with remorseless arts, by every lure which could entice the superstitious and every device which could enslave the ignorant, Rome drew to itself the thoughts and fixed the reverence of men, till finally, consumed by its own ambition in aiming at an empire beyond the power of mortals either to win or to wield, it has faded into that dreary phantom which still haunts the vast spaces of St. Peter's, encircled and saved by the glittering bayonets of the soldiers of France.

Digitized by Google

The contrast afforded by the condition and fortunes of Rome in the sixth and tenth centuries illustrates at once the nature and the progress of that swift decay and that slow renewal of civilization, in which consist the character and the interest of the history of the Middle Age. That vast wealth, the like of which the world has never seen repeated, which centuries of conquest and rapine had accumulated in Rome, was long able to survive alike the attacks of rapacious Goths and the waste of its profligate possessors. And it was this wealth of Rome, and the luxury which it fostered and maintained, that made the Roman soil the worst possible in the world for the self-denying faith of Christ to take root and find support in. It was the striving of the old Rome to develop the outward material power of the race, — it was the boast of the new Rome that it fashioned and stimulated and brought out the inward spiritual forces of the man. And for many centuries this contrast between the tendencies of the past and the ideal of the future produced a sort of chaos which it is difficult to describe or understand. The enjoyments of the pagans became the vices of the Christians; and when St. Jerome pictures the manners and bewails the morals of his fellow-believers, it reads like the satires of Juvenal, while it recalls the guilt and foreshadows the doom of Sodom. A people which could watch with eager interest the course of a marriage between a wretch who had buried twenty wives and a woman who was proud to count him as her twenty-first husband, and, when the horrid strife was ended by the husband's success, receive and accompany him with shouts of applause as he walks before the bier of his victim, with a crown on his head and a palm-branch in his hands, must have lost indeed all ambition of virtue and all sense of shame.

Yet in spite of the inroads of Goths and the ravages of vice, in spite of the convulsions which shook the hearts and the darkness which wrapped the future of men, in spite of ignorance and barbarism, or, it may be, because of all these things, the Church of Christ was slowly progressing, and the Church of St. Peter was already triumphant. That hierarchy of elective priests, which, in the silence and gloom and terror of the Catacombs, had brooded over the Divine origin and moulded for-

Digitized by Google

ever the earthly form of the institutions which it was consecrated to defend and diffuse, achieved its first, perhaps its greatest triumph, when, as the legend runs, putting the spade into the hands of Constantine, it witnessed the zeal and applauded the faith with which, in honor of the twelve Apostles, he dug up twelve basketfuls of earth for the foundation of St. Peter's Church on the site of that Circus of Nero where the blood of their martyrs had run freest and fastest. But it may be doubted, perhaps, whether that event did not delay rather than forward the religion which it was meant to commemorate and establish; for so long as the Empire of Rome survived, the religion of Rome would have a Pagan element in it. Civilized nations can change their religion only by changing their civilization. Thus the Church of Christ, legalized and in honor, assumed the form and struggled for the power of the Empire which it had attacked and overthrown; and thus the Church of Christ was transformed into the Pagan Church of St. Peter, with its gorgeous temples and costly service, with its stately polytheism of saints and its beautiful mythology of legends, yet with a leaven in it of that divine purity and fervor which preserved it against its own corruptions, and will save it at last, it may be, in spite of its iniquities.

The year 500, in which the Gothic King Theodoric entered Rome as King of Italy, is a convenient and natural event by which to mark the beginning of the Middle Age of the Imperial City, while the many virtues and the wise career of Theodoric sufficiently disclose the progress and illustrate the higher character of that German element which has ever since so largely controlled the fortunes of Italy, and so often determined the fate of Rome. And it was owing less to the barbarism of the Northern than to the degeneracy of the Southern nations that so auspicious a reign found neither repetition nor recognition in the following ages. A closer investigation into the nature, and a more dispassionate survey of the rapid development, of the original relations of the German races to the declining civilization of Rome, will lead us in time to do greater justice to the virtues of the former, while it will leave us less cause to lament the fate of the latter. The misfortunes and the doom of Rome came less from without than from within. The curi-

Digitized by Google

ous inquirer cannot fail to be struck with the zeal and the efforts of emperors, Roman or Gothic, to protect the monuments and to inculcate a reverence for the traditions of Rome. In the midst of that great crowd of prelates and monks who assembled to welcome and honor the presence of Theodoric was the African priest Fulgentius, who had fled to Rome to escape the persecutions of the Vandals. As he gazed now at the splendors of the city, glittering still with all the monuments which had inspired the muse of Claudian in the days of Honorius, there broke from him that exclamation which finds its echo in all the testimonies of the age, — "How beautiful must be the heavenly Jerusalem, if terrestrial Rome be thus resplendent!"

There are some dark passages, indeed, in the record of Theodoric. Though we owe to his cruelty or jealousy the *Consolatio* of Boethius, we shall never pardon him the fate of its illustrious author. Yet remembering that, like the rest of the Goths, he was an Arian, we are bound to testify of the toleration which he practised, and of the humanity of which he set the example, towards differing sects and rival creeds. The age of Theodoric was not indeed, as no age has ever been, a golden one, unless by comparison with the chaotic and despairing centuries which followed; but its grateful light, as of early morning, was a fit herald of that clearer day into which, after many portents, and many whirlwinds, and many blood-red clouds, the new civilization was to emerge upon its healing and saving career. He checked the wrath of the populace, anxious to exterminate the Jews; he fostered the churches, and prayed like a Catholic at the tomb of St. Peter. And it was under Theodoric and his daughter Amalasuntha, who inherited his genius and imitated his virtues, that the expiring civilization of the ancient world shot out its last bright rays. So that Rome could still preserve its ancient pre-eminence as the chief school of those studies which best develop thought, and that eloquence which best expresses it; while the wit of Horace and the rhetoric of Cicero, with the prophets of Judæa and the spiritual teachings of Jerusalem, began silently and slowly to refine the sentiments and polish the manners of men who could boast

Digitized by Google

of transplanting the language of Ulphilas from the valleys of the Danube to the banks of the Tiber.

But it was from the old Rome it honored, not from the decayed Rome which it despised, that the new race was to learn its lessons and receive its impulse. The Goth had outgrown the Roman, and the Roman could only revenge himself by charging him with the guilt of those depredations, and loading him with the dishonor of that persistent malevolence, by which the ancient monuments of Rome were defaced and destroyed. It was useless for the Goth to make laws which the Roman would not respect; for in the long run it is public opinion and the general reverence which alone can protect the memorials of departed greatness and a vanished age from the wanton contempt or the avaricious attacks of the ignorant and the brutal. There would be little left for us of that sad and beautiful Venice, — best example of the grandeur, and best teacher of the inspiration, of the ages in which it rose from the sea, worthy to glitter among men forever, — if the modern Venetians had been as rapacious and as reckless as the Romans of the Middle Age; for when men cease to live in the past, or begin to despair of the future, there is no depth of infamy too low for them to fathom, no career of dishonor too black to achieve. The culture of Constantinople put to shame the barbarism of Rome. Even the Saracens who dared to strip the shrines of St. Peter and St. Paul of their treasures, might despise the ignorance of the people they plundered when they recalled the schools and the philosophers, the theologians and astronomers and mathematicians, of Seville and Cordova, of Bassora and of Bagdad. Indeed, there was a period when it seemed as if the currents of history were setting back to the East; as if Europe, wearied or helpless, at last resigned to Asia the supremacy it was once strong enough to wrest from it, but had grown too corrupt or too despairing to maintain.

Yet there was a power centred at Rome which no ignorance could weaken and no devastations destroy. In that believing Middle Age, in which abstractions were unintelligible, symbols were realities; and Rome was at once the holiest symbol and the clearest reality. And however painful it may be to contemplate some of the forms of that superstition which had

Digitized by Google

usurped the place of religion, it cannot be denied that it contributed to the spread of Christianity by increasing the fervor of its disciples and sustaining the courage of its martyrs. As Rome was the centre of the ecclesiastical power, it was naturally regarded as the source of the mysterious influences of the Church; and hence arose the peculiar sanctity of a pilgrimage to Rome, and the vast number of pilgrims eager to share in the consecration, and to possess some saintly relic of the holy city. The efficacy, indeed, attributed to relics, and the rage for their possession, forms one of the most striking and most melancholy features of the Middle Age. No guards around the catacombs, no anxious watching, by night and by day, of the graves of saints, could save them from the defilement of sacrilegious wretches, who found in the traffic of relics and of slaves the most congenial and most lucrative employment. It is even recorded of a presbyter of Rheims, that he did not hesitate to carry off the body of St. Helena, or possibly of some other less imperial and less pious person, which he was vicious enough to affirm to be that of the mother of Constantine. And the miracles which they were almost sure to work on the journey served to excuse the robbery, and to enhance the value of the sacred remains, which were received in the convents of France and Germany and England with an exultation and a rapture more worthy of the pity they cannot but excite than of the grateful description which they have invariably received. The Capuans, however, made a sensible and profitable use of their saint, Germanus, when they bore his body on their shoulders into the camp of Louis II. to excite his superstition or to move his clemency. As in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Popes scattered their agents through the world to purchase or extort manuscripts and works of art from industrious or superstitious collectors, so in the ninth century Sicard despatched his emissaries to all the islands and coasts of Italy to discover and seize corpses or skulls or bones of holy men and saints, with which to consecrate and decorate his church in Beneventum, which Gregorovius faintly describes by calling it a cabinet of sacred fossils. Instead of extorting tribute from his enemies, he surprised them by accepting corpses.

Digitized by Google

The worship of the dead was the occasion and the excuse of all the travelling of the age; emperor and prince, bishop and beggar, matron and sage, young and old, grasped the pilgrim's staff to wander to Italy and to pray in Rome. The impulses which stirred the minds and controlled the movements of the age were not commercial or military, but religious. And hence arose that peculiar character and often indefinable charm of the Middle Age, — that craving to contemplate and embody the infinite and the holy, that worship of symbols, that delight in legends, and that belief in miracles. To perform a pilgrimage to Rome was to receive and be worthy to possess the keys of Paradise; and the more toilsome and dangerous the purgatory of the journey, the surer the reward of the sweet heaven of rest; for men had yet to learn what Christ had taught so many centuries ago on the hill-sides of Judæa, that reconciliation was not from without, in sacrifices or peace-offerings, but from within, in the harmony of thought and act. Yet, in the rudeness and tumult of a forming civilization, we may discern a certain divine office in the superstition and power of Rome. It was the green oasis in the vast deserts of sin, where alone men drank of the renewing waters of life. And it is something, that through the gates of Rome there flowed that ceaseless stream of high and low, of rich and poor, of malefactors inscribed with the names of the crimes for which they sought redemption, at once their condemnation and recommendation, of assassins and parricides jostling the spotless maidens of England and the noble youths of France. "The history of pilgrimages was the criminal history of the age"; and the immorality with which they were accompanied, it may be added, is the best commentary on their character and the natural proof of their inefficacy.

It is not surprising that history, in such an age, partakes of the same love of the romantic and the mysterious, and the same delight in confusing and symbolizing facts, which characterized the individual. One of the strangest fables, and not the easiest to explain or disprove, in which the teeming fancy of the Middle Age delighted, was that which asserted the existence and narrated the history of a female Pope, successor to Leo IV., who died in 855. Recorded in chronicles, be-

Digitized by Google

lieved in for centuries by priests and bishops and popes, though rejected by inquirers like Leibnitz, and scoffed at by sceptics like Bayle, it deserves at least the effort of that explanation, more respectful than the sneer of Gibbon, with which Gfrörer * amuses our curiosity or satisfies our understanding.

A young maiden, daughter of an Anglo-Saxon, although born in Ingelheim, was remarkable in the schools of Mainz for her gifts of person and mind. Falling in love with a young Benedictine monk, she assumed the dress of his order, and entered the convent of which he was a member in Fulda. And there the lovers studied and dreamed, and thence they travelled to England and to Greece, seeking in those schools of philosophy at Athens, with which in the Middle Age the fancy of chroniclers peopled the fallen capital of the Greeks, a profounder knowledge or a happier explanation of the mysteries of life than the Church could impart to their restless minds or uneasy consciences. As Gregorovius relates the story, the monk died in Athens, and Joanna, or Johannes Anglicus as she called herself, journeyed to Rome; but, as quoted by Gfrörer, Martin the Pole, who was the first to develop the fable in the twelfth century in the form in which it has been handed down to us, says nothing of the monk's death, but affirms that Joanna travelled in the same society to Rome, where her abilities readily acquired for her a professorship in the School of the Greeks; for so the fable transformed the religious house known to the antiquarian as the S. Maria Scholæ Græcorum. The Roman philosophers were astounded and the Roman cardinals enchanted. Johannes Anglicus was the wonder of Rome, and it is not surprising that her ambition, excited by the applause which gratified her vanity, should soon become fixed upon the papal crown. Her success was rapid, for when, upon the death of Leo IV., the cardinals assembled to choose his successor, they could find no worthier head for Christendom than Johannes Anglicus, the pattern of all theological perfection. The new Pope was speedily installed in the

* *Geschichte der ost- und westfränkischen Carolinger*, u. s. w., I. 248 *et seq.* Gregorovius, it may be remarked, neither attempts an explanation of his own, nor alludes to that of Gfrörer, while Milman in his useful compilation of the History of Latin Christianity, with feeble dignity, ignores the fable altogether.

Digitized by Google

Lateran, but her discretion did not equal her theology; for after a reign of a little more than two years, while proceeding in solemn pontifical state from the Vatican palace to the Lateran, to the prodigious surprise of the Romans she was delivered of a child, and suddenly expired, between the Colosseum and the church of St. Clemente. She was buried upon the spot, and over her was erected there a statue representing a beautiful woman with a child in her arms. And never again did any procession from the Vatican to the Lateran pass that way, while, upon each successive election of a Pope, the proper care was taken to guard against a similar deception.

It is hardly necessary to repeat the proof adduced by Gfrörer to establish the fact that this story is a fiction. No contemporary chronicler, and no chronicler whatever, German or Italian, of the ninth or tenth centuries, mentions it, not even the Greek Photius, who would have given his life for such a bit of scandal against the high priesthood he hated. Moreover, Prudentius, the veracious Bishop of Troyes, relates that "Pope Leo IV. died in August, 855, and Benedict III. was appointed to succeed him"; while Hincmar, the great prelate of Rheims, declares that he sent ambassadors to Rome in 855 to negotiate with Leo IV., but that while on their way they were informed of his death, and on their arrival they found Benedict III. in the chair of St. Peter. And to clinch the whole, there is an authentic document extant bearing the date of October 7, 855, signed by Benedict III. shortly after his elevation to the papacy. Yet so general was the belief in this fiction, that the bust of the *Papissa* "Johannes VIII., a woman from England," as it was inscribed, continued to be exhibited in the beautiful cathedral of Siena till near the end of the sixteenth century, when, at the solicitation of the Cardinal Baronius, it was ordered to be removed by Clement VIII.

The more important point is to determine, if possible, the significance of the fable. Gfrörer finds the key to it in the two facts that the pretended *Papissa* was born in Mainz, and came from Greece to possess the chair of St. Peter; the first being an allusion to, or a satire upon, the pseudo-Isidore of Mainz, and the second a condemnation of the alliance which Leo IV. wished to conclude, and his successor Benedict III.

Digitized by Google

did conclude, with the Byzantines. Leo IV., as Gfrörer claims to have shown, was the first to make the attempt to obtain for Rome, in opposition to the law of Charlemagne, the decision of the greater ecclesiastical questions, — an attempt which was followed up by his successor, Benedict III. But Leo's claim, if allowed, led to the very principles of the pseudo-Isidore; and it is natural that those who afterwards came to investigate their origin should ascribe it to a period between Leo IV. and Benedict III. And those clear-headed and pious priests to whom the pseudo-Isidorian Decretals — that most remarkable forgery of human documents to authenticate Divine rights ever undertaken with such audacity, or ever carried out on the whole with such ceaseless effrontery — were only a corrupting innovation upon the simplicity of the faith they reverenced, could not fail also to regard an alliance between the head of the Catholic Church and the ruler of the despised Greeks as a sort of spiritual adultery. The fable of the female Pope was therefore but an allegory which they adopted to propagate their hatred of the doctrines of Mainz, and their fear of the influence of the Greeks. But the theological allegory was transformed by degrees into the historical tradition that a courtesan born in Mainz, and taught her arts in Greece, once sat in the chair of St. Peter, — which again confirms the fact, probable on other grounds, that Mainz was the original manufactory of the forgeries of the pseudo-Isidore.

It was in the tenth century that, by all the testimonies, the lowest depth of the Middle Age was reached in Rome, — that ignorance was grossest and vice the most daring. Whatever may have been the moral condition of the Papal court at later periods, there was at least a pretence of decency, if there could be no boast of virtue. In the tenth century both were wanting in Rome. At no time, indeed, have the Italian courts claimed to be austere. Savonarola might not have died a martyr if the court of the Medici and the people of Florence had not been inflamed by a consciousness of the vices he denounced. The new civilization indeed, by the very terms of it, in beginning with the individual, had announced the possibility and demanded the observance of a higher social order, and thus that fluctuation in the standard of right which marks all

Digitized by Google

preceding phases of human history was at once and forever done away. In the faces of all men hung the written statutes, reflecting and formulizing the unwritten law. And thus it is, that, though the individual faints and falls away from the ranks, the new army never falters, the new banners never droop. And this sinking of Rome from age to age, till at last it lay like a worn-out giant, prostrate among the ruins he had in vain wasted his strength to defend and save, is no exception to the course, and no proof of the weakness, of the civilization it had failed to embody. It needed only to be reinvigorated by the new life and the healthier culture which had begun to spring up beyond the Alps, in that reign of Charlemagne which marks the second great epoch in the history of the German races. It was then that the West first began to organize its strength, and exhibit a consciousness of its destiny. It is an important step in the education of a race, when a love for the arts succeeds a passion for war. The strong hand of Charlemagne held in check the wayward impulses of numberless races, while his clear forethought gave a direction to their career.

"You may easily fancy," says Gregorovius, in vain striving to do justice to the darkness which refuses to be painted, "what the religion of men must have been, who imagined that the angel Michael read mass every Sunday in heaven, and who, when the Saint Romuald threatened to leave Italy, sent assassins to despatch him, in order to retain his bones as relics." And when the bishops of Gaul at Rheims mocked at the ignorance of the clergy of Rome, the latter answered back without blushing, that if Peter, who knew nothing of Plato or Virgil, was deemed worthy to hold the keys of heaven, his successors need be no better instructed; for is it not written that the simple are chosen to shame the wise? The arts and learning of which Rome had so long been the centre, and of which it never at any period of its fortunes had forgotten to boast, could not survive amidst the ignorant monks who swarmed among the ruins they despised. Between Theodoric and Pope John X. there is an interval of four centuries, and that interval embraces and conceals the entire extinction of the ancient civilization in Italy and the West. The Byzantine empire was retained in the East, to discharge another function of decay; and

Digitized by Google

between the East and the West there was gradually springing up that great separation, unknown to the ancients, which characterizes the late centuries; — a proof, it may be, that, whether Curtius and Mommsen are right or wrong in insisting upon an unaided self-development of the Greek and Roman civilization, European society at least has borrowed little from either, except the ideal of beauty and the reverence for law; — although the devouter mind must always be indulged in refusing to believe that any civilization was an accident or a doom or a nightmare, and not a phase, if wholly inexplicable and long wholly forgotten, in the often mysterious, but always merciful education of the human race.

And with the thoughts, the language also of the ancients disappeared. The first germs of the new language of Italy may be traced to this first period of the new history of Italy; — as the Romaic, although a much lesser change from the ancient Greek to which it is struggling back, dates from the fall of Constantinople and the dispersion of the Greeks two centuries later. So great was the progress, however, of the new civilization under the Carlovingians, that by the end of the tenth century the general culture beyond the Alps was far in advance of that which still clung to the soil, while it disgraced the memory, of Rome. Yet there are not wanting redeeming exceptions to the universal degradation in Italy. It is related of Vilgard of Ravenna, that he was so enamored of Virgil and Horace and Juvenal as to affirm that those poets had appeared to him in a dream and promised him immortality; but when he went further, and declared that their teachings were as efficacious as articles of faith, he paid the penalty of his folly by being summoned to explain his Paganism before the tribunals of the Church. And while in Italy the women were universally ignorant of letters, the dreary chronicles of Germany are often enlivened by gentle and cheering tributes to their genius and virtues. The beautiful Hedwig of Swabia read Horace with the monk Ekhard, and many charming maidens of the convent schools of Gandersheim or Quedlinburg, if wholly and justly ignorant of their own country, knew by heart the scenes and the story of the Æneid, while the German nun Roswita wrote Latin epics, and Adelheid, like Theophania, might compare in

Digitized by Google

classic culture with the Gothic Queen Amalasuntha or the Longobard Princess Adelberga. Yet the most important literary work of the age is declared to be the biography of St. Adalbert by an unknown monk, which, at a loss for greater praise, they can only compare with the Life of Gregory by John Diaconus.

But there survive to us among the rubbish of monkish libraries, and of more interest than many monkish chronicles, some descriptions of the monuments of Rome prepared for the use of the pilgrims who in those days, as in these, crowded its streets and supplied its revenues, and in those days, as in these, helped to magnify and diffuse the superstitions they deem it irreverent to discuss and impious to reject. Gregorovius avails himself of these valuable records to close the third volume of his work with a brief description, clear so far as it goes, of the appearance of Rome at this period of its decrepitude, and at this epoch of its change. If you ascended the Palatine Hill, you found the still sightly ruins of the vast palaces of the Cæsars filled with works of art, and adorned with the trophies of power. In the labyrinth of its chambers, where the ghosts of departed greatness and the traditions of long-buried crimes seem to take shape and find utterance, were many which still retained their costly and glittering decorations. But the hill of the Palatine itself seems not to have been inhabited, and to have exhibited only a few insignificant churches; — one of them, that of St. Sebastiano in Palladio, upon the very spot, it was insisted, where the saint had perished in the temple of Heliogabalus. The giant monoliths of blue granite in the temple of Venus and Rome still stood uninjured, and you might pass along the Via Sacra, through the Arch of the Seven Candlesticks, into the Forum, to find the temples, porticos, and basilicas grouped around it in still magnificent ruin. The temple of Janus, and that temple of Concord which once rang with the eloquence of Cicero, still survived, while on the spot once consecrated by the heroism of Curtius stood the church of St. Anthony, now replaced by the church of S. Maria Liberatrice, — in which the pious Catholic may obtain for a consideration release from the torments, if not from the fear, of hell. Pursuing your way, among countless ruins, past the temples of Saturn and Vespa-

Digitized by Google

sian, you ascended the Capitol, which in the days of Theodoric impressed the enlightened mind of Cassiodorus as the first wonder, and to the awe-stricken pilgrim still seemed the chief miracle, of the world. Of those vast *fora* of Rome, however, which in all ages have served in part to account for the power of which they testified, there is no description, and hardly any mention. Yet the Pantheon, best preserved of Roman structures, where we still walk the pavement once trod by Augustus, and the mausoleum of that illustrious Emperor, covered with the earth he had caused to be thrown upon it, — a basketful, as the tradition ran, from every province of the empire, — and planted with trees, still remained uninjured, to extort the admiration or excite the contempt of the lettered or benighted pilgrim. And that famous column of Trajan, which Trajan never saw, — the conception of that Damascus architect to whose genius he was indebted for that more useful but less enduring monument of his greatness, his bridge across the Danube, — still towered above the ruins of the Forum it once adorned, and the column of Marcus Aurelius still stood where it stands to-day.

Art. IV. — ZSCHOKKE'S RELIGIOUS MEDITATIONS.

Meditations on Death and Eternity. Translated from the German by Frederica Rowan. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

We have deferred unwillingly a notice of this volume, handsomely reprinted from the English edition, and offered to a new and larger religious public. The touching circumstances which led to its publication are familiar to all readers. It is made up of the same words which were the chosen counsel of the highly accomplished and excellent Prince who had so wisely and honorably filled his difficult sphere of duty, and which have been the cherished solace of the widowed Queen. They are, as it were, words of sympathy dropped from the highest places of earth into the lowliest. The griefs, the pains, the hopes which they record, are precisely those which belong

Digitized by Google

to the deepest and commonest experience of men. Yet the mood to which they are addressed is so aside from our ordinary moods, that the usual canons of literary criticism, even the usual canons of intellectual belief, fail to apply. To accept them in their full meaning implies just that highest "courage in belief" which, in all shocks and losses, clings the closer to the unseen reality. *Credo quia impossibile.* The energy of the trust is almost in direct ratio to the remoteness of its object from our ordinary conceptions. The consolations of sickness, the chastening of grief, the solemn countenance of death, the confident anticipation of a life of conscious affection beyond the grave, — these are the themes, familiar yet always new to the heart that receives them, which make the burden of the Meditations.

The contrast is instructive, as well as affecting, which connects these thoughts, the most sublime and tender, at once with the splendors of an eminence to which no element of human joy seemed wanting, — except the joy of conquest over obstacles, — and with the utter loneliness and sense of poverty that follow a bitter loss. So that, in one sense, it is always true that "the poor of this world are rich in faith": in its humility, or its exaltation, it brings all classes upon one level. That Zschokke, the composer of these Meditations, was haunted by a strong feeling of this contrast, is implied in a religious tale of his, — justly a favorite among the large bulk of his pious writings, — in which the purest type of Christian virtue is presented in the abject condition of a galley-slave. The Scripture itself abounds in this sort of paradox or antithesis; and it may be said almost to make the staple of that great multitude of devout compositions which seek to show the Divine light a little clearer in the obscurity and dimness of men's common lot.

In one sense, the class of writings of which we speak are not the best representatives of a healthy and natural piety. There was something morbid in the atmospheric conditions under which they grew up. There is something morbid in the condition of experience to which they appeal. They are not — perhaps we may say they had better not be — the chosen companions of our healthful and ordinary moods. "Meditations

Digitized by Google

on death and eternity" are not wisely made the occupation of our sunnier hours, or our elementary instruction in piety. The swift degeneracy of monastic life, and its strange travesties of Christian virtue, show what comes of the attempt to make such meditations the great business of life, — an attempt made with intensest earnestness and zeal, yet always, in the long run, with the same miserable result. The day is also past when such books as Law's "Serious Call" and Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" were regarded as the fit spiritual nurture of the young. Their gloomy and sad austerity may have been good — no doubt it was sincere — as a protest against an insolent worldliness that scoffed at all things sweet and pure. But it is another form of godliness that makes our heart leap up when we behold "a rainbow in the sky"; and a different, because a "natural piety" that carries the sunshine of each day on to the next. The year of bereavement that follows a lifetime of prosperity and joy finds its solace in "meditations" which wake, it may be, only a faint echo in the ordinary temper, or even in the religious aspiration, which we are conscious of in our times of vigorous health and the active duties of life.

We take this book, then, as the type of a form of piety which is hardly adapted to our ordinary and healthful moods. And yet its order of thought is one which ought to be, if not habitual, at least familiar, to all minds capable of religious emotion or thought at all. For all true religious thinking is the interpretation of something in the providential discipline of our life. And that discipline itself is a very different thing for a strong man in the flower of his strength, and for the same man when crippled by accident, or smitten by disease, or bowed with the weight of years. There are times when the best of us must renounce his plans and hopes; when he sees his tasks slipping from his hands and his labors thwarted; when the whole current of his life is turned aside, and his little bark is cast adrift by some stroke of the impenetrable, mysterious, seemingly inexorable Power that works its sovereign will upon us; when, it may be, he must be defeated and misunderstood, and so laid by as useless, or linger in sickness and mortal pain, and so find the hopes of life crushed, its activities baffled, and its lines of service cut off. It is an easier lesson when we

Digitized by Google

are only taught that cheerful natural piety of a healthy temperament and an open heart; or else to spend our strength in a willing obedience, serving God's law and man's needs with our best fidelity. Another and a harder lesson is later learned, — that

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

We see it in those we have honored and loved, who have grown old before us, or fallen sick among us; and how tenderly, how thoughtfully, how reverently, we have been moved to feel towards them, — seeing in their case how well the first lesson of brave fidelity had been practised, and how hardly and painfully that other lesson of patient trust had to be learned at last, through pain, decrepitude, and tears! Not lightly, not lightly, but how wisely and kindly, when once we learn to see it so, does the Lord of our life lay on us the burden of his yoke, and guide us by his rod and staff, and bid us come to Him that we may have rest!

This is the particular lesson which is taught, and the special condition which is addressed, in this book of meditations. One is struck, in reading it, with these two things; — first, the definite and objective nature of the faith which it asserts, widely different from the mere sentiment or emotion of piety; and, secondly, the singleness and sincerity of its method, which never deals evasively with the fact, but confirms the faith by looking straight in the face of whatever is most painful and dark in men's experience. Both these are highly characteristic of that "courage in belief" of which we have spoken before. We add a few words only, in further illustration of the point which they present.

There is no intellectual task more difficult than to bring home to our thought that direct, personal, conscious relation between each human soul and its Creator, which is assumed as the groundwork of these religious meditations. Probably — at least in our ordinary mental moods — it is strictly impossible. The attempts which have been made, couched in processes of logic, to meet the mystery, or answer the difficulty which the reason finds in the overwhelming thought of One who "besets us behind and before, and lays his hand upon us," are simply futile; and we had best cheerfully admit them to be so. Such

Digitized by Google

proof as that primary truth is susceptible of, must come to the soul through the medium of emotion and experience. Probably the nature of our belief in it remains to the last rather emotional than intellectual. The truth is taught by assertions, not by proofs. The assertions must find some response in the soul itself, before the proof becomes legitimate. *Credas, ut intelligas.* We must believe, before we can understand. "Facts before reasoning" is the right method in faith and morals, as well as in geometry. How is it, for example, that the particular truth spoken of is likely to strike home as a fact of experience, and not as the mere dogma of a creed? Perhaps in some such way as this. As we look back on what life has shown us already, we seem to see that it was scarcely any choice of ours what post we should stand in, what work we should do, what sort of success we should find, or what sort of trial we should bear. We seem to have *accepted* them, — not chosen them. To will was present with us; but for ourselves we should have laid out the line of service very differently. None of us can take the full measure of his powers beforehand. None of us can guess what successes, losses, crosses, or gains will come to *him*, — what accidents he must encounter, — how his own will must clash with the will of others. All these, which make so sharply marked and so large a figure in the pattern of life as we look back on it, are out of sight, not to be seen, not to be provided for, hardly to be guessed at, when we try to anticipate what that pattern will be. Do our very best to forecast and judge and determine, there is the wide margin which is quite beyond our eye to see or our power to control. We may hoist the sail, and govern the helm, and study the laws of the elements that bear us on; but when we are once afloat, it is the infinite Deep below, and the infinite Space around. The two oceans, of wave and wind, hold us between them in an embrace we cannot quit; and our surrender to them, in the last resort, is as absolute, as helpless, as complete, as that of the child who is hushed by their rocking or frightened by their roar and swell.

This lesson of dependence, which appeals, perhaps, most powerfully to men of the most resolute and energetic will, suggests the first clear thought of that Sovereign Will which

Digitized by Google

makes the fixed point of our dependence. Such theologians as Schleiermacher, Twesten, and De Wette, who place the original source of religion in the feeling rather than in the understanding, have made this point of view intellectually familiar to the student of the philosophical schools. The only way in which it can be made practically familiar to anybody, is by the process of meditation or direct intuition, by which the truth itself, rather than theories and reasonings about it, is brought into direct contact with experience. Herein consists the function of this class of writings. They help us very little in our philosophy; but, where they help us at all, it is as it were magnetically, by the mere temper of their faith. Compare, for instance, the faulty logic with the genuine conviction of the following: —

"That uneasiness which some people feel at the thought of immortality and the future destiny of the soul, and which almost takes the form of doubt, is owing to their thinking that they must be able to give proofs of that which it is as useless as it is impossible to prove. It is impossible, because most persons understand by proof a kind of sensual perception and demonstration of futurity, which no one could ever pretend to. Even after death the thinking spirit can have no other test of its immortality than the consciousness that *it exists and will continue to exist*, and the like consciousness it possesses in this life. But in this, as in the future life, this feeling or consciousness is matter of the immediate present; the conviction is not derived from the future, for that has no existence except in idea. When the future has been reached, it is no longer future, but present..... *The immortality of the spirit is a fact.* Of what avail to prove it? This is not an acquired thought, not an opinion, the opposite of which might be demonstrated. It is not a faith which we are at liberty to adopt or to reject, — no; it is an intuition, proceeding from the innermost depths of our spiritual nature, — it is a necessary part of our consciousness."

Plato compares the glimpses of divine truth which most men gain to the dim and shadowy light of a cave, which shows us real things as if they were phantoms. And the clearer light of a spiritual or revealed faith is to most minds at best as the dimness of the early dawn. It is only by a process of special training that the eye is wonted to see things visible by that half-light. The patient waiting, and the baffled

Digitized by Google

trials, and the steady gaze, by which we accustom the eye to a shaded room after the glare of noonday, may be compared to the kind of mental effort — so different from the firm, quick grasp of logic — which follows the train of religious "meditations," till the clear conception has grown familiar, and is assimilated with our habitual thought. Something must be trusted before much can be learned. It is in this way we apprehend the spirit of the following passage: —

"There was a time when the thought of death and the grave overwhelmed me and made me shudder. How could I, indeed, love death and the grave, when to me they were only the great gulf that threatened to swallow up my happiness? Then the earth was still a heaven to me, and thy heaven, O God! a sacred desert, in which I thought of myself as a stranger, whom no one there knew or loved. And I feared death, and recoiled from the unknown land.

"Now it is the goal of my longings; there is my haven of rest, my home, all that I most treasure! There are the companions of my heart, of my life! And when I feel most happy among my friends on earth, the thought comes to me, 'In heaven thou wilt be happier still!' When gloom settles on earthly things, I say to myself, 'All will be clear and unclouded there!'"

That courage which trusts in celestial things must also dare to look at the dark side of earthly things. It is not defeated by its failure to understand the reasons of them. Indeed, the first condition of it is that act of will which surrenders the soul, childlike, *un*questioning, to a power which we are sure has a right to govern, and will not command in vain. The assurance is a religious condition, not a logical result. No merely intellectual process that we are capable of is able to reconcile (as we call it) our philosophy with our faith, — to show how the facts of human life square with what we are taught of the wisdom and love of God. What we do assert, and all that we can claim, is, that the space between them is bridged over in the experience of every one who has taken the practical, and not the speculative, method to confirm his faith. He waives the effort as he feels his inability to compass the logic of so vast a matter. When he comes to the point, — when he must meet God's angel (as it were) face to face in a narrow way, where neither can turn out, — he must fling his theories

Digitized by Google

away, and submit himself like a little child. This, as we understand it, is the method of all genuine "meditations" on religious things. If their method were scientific or philosophical, they would fail of the precise end they have to serve. They do not profess to tell us the inscrutable reasons by which the Infinite Providence is guided. They only speak the mood in which the mind accepts its dispensations. They utter the faith, without which the heart would break, or consume itself in its lonely agony. Clear and intelligent as it may seem at times, there are other times when it must be to us simply a blind faith, — yet blind in the same sense as when a poor little bandaged and suffering child once put her hand in ours, and we led her blindfold through the streets of a strange city. So it is

> "That the feeble hands and helpless
> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
> And are lifted up and strengthened."

"They that are sick" need the physician, not just now the physiologist. When the act of surrender has come, and the soul's health is in some degree restored, then it will be time to set about the task of interpretation. Just now, everything is staked on the previous process of reconciliation. And for this we need, as the first condition, a submission as absolute and complete as when one with a bruised and broken frame resigns himself to sleep, that Nature's healing powers may go on unhindered. As for the natural ills of life, we bear them if we must; we contend against them while we can; we study them intelligently as we may, so as to shield ourselves and others from them. But presently comes a time when these common precepts of prudence are felt to be but vain and untimely talk. Then, the only practical wisdom, the only sound philosophy, is that whose first word is Trust. Then, "faith is the *substance* of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen," — the only evidence of which as yet they can admit. It is not an intellectual, but a moral, or rather a religious process, by which that repose of mind must be won, — the first condition of a higher life in us, that without which any religion at all would be impossible, unless it were the blind groping after an "unknown God."

Digitized by Google

Perhaps there is only one intellectual statement, absolute and unqualified, to which this primary faith is committed. It is simply this, — that *the soul is safe with a God of love and truth.* Is it meant by this that his dealings are always gentle with us, — that his yoke is always easy and his burden light, — that we can always *feel* sure, as well as *be* sure, of that fatherly and protecting love? No; it is not by indulgence and ease that he rewards his faithful ones. The reward he promises is to give them a larger measure of fidelity, — ability to do more and suffer harder things, — more spiritual strength and light. If there is one lesson more familiar than another in the teaching of religious history, it is that difficulty and not ease, toil and not rest, suffering and not relief, is the portion he assigns often to those nearest his own heart; for so the law of the higher life in them is made manifest. It is a nobler thing to obey a summons to peril and pain and toil, than one which promises ease, security, and delight. Such blessings, indeed, we crave for ourselves perhaps, — at any rate for those we love. But He judges for us otherwise. Often indeed "He giveth his beloved sleep," which is forgetfulness of care and pain; but still oftener hardship, that the soul may ripen its better strength; grief and loss, that it may throw itself utterly upon his mercy. "Soldiers!" said a patriot captain to his little company of banished men, "in recompense of the love you bear your country, I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death. Who accepts the terms, let him follow me." The enthusiastic legion followed him to a man. This is the temper which is appealed to, and never in vain, when man's noblest service is required of him.

We believe, also, that it will be found that the mind gains in intellectual certainty and repose in the direct ratio of its reliance on what we might call the spiritual method of proof. An imperfect, though a real, test of this method is found in simply following, without any captious criticism, the train of meditation in such a volume as the one before us. The titles, as we read them, suggest matters very far and foreign from our ordinary moods of thinking, — the benefits of loss and pain, the strength that is born of weakness, life out of the shadow of death, and the recognitions of love reunited beyond

Digitized by Google

the grave. We are conscious that these belong to quite another plane and department of thought, and are accepted by quite other categories of belief, than what we are familiar with in our common moods. Yet not perhaps more unfamiliar than the methods which apply to the higher mathematics, — which, indeed, are but a series of peculiar intuitions, — and certainly far more within the reach of common minds. We fall by quick sympathy into the writer's vein of thought or feeling; we follow the hints and suggestions of one page after another; we are won by degrees to see the object which he sees, under the light that gradually grows clearer to our vision; — till we find that the topics, the method of treatment, and the points of objective belief that seemed most remote have grown familiar and real to us. The impression fades, as all such impressions must; but the process is open to us to renew when we will. And the perfect peace of believing will be found precisely when this method becomes habitual; when — like our physical conceptions of light and heat — it gives the plain and familiar interpretation of life's vast perplexity of facts and things.

Art. V. — HENRY JAMES ON CREATION.

Substance and Shadow: or, Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life: an Essay on the Physics of Creation. By Henry James. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

If any one, having read this book, and differing from its conclusions, should wish to describe it, in its own style, — copying the mode of speech which Mr. James himself uses toward the philosophers and theologians from whom he differs, — he might say thus: —

"In previous works it has fallen to the lot of Mr. James to utter 'a vast deal of error on every metaphysic topic he has broached,' but in this book he has reached 'the triumphantly paralytic result' of turning Morality inside out, and Religion upside down, 'by his bewildered gabble.' He explains free-

Digitized by Google

dom to be a mere trick which God has put upon us, like 'a frivolous game of bo-peep,' or 'the chase of a kitten after its own tail.' God has made us to believe ourselves the source of what we do, and morally responsible for it. He has made us so that we cannot help thinking a good man better than a bad man; but this Mr. James has found out, by an attentive study of Swedenborg, to be all illusion and bosh. According to him, God is the greatest liar in the universe, for he compels every man by his constitution to believe what is in fact a most pernicious and soul-destroying deception, — the substance, indeed, of all real evil. To be sure, now that Swedenborg has come and found him out, and now that Mr. James has written this book, God cannot cheat us any more. But we are no better off for that; for though believing this deceptive opinion, that we are responsible for what we do, destroys the soul, yet not to believe it prevents us from having any soul to be destroyed. God pushes us off from himself, and helps us something by cheating us; but if we do not find out the deception, we are ruined forever. Mr. James considers this 'dapper little pedantry as the consummate deliverance of Philosophy,' and with 'shallow and boisterous effort pushes his metaphysics to their last gasp of absurdity.' He 'denies our knowledge of the veracity of the finite,' in denying the testimony of consciousness to our personal self-determining power. And as all of our knowledge of God, by his own confession, depends on the truth of consciousness, 'he puts our belief of the Infinite upon a mere arbitrary basis, authority,' — that is, of Swedenborg. Mr. James would feed us on 'this delicious diet,' while by his frenzied faculty of nomenclature he upsets all established definitions. Morality he defines as 'the sentiment of selfhood or property which every man not an idiot feels in his own body.' The morality of General Sickles, therefore, consists in believing that the leg he lost at Gettysburg, and which is now preserved in the Surgical Museum at Washington, belongs to him, and not to that institution. This 'jolly philosopher' also declares, — if we may believe 'such an exquisitely fuddled adept,' — that Religion means 'the conscience in man of the forfeiture of the Divine favor,' and pronounces it (page 5) to be 'the germ of all humane cul-

Digitized by Google

ture'; while (on page 9) he states that it 'falls everywhere across the page of human history, darkening the face of day, turning the fairest promise of nature to blight.' Yet this 'bastard disciple,' this 'remorseless traitor to religion and science,' is sufficiently 'vivacious in absurdity,' and occasionally utters 'a pious hiccup,' intimating that he is, after all, a sort 'of serious-minded hodman,' quite in earnest to overturn all morality, philosophy, and religion, in order that we may learn from him the great secret of the 'Physics of Creation,' which consist, in the last result, in God's 'giving substance to a form.' Where the form came from to which he gives substance Mr. James neglects to mention, it being a matter of small consequence. The great truth of creation consists in this, that God 'can only create what is *not* himself, what is alien to himself, what is intensely hostile and repugnant to himself' (page 54); and yet (page 263) he declares that 'Creation means, on the part of the Creator, the giving being or substance to what is intrinsically void of being or substance,' which (page 264) is equivalent to 'life.' The Creator, therefore, is stated to create by giving his own life, and yet he is also declared to create by making something alien or foreign from himself. This, it seems, is the 'Physics of Creation,' — this the logic which is to overturn all existing philosophy and theology! Such reasoning, 'which would scandalize a Hottentot,' such a 'pinchbeck evangel' as this, has inflated Mr. James to such a degree, that he grows 'radiant, twittering, and alert with preternatural activity' over his own prowess, which is, at best, only 'spiritual buffoonery.'"

We have given the above as a specimen of what an angry opponent of Mr. James might say, by merely turning against him his own language toward *his* antagonists. But we, being neither angry with Mr. James, nor yet his opponents, but desiring to learn what he means, and to appreciate his sincere thought, have no desire thus to retort. He has, indeed, more of the bullying style of argument than suits our taste. This kind of intellectual rowdyism, first introduced by Thomas Carlyle, and in which Ruskin and others are such adepts, does not commend itself to our judgment as modest or handsome.

Digitized by Google

Still, this is a matter of taste. It concerns only the form of the book, not its substance. The questions raised by Mr. James are too serious to be postponed to any æsthetic considerations. Besides, there is often a good reason for laying aside the polished language of scholars, and adopting this sledge-hammer manner of appeal. Prophets have always been somewhat fierce in their phraseology. When rocks of old routine and self-complacent dogmatism are to be broken in pieces, the word of the Lord often becomes a hammer and a fire. "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? a man clothed in soft raiment?" No. Men of polished address and gentle manners will never do the work of John Baptist, — will never bring down the mountain of ancient prejudice, or fill up the valley of lethargic indifference, and so prepare the way of the Lord. Having, therefore, thus intimated our objections, on grounds of taste, to Mr. James's style, we pass on to something more important.

The use of terms in Mr. James's book is more questionable than the good taste of his style. What right has any one, we may ask, to use all his principal terms in unusual senses? To this we reply, that, if a thinker finds it necessary for purposes of geometric reasoning, and in order to precise expression, to give new definitions to certain words, he has a right to do so; provided he distinctly explains the new sense in which he uses them, and adheres to that sense throughout. Mr. James does the first, but not the last. He defines Morality as meaning, not goodness, but the feeling of self-determination, which makes a man feel himself responsible for his actions. But in the after part of his book he attacks morality as though it meant a higher degree of external virtue. Thus (page 190), he describes the moral man as one who has a great deal of outward worth. Again, he defines Religion as the sense of separation from God through sin, but afterward (as on page 219) he attacks religion in the sense of outward religious practices. "Creation" he seems to us to confuse still more; and this is a more important objection, since the very essence of his purpose is to show what creation really is. Does creation, then, according to Mr. James, mean giving substance or life to man? or does it mean, in his opinion,

Digitized by Google

giving him form and outward constitution? He appears to us to have left this point confused. He says very distinctly (page 54), "God does not create what is himself, but what is not himself; what is alien to himself; what, indeed, is intensely opposite and repugnant to himself." But (on page 264) he defines creation as "giving inward being or life to what is in itself only form." But life is God himself, according to Mr. James; hence God creates himself, and *not* what is alien to himself, as before posited.

But passing by these objections or difficulties, which a brief explanation might set aside, let us grapple with the main points of the argument.

And first, we are struck, in reading the book, with its foreign, antique, Oriental, or inverted style of thought. It seems not to have been written in New England, but in Egypt or Persia, — not in the nineteenth century after Christ, but the nineteenth century before him, — not by one inheriting the training of American Orthodoxy, but by one fed on the vast abstractions of the Valentinian Gnostics, reinforced by the Antinomianism of Marcion. He everywhere moots theosophic questions, not psychological ones, — thus ignoring his own century and its tendencies, and taking up the problems of the early East. The great question with us is the "origin of evil"; the vast difficulty with the Gnostics was the existence of the universe. How can God, being infinite and absolute, create a finite world? The solution to this, they deemed, would also carry with it a solution of the existence of evil.

Mr. James has taken up anew these primitive questions, much discussed at our antipodes. He carries us away, in his earnest investigations, into strange regions, yet full of interest both to mind and heart.

God creates, says he, not in the interest of his power, as the Judaic mind supposes; nor in the interest of his wisdom, as the scientific intellect always tacitly assumes; but in the interest of his love. It is not for the glory of his power, for that would be a wilful act unworthy of God. It is not to satisfy the intellectual laws, involved in his own essence, and evolved in creation, for that would be a necessary act, not implying consciousness or freedom. But he creates, in short,

Digitized by Google

that he may have something to love. Love evermore goes forth, objectivating itself in creation. Love alone is equal to take God so fully out of himself as to ultimate in a universe, the destiny of which is to be drawn in again to God in conscious love. This consciousness, however, comes through the awakened sense of emptiness, or sin, in the creature detached from its Creator in its own belief, and attempting to live an independent moral life. Religion comes to awaken this sense of emptiness, and so prepare for the return of the creature into God, which return is mediated by society. Man in union with man is again at one with God. We are rapidly approaching this epoch, in which human life will become a true society, or heaven on earth.

Such is the brief, most imperfect, and perhaps inaccurate *résumé* of some of the leading thoughts of this remarkable volume. Of course, had we space, we might give a more exact analysis. But we have stated these thoughts on the positive side; which are illustrated and argued with that affluence of rhetoric and rigor of logic to which the readers of Mr. James are well accustomed. They will read this book for themselves, and find that we have only sketched a faint outline of his thought.

The negative side of the volume is very important. Mr. James attacks nearly all existing institutions and opinions in his sweeping polemic. All modern philosophy is absurdly false; all modern theology, Catholic and Protestant, utterly unchristian and soul-destroying; all natural religion, chaff and husks; all science, empty; all morality, as expounded and believed, most pernicious; all churches and clergy, pharisaic, and worse than useless; all society and social life, as now existing, thoroughly corrupt. Such is the terrible radicalism of the volume.

The chief problems the book discusses are Creation, Morality, Religion, the Church, Philosophy, Society, Freedom, Evil. What is the merit of the discussion, and how far does it furnish a true solution of these problems?

First, in regard to all of them, we may say that the problem posited by Mr. James is wholly different from that to which philosophy and science usually direct their attention. They

Digitized by Google

ask, *How?* He asks, *Why?* They inquire into the method; he seeks the reason, in the sense of purpose. The book is teleologic in the highest degree. It ignores the contempt universally thrown on final causes by all reasoners since the days of Bacon, and retorts it by a more overwhelming contempt, which it casts on all modern science and philosophy. Mr. James's method of inquiry is the reverse of that pursued by all thinkers who are imbued with the spirit of this age. And certainly he returns with interest Lord Bacon's charge against the final cause ("sicut virgo, Deo consecrata, sterilis"), by showing the emptiness of result in all their inquiries.

1. Take, for example, his theory of Philosophy, and his critcism on Kant, Sir William Hamilton, and Mansell. He points out, acutely, how Kant has made the knowledge of anything identical with the origin of that knowledge. Kant says, for example, that our knowledge of a tree is the result of something given from without, and something furnished from within. But all we really know is the latter, i. e. the sensations of color, form, resistance, &c. How far these sensations correspond with anything outward, it is impossible to know; hence ontology, or the science of being, is impossible, — only phenomena can be known, i. e. only what *seems*, not what is.

To which Mr. James replies, with an immense energy of contemptuous criticism, that the thing we knew, i. e. the tree, is neither our sensation about it, nor anything outward from which it proceeds. We know the tree itself, that is, we know something which has a use, purpose, spirit, identical with that which we call tree. It is the spirit, or purpose, or active use which constitutes anything, not sensation on the one hand, or being on the other.

In this sort of criticism there is great force, and it is repeated in this book in a great variety of ways. We cannot dwell on it, but will merely say, that Mr. James's reply to Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansell is one well calculated to set such gentlemen thinking, and to take them to a hillside, from which they may be enabled to see a very different prospect of the heavens and the earth from that which they ordinarily behold in the close, gas-lighted study where they pursue their investigations concerning sky and land.

Digitized by Google

Mr. James finds the essence of a thing, not in its constitution, but in its use, — that is to say, in its dynamic power. A coat, for instance, is constituted by cloth on the one side, and an amount of tailor's work on the other. But if you knew perfectly all about the cloth, and knew perfectly everything the tailor did to it, would you understand the nature of a coat? Not at all. That you would know by knowing its adaptation to human needs as a covering, and in no other way. By restoring to philosophy this teleologic element, Mr. James will have contributed to elevate it, and to give it a new lease of life, and in this regard we judge his volume a success.

2. Next, we inquire, what is the worth of his solution of the old difficulty in regard to human Freedom? We are obliged, on this point, to repeat the criticism which we ventured upon the same subject in our review of his book on the Nature of Evil. He has not met the difficulty. He has simply ignored it. Consciousness ascribes to man a self-determining power. Mr. James admits that it does so, but gives consciousness the lie. He says that God made us so that we seem to ourselves free, but that we are not so, in this sense in which we seem so. We are balanced so exactly between good and evil, that we seem free; but in fact we tend so strongly to evil, that, if angelic forces did not overmatch the diabolic, this happy balance, or point of indifference, could not be maintained.

Mr. James also maintains that man has no life in himself, but only seems to have it. But if he is a mere form, filled evermore with being by the Creator, and with no substantive force, but only the appearance of it, how can he be considered free? This illusive freedom, what does it amount to?

The question is, Given the Divine omnipotence and man's freedom of choice, how can they be reconciled? If man can resist the will of God, God is not omnipotent; if he cannot resist it, he himself is not free. Most of the solutions attempted omit one of the facts. Some omit the omnipotence of God, others the freedom of man. Mr. James does the last, for he says man only *seems* free, but in reality is not so.

3. We come, in the third place, to the Moral question, mooted and argued by Mr. James. It is well known by all students of these topics, from his previous books, that he places

Digitized by Google

the essence of goodness in not being moral. He asserts that there is no absolute difference between the good man and the bad man, saint and sinner, — that in the eyes of God they are exactly alike, except that the good man can hardly help being a Pharisee, and so is in all probability much the worst man of the two. For, according to him, the only real sin is that by which the Devil fell, that is, spiritual pride. Jesus Christ was the friend of sinners, because he found them better than the saints. To think one's self better than one's neighbor is the sum and substance of all evil. In the eye of God, one man is as good as another, and (as the Irishman said) better too.

We certainly do not exaggerate one another's statements on this point. Over and over again, in every possible way, in every variety of form, he repeats, that to God all men are equally good.

"No one," he says, "has begun to feel a spiritual conviction of sin, who does not perceive himself much more abhorrent to God by his virtues than his vices, by his piety than his profligacy." — p. 180.

"Every word of Christ's mouth, every act of his life, were meant to show that the pride of morality in man is wholly illusory; that any distinction among good or evil, as determined by the letter of the Divine law, is and must always be destitute of spiritual sanction." — p. 160.

"The sinner, in other words, and not the saint, is as yet God's best achievement in human nature." — p. 222.

Such quotations might be multiplied indefinitely. But it is unnecessary. Mr. James evidently means to say, that in reality, that is, before God, no man is better than another, — that the thief, the liar, the adulterer, the murderer, is no worse in God's eyes than the purest, truest, holiest man or woman who has ever lived, — that Legree is no worse than Uncle Tom, Judas than Saint John. He does not mean to say that a good man who is proud of his goodness is no better than a penitent sinner, — for that would be a religious truism. He means that moral distinctions are not absolute; that they exist to man, and in time, but not to God, or in eternity.

Now, in taking this position, Mr. James affronts our moral consciousness, as he himself frankly confesses, and rejoices in

Digitized by Google

doing. He also admits (page 131) that God formally ratifies the moral consciousness in us; but this also he declares an illusion. It is impossible for one man to be better than another in reality, however he may seem to be so. God cheats us for our good, when he allows us to think so.

Now, without stopping to reply to this from any lower grounds, and speaking to Mr. James in his own way, we say that the interests of universal good require that there should be a real, and not an apparent, difference of goodness between man and man. Not only the fact *is so*, but, what is vastly more important in the opinion of our friend, it *ought to be so*. If there be this pale monotony of goodness between man and man, how is any real social union possible? It may be very injurious to me to think myself better than another man; but reverse the factors, and what then? May I not be permitted to think another better than myself? According to Mr. James, I must not. His democracy levels down as well as up. It not only tells me that others are as good as I am, but it also tells me that I am as good as anybody. Is that a healthy spiritual influence? Is the only danger on one side? How is reverence possible, —

> "that angel of the world, that makes distinction
> Of place 'twixt high and low," —

if there be no high and no low in God's human world of social life?

How desolate would life be made under the influence of such a belief! What a desert would history become, if these generous spirits are to be emptied of all real individuality, and become only empty forms, — so many pitchers, great and small, to be filled with the same uniform divine life. I am no more to honor and love the noble, generous souls who have not counted life dear so that they might fulfil their course with joy, — the saints of God, the heroes, the martyrs, who have not appeared to man to fast, who never thought of fame or honor, who lived and died for truth, freedom, humanity! Henceforth we are not to thank God for such lives as these, but only for the carnal, lying, mean-spirited sinner; for the last, and not the first, it seems, is the

Digitized by Google

highest achievement of God. The men and women who have been the salt of the earth, who have stayed the corruption of every age, who have thrown beauty and glory over human life, and wakened a generous ambition to be like them in a thousand young hearts, — it is only "spiritual cackling" to praise or esteem them. Not the diamond, but the mud, is henceforth to be thought beautiful. Human experience and common sense are larger than these theories. The common heart of man honors individual goodness as something real and belonging to the man himself, and always will so honor it. Meantime, it also feels the deep common tide of divine life flowing through all humanity from the least and lowest up to the highest soul, and making all one. Mr. James sees only the last; but the common sense of man sees both, and accepts both.

We do not see why the individual soul of man is not as much a real creation of God, as his substantial life. When God makes Peter, James, and John, what does he do? He makes three individual souls, wholly distinct from himself, from nature, and from each other, — each soul with its special power of self-development for ever and ever. John can never be anything but John through all eternity. Just as the first seeds of the elm, the oak, and the rose, which, dropped in Eden, contained potentially the elms, oaks, and roses which should exist when the earth came to an end, never to be confounded or destroyed, — so John, Peter, and James are to be John, Peter, and James forever. Now, why are not these souls as much divine creations, regarded as permanent forms, as the one substance, love, which God pours into them all? They form the constellations which glorify the heavens, one star differing from another in glory, but each having its own essential beauty and charm. Why degrade nature in order to glorify spirit? Why sink man in order to exalt mankind? I thank God as much for that special soul of love and light which history calls Joan of Arc, as I do for the common life which she shared with all her race.

4. Mr. James considers the Church, both Catholic and Protestant, as having long ago accomplished all its legitimate objects, and as being now only a cumberer of the ground.

Digitized by Google

We feel no call to defend the Church. The Church takes care of itself. So long as it is the home of the poor, the teacher of babes, the consolation of the sufferer, the support of the dying, and the hope of the bereaved, it will continue to take care of itself in the future, as it has in the past. We do not wonder that in Europe, where the Church is an establishment, thinkers like Mr. James should imagine it to be a dead body, only supported by outward props. But those who see its vital power in this country to extend itself into new regions, to make new conquests, to attach to itself the hearts of the young, to modify public opinion, and to become a great force for good or evil, ought not, if true philosophers, to account its work ended. Such vital forces have by no means run themselves out.

In this volume the phrase "of course" recurs with frequency, and, as is common with this formula, it is used most when the inference is least apparent. When *voluntas* stands in the place of *ratio*, look out to meet our old friend "of course." It is an insolent phrase, coming in to bully any rising objection; virtually saying, "If you don't know this, you are a fool."

This form appears with especial frequency and force whenever Mr. James is insisting on his favorite thesis, that, because the Creator is good, he must create only what is bad. If God created us good, there would be no particular love in loving us. So he creates us bad, that we may be really so distinct from himself that his love shall not be the "very tolerable finite or creaturely love which loves another for conformity with itself," but the creative love, which is reserved for what is only "most bitterly hostile and negative to itself." All this is emphasized by "of course" frequently repeated.

But if God only loves the sinner, and never the saint, then the more we love God, the more he must hate us. The more, also, that we hate him, the more he must love us. We thereby become involved in a disagreeable dilemma. Shall we love God for this condescending tenderness which loves our evil? If we do, we shall become so like to him, that he will be obliged to hate us. The great danger in this world is, therefore, the danger of not being sinners. The only danger, in fact, is of

Digitized by Google

not being as bad, as mean, as false, as base, as cruel, as selfish, as we need to be, in order to be loved by God.

Such heresies cure themselves. We do not really think that Mr. James will ever convince a single person, not even himself, that God cannot love us when we become lovable, and that he can only love us when we are odious and unlovely. But we wish he would not state it so strongly, and make it quite such a matter "of course."

Therefore, as a healthy reaction against the extreme individualism of the age, we accept Mr. James's book with thankfulness. As the last word of philosophy, we hold it inadequate. It omits as much on one side as the prevailing theories in philosophy and religion omit on the other. Its condemnation is to be found in its denial of the first and most universal testimony of human consciousness in regard to morality and freedom. Every theory that is thus obliged to maintain itself by denying the most permanent convictions of the human race, pronounces its own sentence of death. No explanation of this complex cosmos is to endure which is merely sophistic, omitting one side of the round globe of truth in order to save the other.

But if, considered as a final statement, this book is a failure, yet, looked upon as a profound and searching discussion, its value cannot be overestimated. These are the truths which the world needs at the present hour. These are complementary statements to the raging flood of individualism in morals, of materialism in science, of subjectivity in philosophy, of formalism in the Church and literalism in religion, which has been sweeping us away during the last three hundred years from the oldest landmarks of thought. We accept the book as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. It is not "He who is to come," but it will prepare his way.

Digitized by Google

Art. VI. — LOYALTY IN THE WEST.

1. *Collections of the Chicago Historical Society.*
2. *Chicago and St. Louis Papers of* 1861, 1862, *and* 1863.

The collections of the Chicago Historical Society — little known as yet beyond the circle of those that happen to be specially interested in the collection and conservation of material for history — are destined at some future time to command a wide interest and attention. The Rev. William Barry, the Secretary, as well as the soul of the Society, has labored for years with rare patience, insight, and enthusiasm, to search out, and then buy, beg, or trade for, whatever manuscript or printed paper relates to the earlier history of the West, at the same time collecting all that can tell faithfully to future ages the story of our own time.

It is from these collections, together with the files of papers at the head of our article, with some things drawn from a rather extended experience of Western life through the period since the commencement of the present war, that we propose to draw the material for a very brief paper on "Loyalty in the West," reserving for some future time a more particular and elaborate discussion of some particular men and things.

Sir Philip Sidney thought that the universal and simultaneous adoption of the same great principle by the Netherlanders was a proof that the Divine presence was with *them*, and on that ground he founded his assurance of the final success of their struggle. If we make some such allowance for the West as Sidney would have made for the Netherlands, — namely, that mean and poor minorities could be found, even when the spirit of patriotism was most universal, that were ready, secretly or openly as they had courage, to take sides with the enemy and aid him with all their might, — the observation, and surely to the Christian thinker the inference also, will find a most striking parallel in the first outburst of patriotism in the West. This remarkable phase of public sentiment well deserves a brief consideration, because it will serve to set in a true light whatever else we may have to say.

In the West, as in the East, from the nomination of Mr.

Digitized by Google

Lincoln to the middle of the April following, or for a period of nearly a year, the country was distracted with the clamor and fever of party strife. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas were the respective idols of the two great parties in the West, and were by no means to be worshipped in silence. The November elections did not by any means hush the discord. But from the moment when the first shot fired at Fort Sumter sounded over the land, it was marvellous to observe how instantly every other sound was hushed in that deep boom. It seemed as if all men here said instantly in their hearts: "We have drifted now within the shadow of an awful crisis; let us keep silence: it is better to hear than to offer any longer the sacrifice of fools."

The call of the President for seventy-five thousand men to put down the rebellion was printed on the 15th of April. We well remember on that day hearing more than one man say, as he read the telegram, why does not Mr. Lincoln call for a quarter of a million? Illinois was to furnish six regiments, Indiana six, Ohio thirteen, Missouri four, Michigan one, Wisconsin one, Iowa one, and Minnesota one. In one day from the call, the Governor of Illinois received telegrams of forty companies that were ready for service; and in five days, of sixty-nine companies. In five days from the call, Indiana had seven thousand men over her quota imploring to be permitted to serve. Wisconsin instantly furnished her one regiment, and in ten days was ready to furnish five. Missouri, festering all over with a treason that before the year was out it needed the surgery of threescore fights to subdue, raised her four full regiments within three weeks of the call, showing by that the essential soundness that has since then, with the hearty succor of her Western sisters, saved her, and will shortly set her free. Iowa, with a dangerous Southern border, and her share of mischief-makers within the lines, raised her one regiment in a few hours, presently tendered two more, and, in eight weeks from the first call, had six regiments in the service. Michigan for her one regiment raised five at once, then mustered nine more in a very short time, while Minnesota sent a splendid body of nine hundred and thirty men, like an echo, to the call.

Digitized by Google

So, then, it was clear at once that the West meant not to measure her loyalty to the country by the standard raised in Washington, or to limit herself in any way to the very moderate desires of the President and his Cabinet. Believing implicitly the promise that the executive would do its duty "indifferently well," she felt, with the whole country, from the first day, that we were in the grip of circumstances that would test to the uttermost every nerve and fibre of our life, and that there was no hope for the country except in the instant and utmost effort of the people to defend and perpetuate freedom and the Union. It was the instinct of self-preservation transferred from the man to the country. This feeling and conviction manifested itself in all the variety of touching or quaint or curious incident that is sure to come out whenever the popular heart, in a great degree unfettered by conventional usage, is stirred to its depth, — things which to the student of history convey impressions of the form and life of the time far more real and true than the things that usually fill the eye and ear. When the Irish Brigade was organized, and, beseeching acceptance at Springfield, was informed that there was no room or need for it, the gallant Irishmen met to consider what to do next; and, after considering the subject in all its bearings, determined and voted, eight hundred and sixty to four, that "we will keep up regular drill and discipline, and preserve our organization in full vigor until we *shall* be needed." The little town of Proviso feels that she must be up and doing at once, and with all her might. Proviso has ninety voters; she gives instantly seventy-five men to the service of her country. Freeport, with no particular story to tell, except that she is doing her duty, telegraphs in a general way to one of the Western papers, "We have no desire to outlive our government; if it fall, we and our children will fall with it." Aledo, like every other town in the West for a year past, has been sorely afflicted by the political war-whoops continually raised about her Republican and Democratic poles. In these first days of her Pentecost, Aledo determines that there shall be no more Democrat and Republican, but only patriot and American. So, full of her good purpose, she musters all her sons of every name, marches to her poles, lowers them carefully, skil-

Digitized by Google

fully saws them into slices, splices each carefully to each until they are one pole, and then with mighty shoutings raises that with the flag of the Union flung out over all. No unreadiness on the part of the State or general executive could chill this impulse and instinct of the Western man — and woman. We have seen that the Iowa First was raised in a few hours. The boys came in from farm and town in the common working costume. Iowa felt that it was hardly the thing to send her sons out so, yet there was not a uniform in the State, and the men were wanted instantly. So she telegraphed to Chicago for blue flannel, and had it up by the next train; which numberless wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts attacking with shears and needles, her regiment was put into uniform in a few hours more, and sent away rejoicing. There was laughter at the sight, as the stalwart youth came on through our great cities; but it was a laughter of infinite tenderness and pride to see how the heart of the people beat on the Upper Mississippi. Iowa kept long ahead of her executive; for in one of the papers of the time we find the editor writing of "the Third," just then sent into the service, "We hope that, before the term of service for this regiment expires, it will be provided with officers' uniforms, cartridges, and several other articles that are usually considered indispensable to the soldier." The impulse to do something for the country was not confined to age, — for here is Mr. Bates of Pendleton, Indiana, believing that he can fight yet if they will let him, enlisting accordingly, but rejected, to his intense disgust, because he has owned to being ninety years of age; or to sex, — for here is Mary W. Dennis, standing six feet two in slippers, who, being unknown in those parts, and disguised as a man, enlists in the Still Water company of the First Minnesota Regiment, and Mary, being a handy as well as a handsome fellow, is promoted to be lieutenant before she is found out; or to the averages of ordinary patriotism, — for here is a family of sixteen young men residing in Dayton, Ohio, enlisting all at once, and in one company, — and another Iowa editor telling how hard it is to get his paper out, because his two sons that he counted on to help him, the younger only fifteen years of age, have enlisted, and walked two hundred miles to join their company, and how he has a third counting

Digitized by Google

how long before he can go too, with four more growing finely, and he hopes he may yet have seven more to go; or to commercial usage, — for here is an eminent Detroit firm offering to furnish government with fifty tons of shot and shell, to be paid for whenever it is convenient. And one morning a gust of laughter passes over Chicago, as the story goes, that, the day before, a great house in New Orleans had telegraphed to one in Chicago, for large quantities of corn. The securities were safe, the "margin" splendid, but the reply was instantly flashed back, "Eat your cotton!" Another laugh there was, when the Illinois boys had slipped down quietly to Cairo to watch for whatever might come over from Kentucky, and had stopped a steamer bound down the river laden with lead. The lead was unloaded on the levee, and presently a gentleman from the South inquired why that lead was n't sent down; to which the captain replied, he believed those Illinois fellows were intending to "send it in smaller packages."

Such was the response of the Western man on the instant to the cry of the country for aid against her enemies. The Messages of the Governors, as they were published one by one, full of earnest patriotism as they were, did but echo the cry that had already gone out of the heart of the people themselves. Morton, of Indiana, said: "The voice of party should now be hushed and forgotten; let us make one party, and that for the country." Blair, of Michigan: "I hold that the State which refuses to aid the government now, is as much guilty of treason as the State which makes actual war." Ramsey, of Minnesota: "This war began where Charleston *is;* it ought to end where Charleston *was*." Kirkwood, of Iowa: "The people of Iowa are ready to pledge every fighting man in the State, and every dollar of money or credit, for the country"; and the people heartily shouted "Amen."

Nor were the great spokesmen of the people silent. We must not quote the "eloquent speeches" that fill these papers and pamphlets of the day. The loss will be the less, however, inasmuch as no words said, with perhaps a single exception, are so deep in tone, or so burdened with power, as the simple act of those that listened, and then did what the speechmaker only said. That one exception was Senator Douglas,

Digitized by Google

already touching the shadow of death, who by mighty words, poured out with all the fervor and fire of his best days, won back the admiration and guarded friendship of thousands all over the West, and especially in his adopted State and city, that seven years before had turned away from him with a great indignation and sorrow. But Mr. Douglas now, with a noble prodigality, gave himself up utterly to the service of the nation. Governor Yates, of Illinois, said in his Message, "The services tendered me by distinguished members of the party opposed to me are beyond all praise." Immediately on the assembling of the State legislature, Mr. Douglas, speaking before the united houses, said, "It is now your duty to throw party to the winds, to forget that you ever differed; this rebellion is a prodigious crime against the freedom of the world, and the shortest way to peace is in the most unanimous and stupendous preparation for war." Words of the same fire and fervor were spoken to a vast crowd in the Republican "Wigwam" in Chicago, where less than a year before his rival had been nominated to the supreme office in the gift of the people. But it was evident then, to those that stood near him, that some subtle enemy had undermined the power up to this time deemed so measureless. Alas! the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken. It was fitting that his last words should be uttered in the great city that had grown up with him, and was his pride. A few days more, and the mourners filed in vast procession through the streets; the man was carried to his long home. Other causes beside the gigantic exertions of these last days had long been sapping the constitution and life, — causes for which the Christian has nothing better than pity and silence; but for this very reason he will give the utmost possible measure of praise, tearful and thankful praise, that, after an afternoon of such cloud and tempest, the setting of the sun should come with such glorious splendor.

In the summer of 1861 the writer was called by telegraph to attend a funeral in a secluded village in Michigan. The Lieutenant-Governor of the State was dead. Sitting with the widow and children afterwards, we gathered in broken fragments the story of how our friend had died. On the edge of a wild sleety spring night, a message came to summon him instantly to Lan-

Digitized by Google

sing; the war-clouds were bursting, and Michigan must be made ready for the fray. He had been sick for some days, and was confined to his room. It was a wild ride through a wild country, and the anxious wife besought him at least to wait for the morning, for she said to venture out in such a night will be death. Life was sweet, his home was full of little children; he hesitated for a moment, but then said, "I am wanted now; every moment is priceless; I must go." He went out into the night, and, when his work was done, came home to die; and when the June roses were thick about the simple white cottage where he had lived with his wife and children, we bore him away to where

> "The storms that wreck the wintry sky
> No more disturb the deep repose,
> Than summer evening's latest sigh
> That shuts the rose."

In nine months from the first call of the President for seventy-five thousand men, Illinois alone had in actual service sixty thousand, or over fifteen thousand above her quota for the army of five hundred thousand afterwards summoned. Sixty thousand were sent by Indiana in the same period; Iowa sent over twenty thousand; Wisconsin twenty-four thousand; and Minnesota, in 1861, sent more men for the defence of the country than her whole population numbered in 1850. Michigan raised twenty-four thousand, or four thousand more than her quota, and Ohio more than one hundred thousand troops of all arms. It is of course needless to explain to the American reader that, in a country so new, the proportion of men not yet past their prime, as well as the general ratio of the male to the female population, must be greatly in excess of that in an older community. This fact must be taken into account in one final word on this estimate of Western loyalty, so far as it can be drawn from this first proof of all loyalty, the gift of the man himself to the country. Illinois has given one hundred and thirty-five thousand men to the service, being about twenty-one thousand over her full quota for the entire force called into the field. Indiana, independent of the numbers that spring forward at an hour's notice when there is danger on her border, has over one hundred

Digitized by Google

and two thousand men enlisted. Michigan has given forty-eight thousand, Wisconsin forty-three thousand, Iowa fifty-one thousand, and Ohio one hundred and seventy-five thousand, for service in the war.

We must not stop to note minutely what these Western men have done as soldiers on the battle-field. The Western soldier is a most interesting study. The one drop more of wildness in the blood that sent the father to carve his fortune out of the wilderness, sent the son into the camp at the first sound of the trumpet. He carried with him, with this wild blood, a certain hardness and indifference to circumstances, and in many instances an indifference to life also, by no means so common in more comfortable communities. His nature supplied one prime condition of citizen soldiership, and his training in forest and prairie, on lake and river, another; so that at the start there was that about him as a fighter hardly to be equalled even by the deeper moral conviction, but more delicate organism and softer training, of the best New England blood. There can be no doubt that this comparative indifference to life, limb, and surrounding circumstance, in a struggle with men trained in very much the same way, must have a great influence in such a war as this of ours.

Of that singular heroism and endurance shown by the Western soldier, — so conspicuously in the hardships of the camp and march, so touchingly in the hospital transport, and in the long weeks of suffering that follow a battle like that of Shiloh or Murfreesboro, — we can give but a single instance. It was our fortune, as an agent of the noble charities never more prompt and munificent than in the first winter's campaign, to visit the scene of the still recent capture of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862. We were speaking of the final charge that carried the outworks that Saturday afternoon, and the wonderful conduct of the men. "Here I could see them come," a friend said to us as we stood on the spot, and his eye kindled as he told us; "they came tramping on steadily through a perfect storm of shot, never stopping for one moment; they went crashing over every hinderance clean into the fort, and there they stayed." We talked to one of the men during the same visit about that stay in the fort. "That was the hardest

Digitized by Google

time," he said, "we ever had; darkness came down, and a heavy snow-storm with it, directly after we had won the position. It was very cold, but we durst not kindle fires, for fear we should attract the fire of the enemy. We had to lie down in the trenches for shelter, and eat hard-tack and raw pork. When I awoke in the morning, and began to look about me, I saw all the trenches covered with white mounds; they were the men asleep under the snow." "And what then?" we said. "Then," was the quiet answer, "we turned out ready for and expecting another fight; but, to our very great astonishment, the fort surrendered." This is a hint of the nature of the Western soldier. What he has done, we said, is not to be told at this time. It is enough to say, that the West, in her devotion to the country, gave of her sons without stint, and these are such men as she had to give.

We shall next consider very briefly the present actual condition of the West, in its relation to the country and the war.

If the reader will take a map of the United States, and draw a line from Cairo in Illinois eastward to the Atlantic coast, he will find that he is nearly in the latitude of Norfolk, Virginia, far to the south of Richmond, Louisville, and St. Louis, of Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia; and that only a very narrow border of the States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri lies to the south of the State line of Illinois. Bloomington, Iowa, is but a little to the north of Warsaw, in Missouri; the whole of Ohio south of Dayton, of Indiana south of Indianapolis, and of Illinois south of Springfield, is below the southern Pennsylvania line; and Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio all present a vast extent of country bordering on the Slave States. The sections of country that are embraced within those lines have been largely settled by the emigration of poor whites and others from the older Slave States, the rich bottoms and fair rolling prairies of Southern Illinois and Indiana being specially attractive to this sort of men. A population is accordingly found there which has brought with it every evil quality incident to the semi-barbarism it left behind, and has been entirely successful in not learning the better culture of the North. All natural possibilities exist for creating sympathy in favor of the revolted States, except that slavery does not exist there by

Digitized by Google

statute law, and that emigrants settle from the Eastern States, who farm and trade, take the New York and Chicago Tribunes, and insist on speaking their mind. These sections shade down gradually toward the moral conditions of slavery as we approach the line of the Slave States, until it is entirely doubtful whether parts of Vigininia, Kentucky, and Missouri ought not to be laid down in far fairer colors than parts of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio.

This dip toward the South in mind and heart, as well as in geographical position, is well understood in the West, and is the first element in the trial of loyalty. Governor Yates, in his message to the houses convened in extra session, said that he had hoped to give Cairo into the hands of citizens of the adjacent counties to hold for the State; but, because they were not armed, committed that important post to other hands. In Chicago the feeling prevailed everywhere that Cairo would not be safe except in the hands of well-known and trusty men from farther North, and such men were sent down quietly from Chicago to take possession of the key to the south door of the State. In these first days, in the teeth of the overwhelming sentiment kindled through every portion of the West down to the line indicated, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand was seen. Citizens of border counties meet in the first days of the rebellion, and resolve, "In the event of a dissolution of the Union and the formation of separate confederacies, we belong to the South, and will do our utmost to carry this portion of the State into the Southern Confederacy." Three hundred men sweep through Martin County, Indiana, bent on mischief. J. D. Pully is arrested for assisting to raise thirty-five recruits for the South in Southern Illinois; and C. L. Vallandigham, within three months of the attack on Fort Sumter, is pelted in effigy by Ohio soldiers, who also play the rogue's march after him as he goes through their camp, being already intolerable to the loyal portions of his own State. These instances might be greatly multiplied.

As an evidence of the extreme peril threatened by disloyalty in the West, — peril from which the country was only saved by the signal victories of July, — we copy the following recent testimony: —

Digitized by Google

"On the 10th of June last a secret meeting was held in Springfield, Illinois, by the extreme peace leaders of the Democratic party. At that meeting, I learn that it was resolved to oppose the war at all hazards, even to resistance to the conscription, and that it was decided thereat that peace should be made with the South, the Confederacy acknowledged, &c. The men who attended and took part in that meeting were composed (many, if not all of them) of delegates from the various K. G. C. lodges in the State. They resolved not only to bring the people up to the revolutionary standard, but to control the Democratic party by committing it to their programme. On the 17th of June, at the mass meeting here, they succeeded in the latter, under the lead of Singleton, Mahoney, and others. The reason they did not succeed in the former was only on account of the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg, the capture of Vicksburg, Port Hudson, &c.; in fact, the placing of the rebellion *in articulo mortis*. But everything had been prepared; the arms had been obtained to as great an extent as possible; the lodges or castles held stated meetings, and even in some parts of the State the horse and foot, which were to take part in the great rebellion of the North, held meetings for drill, &c.

"But this was not all. Alliances were formed with the would-be revolutionists in various other States; delegates were sent to their lodges, and wherever a Democratic Governor reigned, ambassadors were appointed to sound him..... New York was to take the initiative in open resistance to the government; the conscription, which was denounced in advance as unconstitutional, to be the pretext for commencing the rebellion.

"The plan was for each State to throw itself upon its independent sovereignty. New York and New Jersey were to do this through their Governors; the other States were to follow their example through the K. G. C. societies and the armed Democracy. The ground to be taken was, that, the Administration having failed to conquer the South, the Union was virtually resolved into its original elements, and thus each State was at perfect liberty to enter into new combinations. There was to be formed a Northwestern Confederacy. New England was to be left out in the cold. New York was to be an empire in itself, &c., &c. But the future *status* of the country was to be settled by a convention, of which the leading peace men and K. G. C.'s, of course, would have supreme control.

"This programme was, no doubt, a magnificent one. All it needed to insure success was the defeat of our armies in the field. And, indeed, if prayers, predictions, assertions, encouragement to the enemy, appeals to the soldiers to desert, denouncement of negroes as soldiers

Digitized by Google

and laborers, eulogium of the enemy, their cause, their generals, &c., could assist this defeat, it would have been accomplished."

At the time of which we speak, disloyalty was not widespread; was, indeed, supposed to be confined to a narrow strip along the Wabash; and no doubt that narrow strip was all that as a country was openly disloyal. Other causes, however, were at work that were not only to call out the latent disloyalty existing all over the West, but to try to the uttermost the best friends of the government and the country. We have seen that the West wanted to do more at once than the managers of the war in Washington were by any means disposed to let her do, — more, perhaps, than they had the resources or the skill to carry out. The resolute spirit that had hitherto carried all before it in her battle with the rude forces of Nature in the wilderness, that had netted the country with railroads, and adorned it with fair cities and hamlets and farms, struggled hard to be let loose to deal with the enemies of the country, at once to subdue them and restore the country to its former condition. "Let us put this thing through and be done with it," was a phrase more often repeated in the beginning of the strife than any other sentence in the English tongue. It is no reproach on the West, — for the whole country was with her, — that she believed at first in the ability of the country to put down the rebellion at once, and let the boys return to their homes. Out of this came the first trial of Western loyalty. It was, perhaps, impossible, even if the men at the head of affairs had understood the crisis as well as the people who placed them there, and so had then and there allowed free play for all the energies they have since called into action, that the rebellion should have been subdued within a period at all measurable by the impatience of the West to "be done with it." The West, with the entire country, forgot that this was a deadly struggle with men of the same old dogged fighting race as they themselves sprang from, — with men fighting, too, on what they call their own soil, and, in their ignorance, cheated into the belief by their leaders that they are fighting for hearth and home and all things dear. And the West, with the country, did not then understand that this was to be a struggle for the salvation of the whole country from the curse of slavery. A

Digitized by Google

few who were watching for the day-spring believed it, many more hoped for it, but none remembered that salvation comes through infinite sorrow, — that it may begin with wine at a wedding, but it must go through the agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, before it can rejoice in the resurrection and ascension and in the coming of the Holy Ghost.

Then in the West, especially in the more sparsely settled districts, there is a class of men too lazy to work, too astute to steal with the prospect of being sent to *hard labor* in State prison, and too small for the ordinary pursuits that do not involve hard labor, who take up the profession of politician, and who rely on the advantage of seeing *only* the mistakes of the party in power for their chances at the next election. These men are to be found at every four corners, and always in a mischief. They, and those whose ear they gain, of the classes we noted before, — the born Southerner settled in the West, the timid, fickle, and despondent, — together with those that in the Old World had a natural affinity for despotism by birth or breeding, and hate the negro who has the misfortune to be but one degree above themselves, — are the dangerous classes in the West to-day. Among such elements as these, certain disloyal papers in the West are powerful for evil. Of these, the Chicago Times is the most influential, and by consequence the most mischievous. Conducted with a good deal of ability, with a steady, consistent, unquenchable hatred of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, and whatsoever things are of good report," with a circulation of over twenty-five thousand daily and other issues, with certain stereotyped sneers at New England and Puritanism, kept handy to print in every number, this base and malignant journal has managed so far to win and hold a place in public estimation throughout the West, that can only be welcome to men who, like Mawworm in "The Hypocrite," can say, "I like to be despised." Such men stood ready to open the gates of Athens if Miltiades had been defeated at Marathon; such men would welcome a worse than Persian despotism into the free cities of the West.

To these elements of positive disaffection and disloyalty is to be added the severe trial which the best friends of the pres-

Digitized by Google

ent administration throughout the West have had to encounter from time to time in its defence. We believe it is Grote who relates how, when Cambyses fought the Egyptians, and his forces were drawn up ready for battle, he placed a row of the sacred ibis all along the line in front of his army, and so the Egyptians suffered defeat rather than discharge an arrow which might wound their sacred bird. The ibis of Mr. Lincoln, in the estimation of the West, has been the Border States, and slavery under the Constitution. These the astute Cambyses of rebeldom managed month after month to put between his army and the Executive. The West had begun the war with an impatient longing to "put this thing through." Month after month passed, and still she saw no break in the cloud; and the timidity of the authorities lest their arrow should hurt the be-worshipped ibis, together with the constant reverses for a long period, did more than all other things together to chill the best blood of the country, to silence the stoutest champions of the administration, and to carry in many parts of the West the elections of 1862 for that section of the Democratic party earnestly bent on the sternest prosecution of the war.

These, then, are the elements of opposition which the loyal West has to encounter. She has certain qualities, on the other hand, before which these things will as certainly go down as the dry prairie grass goes down before a fire. First of all, and deepest of all, is the feeling of loyalty to the Union. This to the Western man is a passion like nothing else so nearly as the love of a man for his wife and children and home. The Union — the country one and indivisible, whether North or South prevail — is the one thing that the man who cares least of all for the holier issues of the struggle is ready to fight for. This brought a larger proportion of recruits to the national standard from Southern than from Northern Illinois, with a far lower and more imperfect system of bounty organization. Then there is the man of broader and deeper mind, educated to see that now at last has come the great struggle of despotism with democracy. Who can comprehend the difference between the sweep and purpose of the New England and the South Carolina civilization? Who knows that, if the South can make

Digitized by Google

her point good, the turbid slime of the bayous will instantly begin to back up toward the Falls of St. Anthony, and some influence, against which he is powerless, will take the finest ears out of every corn-field on the prairies.

Then to these men, who are everywhere and in vast numbers, we may add those that fight, not only for the salvation of the country, but for the salvation of a race. These are of two classes. A very great number who went into the war with intense pro-slavery feelings and hatred to the negro, are hopefully converted, and write home to their friends that "this war can never be ended until slavery is clean wiped out of existence"; and beside them, those to whom justice to the slave is a first principle of all religion, — the restless, radical, untiring advocates of justice as the one great measure of public safety which is to give direction to the bullet and incision to the sabre.

All these elements of loyalty are immensely heartened and strengthened by the late successes in the Southwest and the opening of the Mississippi. There was no one thing after the restoration of the Union that was such a point of pride with the West, and no one thing that could give greater satisfaction or be of greater importance just now. This, with the glorious day of Gettysburg, the spirit stirring so strongly in Missouri and Kentucky, — in a word, the "success of success," — has given a tone to the public feeling and purpose to which it had been for months a stranger. The evident purpose of the Executive to do things suits exactly the nature and spirit of the West; the more resolute and regardless of the ibis the Cabinet can be, the more entirely the West as a whole will be suited. The blasphemies uttered against New England go to no depth into the Western nature. They are the utterances of demoralized Yankees, known and read of all men. The West has her noble qualities, which she is by no means disposed to keep in the shade, but she has not now to learn that New England is the brain of the nation; and she will no more cut off New England to save the Republic, than a man would cut off his head to save his life. Seductive offers of alliance have been sent up from the Southern leaders, if the Northwest would cut loose from her national moorings and sail into the Confederacy.

Digitized by Google

It is not too much to say, that no sensible man ever gave such offers a second thought. The West is bound to the East, and not to the South, not only by national, but by commercial alliance.

The opening of the five grand trunk railroads from West to East, long before the war broke out, had begun to strain and weaken the cords that bound the West to the South, so that in 1860, before commerce was disturbed by the rebellion, the West and Southwest exported only one fifteenth of her flour, one hundredth of her wheat, and one twentieth of her meats, by way of New Orleans, as compared with New York. With a climate for half the year destructive of Northern products, a detour of three thousand miles, and the unspeakable slovenliness of Southern habits of commerce, it could not be otherwise. The West will keep the Mississippi open as her natural right, far more than as her commercial necessity. So, too, all news of riot in the West must be taken to mean less than it would mean anywhere except in New York. The rougher and more impulsive Western man means far less by a fight than the more staid and law-abiding Eastern citizen. There may be riots in the West in consequence of the draft. If we know anything of the temper of Western men, they will certainly be put down. These men have done too much to consent that their doing shall be undone by base and unprincipled plotters. A gentleman — who must be well informed, for he is one of the chiefs of a great public journal — told us, the other day, that the number of Knights of the Golden Circle in Illinois is near forty thousand. This estimate must be accepted as proximately true. The writer is constantly receiving letters from trusty friends in the lower counties, telling of secret organizations. Not many weeks ago, a meeting of delegates from the southern part of the State was held in Chicago, to consult on the best means of organizing to resist the authorities in the impending draft. We believe they did not succeed in perfecting their scheme. It is no breach of confidence, for all here know it, to say that the instinct of self-defence, together with the resolve that the country shall be carried through this crisis, has banded the whole *loyal* West almost as one man, in a watchful readiness for whatever may come.

Digitized by Google

While secret leagues exist, bent on the destruction of whatever she holds dear, she wears the iron gauntlet under the silken glove. If the enemies of law attempt a popular rising, it is not at all probable that they will be addressed as "good friends." The uttermost mercy in such a case will be, first, plunging shot, then grape, then canister. The large tolerance of the loyal man has been fairly tried in the case of the Chicago Times. He knows his strength, and can tolerate free discussion, even to the verge of open treason; but there is a line beyond which he can have no tolerance, but only inexorable retribution.

Perhaps it would be too much to say, that, if the West were left to decide on the destruction of the cause of all this trouble, she would do so on pure principle. It needs the closer moral fibre, the deeper moral life, of older communities to do this. Happily for her, she finds that the intensest selfishness and the loftiest self-sacrifice are as warp and woof in this web of Providence, woven for the destruction of slavery; and she has a nature broad enough to respond to both motives. Proud of her fertile lands, her waving forests, her mighty lakes, and her wonderful winding or rushing rivers, she can never consent to see her glorious domain the prey of successful treason, and broken into fragments. It is the Union under whose flag the days of her infancy were sheltered, — the Union that has nursed her into her present life and power, and has held her to itself, not with a chain of iron, but with a pressure soft yet irresistible, like that which binds the earth to the sun and the universe to God. This Union, she feels, is well worth every sacrifice she can be called to make for it; and we believe she will with all her might labor more and more to establish it on the foundation of everlasting right, so that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may go hand in hand with loyalty through all generations.

Digitized by Google

O. C. R.

Art. VII. — ALTAR, PULPIT, AND PLATFORM.

Sermons. By Henry Ward Beecher. Published in the New York Independent and the Boston Traveller.

We take, by preference, this newspaper form of publication of some of the popular discourses of the time, — reaching already to a very long series, — because it illustrates better than anything else that element of popular appeal which inheres in the very essence of the pulpit; and because it shows, more clearly than anything else, the great vitality of this as compared with other forms of popular literature. Volumes of sermons may be printed to gratify a class, or a sect, or a person; the material guaranty of their publication may be found in a private subscription, or an individual risk, or a conscientious desire to do good. But the testimony is of quite another sort, and in its way wholly unimpeachable, when sermons are regularly printed in newspapers, as one element of their popularity and sale. It is testimony, no doubt, to the personal reputation of the preacher, — perhaps to the accidents of his position; but it is also testimony to something in the popular mind which answers back, and will continue to answer back, to the appeal made in the name of the Divine and Holy.

The times invite to a fresh discussion of the claims of the pulpit to a place among the recognized powers of social influence. Men are testing the quality of their tools, with a purpose to throw aside such as are valuable chiefly as antiques, and to invent new ones in place of them. The pulpit is on trial as a weapon. Has it edge? Has it point? Is its blade weighty, trenchant, of firm and even temper? Does its hilt fit the hand? Can it be used to advantage in any department of the service? and if so, in what department?

In ancient wars, the sword was the chief, almost the only, available weapon. There were swords of many kinds. There was the long sword, the short sword, the broadsword, the narrow, slender sword, or rapier, the double-handed sword, the falchion, or crooked sword, the sword for cut, and the sword for thrust; there was dagger, dirk, and all the rest, but it was

Digitized by Google

always sword, — it was always blade of steel. The great weapon now is the rifle; and there are as many kinds of rifle as formerly there were of sword. The sword takes a secondary place. It is useful still in the cavalry charge, and the rare occasions of hand-to-hand conflict, though even for this work of close fighting it does better attached to the rifle-barrel than grasped in the hand. For the rest, it is reduced to the rank of military symbol and decoration. It is worn in costly sashes at the thigh of officers, it is waved majestically as sign of authority, it is carried by state functionaries, it is presented as a badge of honor to brave chiefs, and is respected as the emblem of an authority it no longer enforces.

Is it not somewhat so with the pulpit? Once it was the right arm of Christian influence. It gave voice to nearly all the living thought of the age. It was the mighty organ of intellectual and moral power. The duty of illuminating the soul, invigorating the conscience, warming the heart, instructing, bracing, directing, and even entertaining the mind, was given to it. It was expected of the preacher that he should be prophet, professor, theologian, philosopher, statesman, economist, *littérateur*, and sometimes play-actor, — a function which he still exercises in London and elsewhere, but which in most places is delegated to the clown.

One by one the preacher's offices have been taken from him, and assigned to nimbler, fleeter, more manageable agencies. The troubadour of the lyceum supplies the people with literary entertainment, spices the public mind with the novelties of thought, and communicates as much of the substance of knowledge as can be well disguised by the silver coating of oratory. It is useless for the preacher to attempt competition with him in his department. He must henceforth do the pyrotechnics mainly. Much more he is not permitted to do, for the people want him for his wit, not for his wisdom. He is orator, not oracle. Even Emerson must earn popularity by being the neatest jester and the subtlest tickler of sides.

The literary man drops the sermon out of account in literature, and finds his place as producer and consumer among the reviewers, the magazinists, the journalists, the publishers of cheap books. The economist, instead of going to meeting,

Digitized by Google

stays at home with his newspaper, or listens to his secular preacher on week days at the club-room or the merchants' exchange. The lawyers monopolize the business of statesmanship, administer the government, make the laws, fashion public opinion on questions of politics; and there are enough of them to do it, — to overdo it, at any rate.

The philosopher — natural or intellectual — no longer takes his creed, or any part of his creed, from the preacher. When he is in the mood of study, he stays away from church. He is in his laboratory, or out in the fields. He is poring over scientific treatises, attending courses of lectures, holding conventions with his fellows. When he is in the mood of teaching, he issues cheap books for the million, in which the sermon element is very small. Yes, the very theologian finds himself as much at home in the editor's chair as in the pulpit, and nearly as much at home when writing novels as when writing discourses. In fact, as theologian, the people refuse to lend him their ears even in church, and he is in a manner compelled, if he is in the least earnest, to publish his thought in other channels than the sermon, which is left to the smallest number of men and women, and reaches them when they are not in their most receptive state. Bodies of divinity are dead bodies in our time. Courses of controversial sermons end by losing themselves in the sand. The greatest thinker on the highest themes does his wisdom up in dudodecimo packages, attractively labelled, which find their way easily into the nooks and corners of society in the traveller's coat-pocket; sends it forth in pamphlets, to be devoured by the birds on the wayside, or prints it in some popular monthly, to be read by as many people as are addressed by all the preachers in a State. The celestial angels find that they can travel farther, faster, and more comfortably in shooting-jacket than in cassock and gown, and at every station we see the seraphs, carpet-bag in hand, ready for the rail. If people will hearken only to parables, theology will open its mouth and speak in parables, some hundred pages long, known by the name of novels. Probably a thousand — ten thousand — people read "Yeast," "Alton Locke," "Two Years Ago," "Hypatia," for every one that reads the "Village Sermons" of Charles Kingsley; but

Digitized by Google

"Yeast," "Alton Locke," "Two Years Ago," "Hypatia," are simply gorgeous sermons, or splendid discourses on church and creed. Few persons, we presume, ever succeeded in getting through Dr. Newman's "Loss and Gain," or "Calista," but we will risk the assertion that fewer went dead asleep over them than over the Doctor's polemical orations.

Every article of thought, in a word, may be had now in a palatable shape, well seasoned and elegantly served. The water of life is quaffed in dinner-goblets of cut-glass. Preachers used to say, "Put a new text to the sermon, and it is as good as new." Now the word is, "Take the text away altogether, and it is better than new." It is the fashion to print sermons in newspapers, but the sermons are expected to sell the newspapers. The sermons that will not sell the newspapers are rather suspected of designs to sell the people.

In this condition of things where is the preacher? The high mahogany pulpit where once he soliloquized is fast disappearing, and in its place we have the low rostrum, or the pine table with a glass of water on it. His auditorium is rapidly taking on the appearance of a lecture-room. His robes of authority are folded up. He stands a man before men, as one among them. What has he to say, that book, magazine, newspaper, are not saying every day in the week? What power has he which they have not? What claim to be heard besides this, — that what he says is worth hearing, and that he is worth listening to? He must stand on his own merits, like the rest. He must comply with the general conditions of success. He must fall back on his ability, and, in the midst of such tremendous competition, what ability will entitle him to hold a peculiar rank, and to discharge a peculiar function in society? Must not the intelligence, the culture, the eloquence of the age sweep him away as by a flood? It would seem as if they must.

And yet, strangely enough, they do not. People still go to hear preaching. The earnest preacher draws a throng. The demand for preaching, if anything, is on the increase. There is less drowsiness in churches than there used to be. The mind's hunger grows by what it feeds on, and there is an avidity in devouring sermons, such as did not exist when

Digitized by Google

there were no lay preachers. The pulpit unquestionably has lost much of its authority, much of its prestige, much of its admiration; but it appears to have lost nothing that has in any period been truly essential to its power. The preaching puppet is set down at its contemptible worth, but the preaching man is set up to the full standard of his former value. The shaven crown will not make the blockhead reverend; in fact, on the face of it, it is rather against a man that he is a preacher, — the profession has an aroma of the ash-barrel about it; but let it be discovered that the preacher has brains, heart, will, and it is a conceded praise to him that he is a preacher. An honest reverence for the office attaches to him who fills it well. He bears a character that is not borne by lecturer, essayist, or editor.

How shall this be explained? There are several explanations of it, besides the very obvious one, that people very slowly outgrow their old and tender associations with men and institutions.

In the first place, there is something peculiar in the substances he deals with. The flood of literature which carries off the loose accumulations of time leaves him standing on the primeval rock of moral conviction. There remains to him the realm of conscience and the function of the prophet. He may still enunciate the truths of the soul in their nakedness and purity. He is the only one who can, for these truths are too sombre for the magazine and too severe for the lecture-room. The oracles of the heart, the oracles of human nature in its holiest moods, will never be allowed to cease. They are the only oracles in whose utterances all men have an interest, and to whose voices all men respond. Mankind are not always satisfied when they speak, but they are never satisfied when they are silent. They may crucify the prophets; they will never be without them.

For it is not every man, it is not every man of genius, it is not every educated, cultivated, learned, or brilliant man, who can get on the trail of these principles, or interpret these laws of the moral world. It is not for the *littérateur*, the economist, or even the philosopher, to usurp this function. It is for the seer alone, whose fine intuitive sense guides him unerringly

Digitized by Google

to those universal truths which, whether inlaid in the original constitution of man, revealed by Divine grace, developed by spiritual experience, or won by the experiments of ages, lie at the basis of all our actual being. Of the man who claims to speak in the name of conscience, it is demanded that he shall possess a clear mental view, a sincere and devoted temper, an unselfish heart, an unaffected sympathy with humanity, a soul responsive to noble sentiments, a sense of duty calm and severe, a power of abstraction from the pressure of earthly business, the capacity for holding convictions fresh, permanent, and profound, and the transparency of spirit which allows the light of great principles to fall through without being discolored by the hues of passion. Other qualifications he may have, and may do his work the better for having. These he must have in some marked degree. We can dispense with wit, with fancy, with imagination, with eloquence of the lip; we will not quarrel with him for lacking depth of scholarship, brilliancy of thought, subtilty of speculative reason, wealth of mental acquisition. We may grant him no poet, no metaphysician, no orator after the fashion of the schools; but we must be certain that he is a living soul, who drinks from living fountains, and gives others to drink also in their thirst. So long as he is this, his position is impregnable. His place is one which no man can take from him. He has nothing to fear from troubadour or from poet, from novelist or from newsman. Neither printer nor priest will interfere with him here. His ground is conceded to him by mankind. They will take him in their arms, and put him in his pulpit, and hold him there, so long as he stands for conscience, and fairly interprets the moral law.

It is in this capacity that a certain authority is conceded to him. More than any other man, if he speaks truly, he speaks what he knows, and what all men know the moment their attention is called to it. He is no speculator, theorizer, guesser. He does not deal in opinions, does not declare what he thinks, or what a few other men think, does not represent a school. He has a witness in every man's conscience, and a cloud of witnesses in the air which every man's conscience inhales. When he speaks, if he speaks boldly, freely, earnestly, a throb

Digitized by Google

of assent runs in widening circles through the land. It is not he that speaks, it is the moral sense of the generation speaking through him. He is a voice from the desert peopled by the shadowy forms of the ages past; he is a mouthpiece of the race.

The great preacher in his great moments has always been invested with a certain mysterious awe. Why, if not because he spoke out of the experience of mankind? The crowd sways before him like a cornfield before the wind. Why, if not because the breath of humanity sweeps through him? It is not the wind of his own spirit that whirls the tassels of the grain, and flutters the leaves, it is the breath of all souls. He is no more than another, but he communicates more. The robe of authority which he wears is put on him by the seers of the past, whose fame is established; and it will always cling to his form, let him secularize himself as he will. He may speak from a platform, in linsey-woolsey; no matter: his word will be listened to with fear, for in listening men will feel themselves nearer the bar of judgment, and will catch the solemn echoes of his words from behind the great white throne.

In the second place, the function and the influence of the preacher are peculiar, because he brings into play the full power of his personality. By this we mean something more than the power of voice, gesture, manner, countenance; more than the presence of living and speaking mind. That is a great deal, but that he shares with the stump orator and the lyceum-lecturer. The voice will always be mightier than the pen. The ink-bottle is an imperfect conductor of mental magnetism. Inspiration evaporates when it is spread out over a hundred pages. Power goes with personal presence. But the presence that carries the most power is the presence of the greatest spirit in the person. There are many degrees of light in the eye, of persuasion in the voice, of expression in the countenance; but the highest degree is with him who bears the highest message most highly. The face of Moses shone as he came down from the mount. The face of Christ blazed as he talked of the resurrection with the grand prophets. The face of Stephen was like that of an angel amid the falling stones that bore testimony to the might of his word. When Dr. Channing spoke on

Digitized by Google

his great theme of liberty for the soul and body of men, his tiny form — so they that heard him tell — dilated to noble proportions; his countenance broadened with the boundless thought, his voice caught a strain from the mellow trumpet, and the words that came from his mouth swelled and lengthened under the burden of emotion they had to carry. This advantage of personal presence the preacher possesses in greater measure than any other man, for the reason that he puts more, or should put more, into his presence than any other man. Hence the sway he is able to exert, — a sway peculiar to himself. A virtue goes out of him. He discharges a force upon the crowd that listens to him. It is, so to speak, a magnetic force, only the magnetism is not animal nor intellectual, but spiritual. It depends not on the size of a man's body, nor on the size of his brain, it depends on the greatness of his soul. There are preachers who decline to make use of this personal agency, on the principle that they must keep themselves in the background, and must simply exhibit to people the impersonal word. They are not the power, but only the channel of the power; and the channel discharges its office best when it is purged from all peculiarities of individual temperament, disposition, and will. They are not the word, but the tongue which gives utterance to the word; and the tongue must allow none of its own eloquence or cunning to spoil the natural simplicity of the errand it announces. They therefore decry the arts of rhetoric, and confine themselves to the plainest statement of the truth which the creed puts into their minds. It is observed that such preachers lose their popularity, which is the same as saying that they lose their influence and force. It is this personal magnetism that draws people, holds them, wins them, possesses and moulds them. It is the physical expression of the preacher's being. It is through this that the Word becomes incarnate, and the incarnate Word alone prevails. It is not the abstract Gospel, but the concrete, not the impersonal, but the preached Gospel, that converts the world. The voice is the vehicle of the soul, and no soul is in it till its capacities are fully developed and used by art. The manner is the man, and the man is not fully justified in it till it is trained and cultivated to the full power of its demonstration. Even

Digitized by Google

the rhetoric, as it is sometimes sneeringly called, indicates the rhythmical movement of the spirit within, and beats the march of the thoughts, or marks the pulsations of the feeling as it eddies or rolls, as it ebbs or flows, through the heart. The preacher stands on the power of his personality. With all the memories and traditions of virtue behind him, they are nothing save as they culminate in individual conviction and fulminate in human speech. With the everlasting moral principles beneath him, they are voiceless till they bubble up like water in Artesian wells, and pour in sparkling tides from eloquent lips. Over him are the eternal verities of the heavens, but the fire-mist must become a star and shine an orb in the firmament of some illuminated soul, if it is to catch the watchful eye of the mariner's compass far out on the night seas. He is surrounded by every tender and hallowed association, but the association must cling about a character as the clouds cling to the Jungfrau. It is dissipated unless it drape a person.

The preacher interprets the spiritual consciousness of his age; in him its deepest beliefs, hopes, aspirations, purposes, find expression. An age that is destitute of deep beliefs, hopes, aspirations, and purposes has no preachers, in the noble sense of the word. It may have pulpits, and they may be occupied; but they are occupied by men who repeat the ancient formula and mumble the old creeds, — men of ecclesiastical predilections and priestly minds, who carry on the ritualism of the intellect as the prelate carries on the ritualism of the form, — ceremonialists in thought, with whom believing is an ordinance, and the assent to printed articles is a sacrament, — men who claim no inspiration for themselves, and recognize no present inspiration in others, who bring no message from heaven to earth, holding that every needful message has been communicated long ago, and is now only to be repeated with prosaic accuracy, — men who stand as intercessors and offer sacrifices, not in the shape of goats and kids, but in the shape of human minds and souls for the propitiation of the Supreme, — prelatical men, who use words as talismans and spells as the bishop used the elements of the Eucharist.

Each great movement in religious thought is heralded by the preacher, is sustained by the preacher, and never long sur-

Digitized by Google

vives the preacher. Mysticism had its great preachers, — Eckhardt, Gerson, Tauler. The Reformation broke forth in preaching, by the lips of Wicliffe and Luther. Quakerism was born of the terrible preaching of George Fox, and has its life now only where some Lucretia Mott gives utterance to the old eternal principle, and blows on the dying embers of the sect to renew its fiery life for a moment. The history of Methodism is the history of preaching from first to last. Its founder was the most remarkable preacher of his day; his associates and successors were wonderful preachers, whose fame is a tradition in the whole Protestant Church. The power of Methodism is in its preaching up to this time, and would die were the fervid speech of its pulpit orators to be silenced. Even in the Church of England men like Maurice, Kingsley, and Robertson prove how inseparable is the prophetic utterance from the spiritual life, and show how inevitable it is that the mouth should speak out of the heart's abundance. Church sacraments are reduced by such men to a minimum of significance and importance; the ordinances become symbolical in their hands; the words of the creed are stretched to their utmost capacity to contain the new ideas that rush through the mind; the ecclesiastical machinery actually groans under the pressure of moral purpose which is laid upon it; and the language of the Sacred Scriptures themselves becomes newly inspired with the breath of these living souls. Utterance, utterance is felt to be the one thing needful. Everything must speak: the very stones of the altar must cry out; silver salver and communion cup must become oracular. Christianity is lyrical in these men; the entire substance of the Church rolls in metaphor from their eloquent lips; and the people listen to them, crowd about them, hang upon them, not as functionaries of the old time-honored Establishment, but as freshly animated souls.

The Puritan spirit, which carried with it, along with many an extravagance and oddity, the earnest conscience and the soaring faith of its generation, erected the pulpit to supreme honor. Instead of the little box attached to a pillar or appended to a corner of the chancel, the Puritans laid broad foundations, and built thereon a sacred mount, overhung by the sounding-board, like a cloud. No sanctities stood behind the

Digitized by Google

pulpit. Itself stood for the holy of holies; the altar was brought forward from its inviolable and shadowy recess, to be set in front and at the foot of the prophetic throne, where the light of the Word could fall full upon it, and where it could be swept Sunday after Sunday by the fiery phrases which carried on their invisible wings the Spirit which found its only emblems in the consecrated bread and wine. Around were arranged benches for the comfortable hearing of long discourses by a vast multitude. Beyond these were the walls, just thick enough to shelter the congregation from the weather. The windows — no longer painted with image of prophet and apostle to darken the day — were huge lantern-glasses admitting the undimmed religious light of the skies. The preacher wore no holy vestments, the people sang their own psalm, not to the roll of the grand cathedral organ, but to the irresolute sound of the pitch-pipe, or to the screechy tones of the violin.

The life of Liberal Christianity has from the first been in its pulpit, and especially in the prophetic character of its pulpit orators. Buckminster, Channing, Everett, Kirkland, Palfrey, the Wares, were preachers, and eloquent preachers too. But Channing — who spoke from the deeper consciousness of man, because he gave voice to the profoundest moral sentiment of his age, because he lent himself for the utterance of the largest spiritual truths, and thus became, not the teacher of a theology or the master of a school, but a prophet of the soul — stands as the representative man, and holds a place not only above, but apart from the others, who, learned and able and even powerful and attractive as they were, spoke from a narrower thought, a shallower principle, or a more conventional experience. As Liberal Christianity grows older, it draws its supplies of life more and more from its preachers. It looks to them for its inspiration. They are its permanent institutions. The pulpit is the mount of vision, the throne of power, the sanctuary of the oracle. More open and clear and emphatic becomes the recognition of personal inspiration and personal force. The preacher is brought down from the lofty pinnacle, where he could do little more than soliloquize in the presence of the multitude, and placed on a lower level, that he may be brought in immediate relations with the people, may act on them

Digitized by Google

directly by eye, voice, gesture, movements of brow and lip, and may discharge full upon them the currents of his personal magnetism. The high galleries which separated the congregation into two parts, distracting the preacher's attention, and preventing the flow of sympathetic feeling among those gathered together, are either narrowed and lowered, or removed entirely, for the more solid massing of the audience. Slips are substituted for box pews, facilitating the transmission of the telluric and celestial influences through the long ranks of seats; the altar is transformed into a communion-table, which obtrudes no sacrificial idea or shape between the preacher and the people, and even this in many cases is put aside on ordinary days, that the intercourse may be unbroken between the pulpit and the pews. Every art which can be used to render the living speech effective is diligently studied and employed. A distinguished preacher, speaking of the construction of a new edifice which was designed, told the writer of this paper that he should use all his influence to have it built in the form of an amphitheatre, with seats rising and spreading away from the platform, so that he could look his audience full in the face, and could send his power through them in circular waves. The fashion is growing up among modern church architects, of taking the organ from its loft behind the people, and setting it before them, and even on a level with them; at least on a level with the pulpit platform, with a view to the concentration of effect.

All this, we submit, indicates the increasing importance that is attached to preaching in our generation, the supremacy of the prophet above the priest. It affords no evidence that the pulpit is gaining in power; it certainly does afford evidence that the altar and the rite and the liturgy are losing power. At first view, it seems to demonstrate for the pulpit an augmented popularity, but a declining authority; and a declining authority because of an augmenting popularity. To bring the pulpit down to the level of the people, and to let the people press close about the base of the pulpit, is to exalt the human element in the preacher above the Divine, — is to deprive him in a degree of his ancient prophetic character, — is to strip him of his old dignity, and so of his old authority, —

Digitized by Google

is to expose him to criticism and cavil from hearers, who will say that he is but a man like themselves, that he enjoys no peculiar inspiration, that he possesses no special or singular means for arriving at the truth, that they shall take the liberty to differ from him wherever his opinion is at variance with their own, and to reject his word altogether, if he enunciates principles from which they dissent, or inculcates duties which are to them repulsive or unwelcome. Yes, no doubt this is true to a certain extent. But it is probably not true to the whole extent claimed. To give pre-eminence to the human element in the preacher is not of necessity to discredit or to flout the Divine; it is simply to recognize the Divine in the human. The inspiration may still be acknowledged, though the conditions on which it is imparted are modified and the laws by which it acts are changed. The preacher is not deprived of his authority, though the seat of it is not placed where it was; for just as much as before he stands on the moral sense whose authority all confess. He has behind him the traditions of virtue, heroism, saintliness, which all revere; he addresses the religious sentiment, before which all bend their heads; he touches the chords of human sympathy, justice, pity, mercy, charity, to which all respond. He utters the voice of humanity, and to that voice all people solemnly and reverently say, Amen! There need be no fear that he will lose influence, so long as he utters "the cry of the human."

The pulpit is still a power: we believe that it is a growing, and not a waning power; we believe that its offices are becoming more and more sacred, and that its rule is becoming more and more established. There are proofs of this, independent of anything that has been thus far adduced. One proof is visible in the fact that both priest and troubadour are borrowing the preacher's thunderbolts. The Archbishop of New York delivers sermons, real political and humane sermons, to great audiences; the crowds that throng St. Francis Xavier's church, or St. Stephen's, to hear the Catholic Vespers, are obliged, unless they will be unmannerly, to listen to a plain discourse given in plain English, in very direct and practical fashion. Many of the Episcopal clergy, too, preach

Digitized by Google

to the people in a living way, on living themes, and preach exceedingly well sometimes. On the other hand, the most popular lecturers are clergymen. And those who are not make themselves a sort of lay preachers, and gain favor as well as influence with the people by giving an earnest moral tone to their addresses. One of them, a *littérateur*, actually rebuked a preacher, the other day, for abusing the profession of popular lecturer, by making it serve the people's amusement instead of their instruction or elevation. Mr. Anthony Trollope says, that the American lecturer always chooses politics for his theme. What is this but saying, that he always chooses ethics? and what is this, again, but saying that he is a preacher?

The power of the pulpit is confessed once more in the attacks that are made on it, in the avowed jealousy of its influence in times of popular excitement, in the attempts to suppress it which are inaugurated by the demagogue, and persisted in by the corrupt portion of the press. Tyrants dread the pulpit; the upholders of vicious customs dread the pulpit; the advocates of wicked laws dread the pulpit; the supporters of inhuman institutions dread the pulpit; the friends of unhallowed power dread the pulpit. Why, if to them the pulpit be not dreadful? There is a certain class of political newspapers, which are unceasing in their assaults on the liberal pulpit. Why, unless they fear the power of the pulpit? John Wesley one day in the street met a man who was cursing terribly. He stopped to remonstrate with him, and finally brought the blasphemer to his senses. On parting, after walking together some little way, the man shook the preacher's hand, and said, "I am coming to hear you preach some time; in fact, I should have been before, but I was afraid you would say something about cock-fighting." That was a confession of the power of preaching. As soon as the preacher touches the subject of intemperance, there is commotion among the gin-shops, and the whiskey interest gathers its whole strength to eject the man from his pulpit, — a pretty fair indication that the preacher is a force in society. As soon as the preacher touches the subject of slavery, there is uproar among the politicians, and the gigan-

Digitized by Google

tic cotton interest collects all its energy to suppress a single bold speaker, — a tolerably trustworthy sign that the preacher is not an insignificant functionary in the community. Slavedom, North and South, trembled at the soft voice of Channing. Conservative men, with all the prestige of wealth, fashion, position, respectability, social influence, on their side, thought the sweet and noble Follen too dangerous a man to be countenanced or listened to. No man in America was more feared and hated, more trusted and loved, than Theodore Parker. He was only a preacher. It is a familiar saying, one forever in our ears, — if we have heard it once, we have heard it a hundred times, — that the preaching of the liberal clergy has been largely instrumental in bringing on the civil war which is shaking the land from end to end; that if the pulpit had only been silent, the country would be at peace. Equally familiar, on the other side, is the assertion, that, if the Northern pulpit alone had been faithful to its convictions, slavery, the cause of all our woes, would long since have been quietly abolished. Tremendous admissions, both, that the power of the pulpit is exceedingly great, even in the America of this century; tremendous admissions that this power has not departed, and is not departing, — that the preacher loses none of his authority by stepping down from his lofty isolation, and addressing immediately the human conscience in the name of the Deity who inspires human nature.

There are those who, in the modern passion for preaching, see a bad augury for worship. It indicates to them a decline in spiritual fervor, a decay in the old solemn reverence for institutions, a waning of the steady inner light, a hushing of the still small voice in the soul. It is a sign that religion is becoming outward and superficial; that it is feeding on excitement, is giving itself over to the passion for unrest; so that, by and by, instead of the devout congregations of prayerful men and women, we shall have only crowds of people rushing hither and thither with itching ears, curious to hear some new thing. For ourselves, we do not share this apprehension. To us the supremacy of the preacher above the priest is an omen that religious feeling is becoming more

Digitized by Google

spiritual, because more intelligent; that worship is becoming more genuine, because more natural; that reverence is becoming firmer and deeper, because more rational. The passage from the phase of emotion to that of thought, from the phase of dumb, unconscious devotion to earnest aspiration, from inconsiderate assent to open-eyed questioning, and even to doubt that expects an answer, is not a passage from good to evil, from safety to peril, which any pious soul has reason to repel. When truths are valued above ceremonies, and the appreciation of Divine laws in matter, mind, and spirit supersedes allegiance to ritual, creed, and church, every truly pious soul believing in the living God will rejoice.

For the rest, we hear no complaint that the great preaching leaves any real want of the soul unsatisfied. No priest more completely fulfils the priestly offices than the prophet does. When, in favored hours, the human voice rolls out from the deeps, rich with the music of humanity, bearing on its tremulous tides the heart's burdens of want and desire, the yearning, the aspiration, the sorrow, the faith, the charity of the soul, the people are satisfied; they ask no more; they have eaten the consecrated elements in full communion; they have partaken of the sacramental bread and wine; they have repeated the *Credo;* they have responded to the litany; they have joined in *Venite* and *Te Deum* in a temple grander than St. Peter's at Rome; they have heard the choral chants tumble and soar overhead among the vast arches and around the tall pillars; they have felt the very ground of existence tremble beneath them, as the great organ blew its thundering bass. The prophet, at such times, is the religion, and the sermon is the church. The prophet disappears, the religion is empty. The sermon is hushed, and the church is a pile of stone and mortar.

Digitized by Google

Art. VIII. — A MONTH OF VICTORY, AND ITS RESULTS.

1. *Papers of the Loyal Publication Society.*
2. *Letter of* Hon. William Whiting *to the Union League of Philadelphia.*
3. *Emancipation in Missouri.* A Sermon by Rev. W. G. Eliot, D. D. St. Louis: McKee and Fishback.
4. *Preliminary Report of the American Freedmen's Inquiry Commission to the Secretary of War.*

A few words of retrospect will introduce what we have to say respecting the present aspect of certain points in our public policy.

The month of July, 1863, has proved memorable beyond every other of the memorable thirty since the outbreak of the Rebellion. At its opening, although there was nothing in the situation at large to suggest any despair of the republic, in the mind of the wise and thoughtful, yet there was enough to justify the outside observer in thinking that our government had attempted a task beyond its strength. More than two years of fighting had left the military force of the Rebellion still apparently unbroken. Six months had passed since the President's proclamation of freedom, yet with very little of the visible fruit that was looked for from that marked and bold change in the policy of the war. The shadow of Fredericksburg had fallen far over the dark days of winter. The desperate struggle of Murfreesboro had only won a fresh position, to be held warily, at some disadvantage, and with not even any present prospect of pushing the line of victory any farther. Slowly and reluctantly we had been forced to believe that the "campaign of the wilderness" in May, so boldly and brilliantly begun in the advance on Chancellorsville, had ended in disaster and repulse. The astonishing series of movements in the Southwest, equally hardy, swift, and perfectly successful, under Generals Banks and Grant, had terminated alike in the weary, exhausting, and uncertain task of besieging the strongest fortresses of the Mississippi, — a six weeks' siege, whose sad monotony was broken only by the bloody and cruel incidents of unsuccessful assault. A

Digitized by Google

series of boastful threats that the seat of war was to be transferred, and its horrors were to be felt, and the terms of peace extorted, in the cities of the North, had culminated in an invasion, so bold, so skilful and resolute, so swift in its movement and so confident in its strength, that it seemed to put the Free States at the mercy of its victorious host; and foreign observers did not disguise their cheerful expectation that the next mail would bring them news of the great republic prostrate, and the Confederacy no longer supplicating, but demanding, from its seat of power in Washington, name and recognition among the nations of the earth.

We cannot go back to review the course of events which in one week reversed that prospect, and showed the same Confederacy baffled at every point, defeated, driven back, and all but crushed. It is literally true, that the first eight days of July diminished its actual fighting force by at least eighty thousand men, besides throwing all the advantage of position, and all the prestige of victory, upon the side of the government and the Union. The three days' desperate struggle at Gettysburg beat back the Confederate force at the highest flood-tide of its invasion: since then, we have seen only the baffled, slow, and sullen movement of its refluent wave. The great fortress of Vicksburg, the "Gibraltar of the West," deemed impregnable to all assault by land or water, surrendered on the 4th to the force which had been brought in so splendid and masterly a way to its investment. Four days later, the surrender of Port Hudson restored to the United States the definite and unchallenged control of the vast valley and watercourses of the West, and hopelessly sundered the Confederacy at its central and most vital part. Two sharp struggles, on the east and west bank of the great river, — at Donaldsonville and Helena, — whose importance was only overshadowed by the magnitude of those grand achievements, set the final seal to their success; while the noble army that for six months had been pressing steadily towards the highlands of Eastern Tennessee and Northern Georgia suddenly, and without any conflict of arms, found itself master of sixty miles' breadth of yielded territory, with its magnificent harvests and its more than half-loyal population. The futile and

Digitized by Google

ignominious assault on the States of Indiana and Ohio, resulting in the absolute destruction or capture of every one of the invaders, was a finishing stroke, — singular, almost ludicrous, in its completeness, — that made the military story of the month read almost like the swift catastrophe of a play. It required the news of the new assault on Sumter, with its story of fresh and hitherto unwritten horrors, to assure us that the work of arms was not substantially done already.

It is not easy for us to realize, even now, the greatness and imminency of the peril from which we were saved at Gettysburg by the repulse of Longstreet's column on Friday afternoon, the 3d of July. To meet this crisis, or grand climacteric of the gigantic struggle, several things concurred, as if by special directing of a Higher Power, turning what might have been the most terrific disaster into a glorious deliverance. A rapid march of a large army — estimated at from eighty to a hundred and twelve thousand men — so skilfully ordered that the invading host suddenly found itself confronted with divisions that it supposed a hundred and fifty miles away; our repulse in the first day's conflict, which drove the army back upon a position where an attack became necessary, and where defence was possible to men hungry, wearied, and foot-sore with the exhausting march; the sagacity, skill, and patience of the chief upon whom so fearful a responsibility had been thrust literally without an hour's notice; even the accidental false rumor that exhilarated the men, and was echoed three hours long in their eager shouts, that reinforcements were close at hand under the old commander of the Army of the Potomac; — all these, but, more than all, their patience and wonderful endurance under the unrelenting storm and accumulated horrors of battle, — such that, in one instance, the commander of a battery * continued to give his orders to the two survivors of his command after one leg was shattered, until he was struck fatally in the breast, and the only live man left of that company dashed among the advancing enemy to recover the battery-flag, which he brought off safe, — this wonderful endurance, resting on the conviction that on the

* Captain Cushing, of the Artillery. Our authority is verbal testimony.

Digitized by Google

hour the destiny of the nation itself was staked; — such is a brief summary of a part of the circumstances that brought about this crowning victory of the war.* It was a stronger hand and a higher wisdom than ours that saved us on that Friday afternoon.

Saved us from what? We do not draw on the doubtful future, or on the treacherous fancy, when we try to sketch what seemed to many, till that hour, the probable fortune of the day. The sketch is already drawn for us in the eager anticipations of the Rebel prints, boastful before the fact, — in the cool calculations of the event that floated over to us during the weeks that followed, from beyond the seas, — in the hideous story of outbursts at the North, which only needed the looked-for Rebel victory to turn our great cities into a horror like that of Paris in the days of September or the bloodier days of June. Philadelphia, rich and generous, held under foot by an insolent soldiery, and plundered to furnish the costs of the devastating war; insurrection, so long manacled, at length flagrant and defiant in the streets of Baltimore; terms of subjugation and claims of recognition dictated by the victorious army that should stand ready to seize the capital, and usurp before the world the prestige of the fallen republic; foreign ministers already instructed to recognize whatever government might be in actual power at Washington; a revolution to sweep the North over with blood and fire, inaugurated by the fury of a New York mob in direct complicity with the invaders, and issuing in mere anarchy and misrule; while the assailing column in the West should find, north of the Ohio, a conspiracy wide-spread, stealthy, well armed, unscrupulous, to force the country to take refuge from the catastrophe in the despotism which was thought so nearly triumphant. These are the results, not as conjured up by any heated fancy of ours, safely vindictive after the event, but as confidently counted on in Richmond, and coolly speculated on in London,

* Again, we have the touching testimony to the wonderful patience of the men under suffering. "Not a complaint, not a groan," is the evidence given us by a gentleman who had personally visited all the twelve thousand of our wounded at Gettysburg; men just rallying from amputation were talking cheerily, proud of the great action of the day, or singing patriotic songs.

Digitized by Google

by those to whom they seemed so certain, that they should appear no way impossible, hardly improbable, even now.

In the place of these recorded anticipations, we have to commemorate a great deliverance, and to recognize a calm and grand reaction. In three distinct and several ways, the power that has assailed the existence of this nation has tried its strength to the uttermost, and failed. It has tried to keep its grasp on that great system of river communication which, more than anything, was essential, not to its ambition or its greatness, but to its very life. It has tried to force a recognition of itself by invasion and conquest of the North, — mustering its force so mightily, laying its plan so warily, striking its blow so suddenly, that it seemed sure to succeed, at least to the extent of inflicting enormous calamity, if not defeat and despair. It has tried to the utmost what can be effected by disguised treason, embarrassing party manœuvres, seditious talk, and the fierce blind anarchy of a desperate mob. In each of these, where it counted on sure success, it has been met by an arm stronger than its own, and is definitely foiled. The attitude of the victorious government, — one that has been so patient under defeat, obloquy, insult, and misunderstanding of every sort, — under assaults at home and infinite embarrassments abroad, — may fairly enough be called majestic, when we compare the grandeur of its successes with the imminency of its peril. But the grandest result and the noblest testimony is that reaction just alluded to in the popular mind. The great deliverance from the long strain and menace of invasion, — the easy victory over anarchy at home, which some had thought to be our most formidable foe, — the singular cheerfulness and alacrity with which the unaccustomed summons of the Conscription Act has been obeyed, such that it has bred more fun than fear, and has shown as many shining proofs of the noblest heroism as of cowardice and shame,* — all these, we hold, make the history of this last

* "The draft in the lower wards of Philadelphia, comprising the First District, commenced Monday. Among those drafted were three telegraph operators. When the draft was concluded, the spectators, forming a large concourse, led by Mr. Parvin, the blind man who drew the names, joined in singing the Star-Spangled Banner, and other national airs. The crowd then departed, with cheers for the Union

Digitized by Google

month of the war as honorable to our people as was the spontaneous and abounding enthusiasm of the first.

Meanwhile, the government seems fully aware of the need of following up success by further effort, and not losing the fruit by over-confidence. The armies are steadily filling their ranks, "perhaps a thousand a day," from the new resource of the Conscription, — a measure, it ought to be remembered, belonging not to the permanent policy of the nation, but only its refuge in this extreme emergency.* "Two hundred thousand men now, to secure complete success, or else eight hundred thousand in the spring to keep what we have gained," is the reported alternative of the General-in-chief. And the nation gives a sober but resolute assent.

That revolution in public sentiment, too, which seemed required as the chief condition of success, — giving something like equal justice to the races engaged in this struggle for liberty and law, — goes steadily on. A year ago this very month we were arguing, doubtfully, that the negro as well as the white citizen should be permitted to give his life for the salvation of the country.† Now, we are told that the coming autumn will see at least a hundred thousand colored troops enrolled under the flag of the United States. Then, it was questioned anxiously whether the black race would fight at all, — at least on Southern soil, against the master race. Now, the stories of Helena and Fernandina, the defence of Milliken's Bend, the assaults on Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, with individual instances of heroism the most devoted and constancy the most pathetic, have proved that no soldierly qualities can be superior to those displayed by a race so late and reluctantly summoned to the public service. That frightful protest made by the Rebel leaders, in anger or terror, that every negro captive should be reserved for slavery or death, and every officer of a colored regiment shot or hung as a felon, has been met at last by the needed proclamation, of the 30th

and the flag. The draft has everywhere been received with favor in Philadelphia, even by its victims." (Springfield Republican of August 1.) See also the accounts from Auburn and other places, to which we may now (July 27) add New York.

* The act is self-limited to three years, and its operation ceases with the rebellion which gave birth to it.

† See Christian Examiner for September, 1862.

Digitized by Google

of July, requiring complete equality of military right, or enjoining strict retaliation.* Nothing but the absolute need which is felt of restoring the nation in its integrity, as the only condition of future peace, would justify that stern consistency in the rights of war which is now the first duty of the government. And if it is the purpose of the Providence that rules in history, that black men shall be hereafter equal citizens, it is but the ordinary condition of things that they must win that freedom with a great price; and find the symbol of it, in accepting equality of peril in the ranks, — the greater peril, perhaps, according to the greater gain.

And, while so many of the subject race are marshalled to the service of war, at least as many are enrolled for the free labor and the productive arts of peace. Of the great change wrought in the plantations of the Delta, under the skilful and firm rule of General Banks, we hope to present a full account hereafter, — perhaps the most important single step yet taken in the inevitable transition out of slavery. The course of the Mississippi along Arkansas and Tennessee is already lined with estates cultivated by the families of slaves set free to serve in the armies of the United States.† The Emancipation Act in Missouri (adopted July 1), tardy and incomplete in its provisions, is yet, as the Rev. Dr. Eliot has said, more just and speedy than was ever before passed by any community to affect itself; and is at least a most striking testimony to the grand and necessary revolution which this war has done so much to hasten. The freedom of West Virginia, — the market-price of slaves in Maryland, one per cent of what it was three years ago, — the long unchallenged occupation of the Sea-Islands, — the utter dissolution of the slave system over immense districts of the South, including nearly all of Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, and Tennessee, and large portions of Arkansas, Georgia, and Alabama, — these are signs

* By this proclamation it is "ordered, that, for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war, a Rebel soldier shall be executed; and for every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery, a Rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war."

† See the most interesting testimony of Adjutant-General Thomas, in the New York Times for July 20.

Digitized by Google

of a social revolution which the war may still do much to hasten, which a victorious peace will be sure to consummate, which even a peace forced by defeat of the national arms cannot altogether check, though it may render it more bloody and terrible. We have before sufficiently shown, that our government is no way responsible for inaugurating this revolution; but it could not fail to follow from that daring and nearly successful assault, which aimed to shatter the political fabric of this republic. The symptoms have been steadily accumulating throughout those years of war. It needed only the light thrown on them by one month of signal victory, to show how vast and how certain they have grown to be.

In this brief view of the military and political situation, we have endeavored to trace simply the legitimate results that follow from the successful prosecution of a war for which there was certainly no desire in the beginning, and has been no escape since. As we understand it, the challenge was made on one side, and accepted on the other, with a perfectly clear understanding of what it implied, — not a *full* understanding, doubtless, but clear as far as it went. The prize of victory was the dominion of the continent. The point in controversy was, Shall the continent be controlled by a constitutional republic, gravitating steadily towards universal freedom, or by an oligarchy which employs the theory of "State rights" and the loose machinery of a confederation to establish a thoroughly centralized military despotism? This point has been sufficiently illustrated already, in many ways. It is the privilege of this season that we have a seeming right to take for granted that entire ultimate success, which only some improbable accident, or some unlooked-for interference, would appear able to wrest from us. For the first time during the struggle, we are called to consider the thoughts and duties that pertain to that complete conquest over rebellion which we trust to win.

To illustrate the present conditions of the problem, it is well to take a rapid view of some of the more immediate and evident results of the great successes of July.

The enormous reduction of the territory and population under the control of the Confederacy, in actual numbers, is from

Digitized by Google

1,223,000 to 332,000 miles of area, and from twelve and a half to a little more than five millions of population, — of which five millions nearly one half are slaves.* That great chasm, cloven by the iron plough of war, — the lawful heritage of the great West, won back by the strong hand of conquest, — the absolute control of the Mississippi and its tributaries under the flag and by the armies of the Union, — leaves the larger fragment of the abortive empire destitute of all the conditions and supplies of military strength. If the war should linger there for a few weeks or months, it will be only in a wild, predatory fashion, — only a return to that frontier barbarism which a too swift colonizing had but half expelled. Rebellion may linger, sullen and malignant, threatening by border forays the new civilization; but in forest or swamp, prairie or bayou, it will hardly rise to the dignity of a "belligerent power," even on the strictest construction of "neutrality." That large fraction may safely be counted out in our estimates of the coming struggle. And the problem, though quite large enough to tax the best energies of the nation, is reduced within manageable proportions.

Along with this is the immense loss of prestige that comes from defeat. The government at Richmond can no longer speak in a tone of authority and command. Its language becomes that of pleading, threat, or objurgation. Official excuses got up for wholesale desertion, — violent proclamations for a *levy in mass* of every fighting-man to recruit the thinned army ranks, — sophisms to evade or repudiate the parole of prisoners, — threats of retaliatory outrage too infamous (in all probability) to be acted on deliberately, and only lending a sort of color to tales of atrocity † otherwise incredible, — bitter charges of defection and cowardice laid against whole populations in Rebel prints, — rumors of negotiation to put the Confederacy under the protection of the French empire, and of threats to emancipate and arm the slaves; — these are symptoms of a waning cause, from which the faith that was its life and heat has already died out. Without placing too much reliance on any one of them, it is safe to say that the

* We take the figures from the New York Tribune.

† Such, for instance, as the alleged literal crucifixion and burning alive of certain captured officers of colored regiments, near Helena, Arkansas.

Digitized by Google

occurring of them all together, and the incessant repetition of some one of them, are reason enough for believing that the pride of the South is broken, — that the chief result at once and reason of defeat is reached — despair of ultimate success. A certain fierce obstinacy may disguise this despair, or even gain force from it; but the foundations of its power are undermined, and the final ruin becomes a question only of months or weeks.

While one weapon of offence remains so sharp and formidable as the "Army of Virginia" has proved to be, and while one act of defence continues so obstinate and fierce as that at Charleston, it would be premature to say that the military strength of the rebellion is broken, however much its moral power is decayed. But evidence accumulates of a nature we can hardly distrust, that the Southern armies are diminished, weakened, and demoralized far beyond the actual losses of the battle-field. That the Confederacy was "an empty shell" was the testimony of the officers who led the bold raid through the entire length of Mississippi in the early part of May. The failure for so many weeks to bring any relief to Vicksburg or Port Hudson, where so much was at stake, — the melting away and falling back of all armed force before the advance in any direction in the Southwest, — the disappearance of the enemy from the front where his two greatest armies are, in Virginia and Tennessee, — the incessant desertions, and reported mutiny of whole brigades at once, — the relentless measures of conscription, breeding terror, despair, and fierce resistance among a people already exhausted and drained, — the crippled condition of the great lines of Southern railway, cutting off that "interior communication" which was the one strategic advantage that so long held our armies in check; — these are indications that we no longer have an armed foe to meet who still counts himself invincible, and justify the hope that a few more weeks of vigorous action may see the rebellion thoroughly disarmed. Perhaps, indeed, the only danger is, that, forsaking every point but one, and making a sudden concentration of its forces, it may strike one more blow for its life, with a desperation even more terrible than its former confidence and pride; but, that danger met or passed, it would fairly

Digitized by Google

seem as if the dreadful task of fighting were mainly done, and our armies again, what they were at first, only a grander police force, dealing with the remains of the insurrection as a gigantic mob.

In addition to these, — which are in part but theory, or inference from facts imperfectly known, — the summer brings us tidings of definite overtures of peace and reunion from several vital points of the Confederacy. It is needless to say that no permanent peace can be had, after such a contest, until the beaten party sues for peace, and accepts such conditions as needs it must. Till this result should be reached, neither party could take the first step. Our foreign advisers knew that, when they counselled peace with separation, they counselled the United States to acknowledge itself a defeated power; in fact, at the mercy of the rebellion. So when overtures shall come of peace with reconstruction, it will be a proof of its utter humiliation and defeat. All the more important, though not quite decisive yet, are the movements in this direction already reported. It is well understood that Tennessee — which was excepted from the proclamation of January, as a State then and always quasi-loyal — has already taken definite steps towards asserting its full right and position in the Union, — steps only delayed till political action can be had clear from the terror of freebooters and marauders.

"The State Convention which met at Nashville on the 1st, and continued in session till the 7th, was perfectly harmonious, and full of devotion to the Union. . . . . In a convention representing forty or fifty counties, and numbering two hundred members, not a man was found unwilling to sustain the administration in carrying on the war for the defence of the Union."

The planters of Louisiana, some weeks ago, sent a deputation to the President, urging its claim to be received as an equal and sovereign State, — partly, no doubt, hoping to embarrass the measures of emancipation that were fast taking power from their hands, but showing sufficiently what they thought of the power and ultimate prospects of the Confederacy. In Mississippi, mere despair of the fortunes of the rebellion makes the population, it is said, eager for the return of union and peace, on whatever terms. In North Carolina it is

Digitized by Google

stated that a majority of the legislature are in declared hostility to the government at Richmond; the boldest tone of opposition is maintained by the leading journals; and the people only bide their time to throw off a yoke which they had never accepted by any deliberate and formal act.* These points of evidence are corroborated by a hundred independent witnesses from all portions of the South. We know how easy it is to gather testimony on either side of a question so large as that which touches the sentiment of widely scattered populations. But we seem justified in assuming that the last act of the great drama we have been witnessing is close at hand, if not already on the stage; and that the plot is so far developed, that there can be little uncertainty as to the nature of the end.

Territorial dismemberment, decline of courage and pride,

* We put on record the following, as a specimen of the current testimony on this subject: "The fall of Vicksburg is fast obliterating secession in North Carolina. Hundreds of prominent rebels are daily acknowledging the failure of the rebellion. The recent proclamation of Jeff Davis, calling upon all to take up arms, is exciting great anxiety throughout the State. Thousands are taking to swamps and mountains to avoid the conscription. The occupation of Raleigh by the Federal forces, that arms and a rendezvous of safety may be furnished to people in order that North Carolina may be able to return to the Union, is the daily supplication of the citizens from all parts of the State, who sincerely desire peace and protection. If this step is taken at once, and an additional Union force sent there, the rebellion in Virginia and North Carolina will end in thirty days."

As an evidence of a similar sentiment elsewhere, we copy from a letter written by a Georgian, resident in New York: "The exodus from the South you once predicted has fairly set in. Every day, almost, some new face drops in. They generally come from the upper part of Georgia, and seem glad to get here. I know of six gentlemen who are here from one place. One of them says the Emancipation Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln struck Jeff Davis the hardest blow he has received. He says it has caused a large reduction in the Southern army by desertion, more so than the people of the North have any idea of. He says the poor white people are determined to fight for the negroes no longer. They have no interest in them, and look upon the war as one brought on by demagogues and slaveholders, to ride over the rights of the poor white people. The upper part of Georgia has but few slaves anyhow, and I suppose the people there think more of their own comfort, and less of the rights of slave-owners, than in the low country. I was surprised, however, to hear from this old resident, and one who is a close observer of events, that the Proclamation tended to divide the people of the South rather than unite them. The effect, doubtless, was different on the seaboard, according to information from as competent judges there; but Cherokee Georgia, like Tennessee, has always been for the Union, and now grows more and more so, as they suffer from Jeff Davis's despotism. This is the cheering sign. The pound sterling was worth $ 45 currency, gold one dollar for eight."

Digitized by Google

loss of military strength, direct proposals for reconciliation and reunion, — these symptoms, in the present aspect of them, we have thought fit to record thus distinctly, because they define the precise opportunity now offered to our government, and the precise problem which claims the first attention of our people. There is very little, we judge, of any vindictive pride in either, in approaching the conditions of the problem. The temper of the government has always been well understood to be even an over-anxiety to make the way of reconciliation easy, — to spare, if possible, the chafed pride and the wounded honor of the adversary that plotted its destruction. The temper of the people was slow to wrath at first, is habitually lenient and good-humored, and easily lapses from the passion of conflict to the mood of friendliness, — witness the scenes at Vicksburg, the constant intercourse of picket-guards, and the touching testimony of wounded Rebel prisoners in correspondence with their friends. Such a temper interposes the fewest possible obstacles in the way of a real peace. In fact, the alarm has been that the mere name of peace, the ancient charm of Union, the memories of old fellowship, and a common pride, might make us so eager to welcome any semblance of its return, as to be only too ready to lose the fruit of victory, to sacrifice the nation's lasting welfare, and possibly even forfeit its pledged honor, if only we could grasp it. Hence the premature theories and schemes of "reconstruction," and hence the peculiar force and urgency of the questions it involves.

We shall by no means attempt to discuss those questions in any detail, just now. We only take note of them as they rise, and attempt, with such light as we may, to ascertain the nature and bearings of them. A few considerations, made with this view, will occupy the remainder of our present survey.

The first point which helps fix the conditions of the problem is that involved in the very definition of our republic as a Union of States.* A revolt of anything like the present proportions from a strictly central government might have been far more difficult to effect in the beginning; but, as making a single rival centralized power, would be far more difficult to rec-

* Well presented in the New York Times.

Digitized by Google

oncile and overcome. The Rebel leaders have understood this, and have made violent efforts to absorb or override, by the necessities of their position, the very State sovereignties they relied on to win them that position. But we see what a violent reaction they have provoked. State rights, is the cry, were far more respected under the Union than they have been in the Confederacy. Says a remarkable letter lately published in the Raleigh Standard: —

"Whatever the government may be in theory, in fact we are a grand military consolidation, which almost entirely ignores the existence of the States, and disregards the decisions of their highest judicial tribunals. The great central despotism at Washington, as they were pleased to call it, was, at any time previous to the commencement of the secession movement, and even some time after it had commenced, a most mild and beneficent government compared with the central despotism at Richmond under which we are now living."

And the old habit has its way, — spite of the recoil at the shame of defeat, spite of the great social changes that must come with reunion. "As secession was by States, so reconstruction will be by States." No one, we think, would seriously wish to see that noble system of local sovereignties, which has given such flexibility, vitality, power, and freedom to our political system, merged in an all-controlling centralism, — though that centralism should be built on the most enlightened theories of government, and inspired by the largest ideas of philanthropy. The best political system is that which provides the largest political education for the people. The exercise of power is an end as well as a means. Political communities must work out their own salvation, and not be too strictly constrained, even to defend them from their own faults and wrongs. Besides, where shall be the power to check and constrain them? No one, we think, can look steadily at the prospect of the enormous patronage, the likelihood of injustice, the certainty of corruption, the sure steps of degeneracy and downfall, that would result from the attempt, by any national administration, to wield the vast forces which it has hitherto divided with the local sovereignties. It is States we want, not Territories, or subject colonies. The very name we have chosen for our outlying possessions, with the associa-

Digitized by Google

tions attached to it, — "Territories," not "Colonies," — means that they are inchoate States or sovereignties, and that in their age of majority they shall be equal members of the federation. Deep as the mischief has been of making the State the superior of the nation, it is hardly so deep and fatal as any theory which should abolish, on any large scale or permanently, that wholesome feature in our body politic. We can understand how a multitude of states, like Europe, through long generations of war and the infinite sufferings inflicted by rival ambitions, should produce on this continent also some of the grandest forms of national life and individual nobleness. But a central power — if that were possible — strong enough to merge them all, and make them mere appendages of its imperial state and sway, offers very little to our hope, and very much to our fear. The genius of our people, we are well convinced, would execrate and defeat any scheme at all approaching it. And we should not have thought it worth while to say even so much, but for the relief which some persons fancy they have found from the difficulty of dealing with defeated States, in the theory of treating them as conquered territories, — a theory which, except as meeting some necessary and brief stage of transition, we hold to be wrong, ignominious, and impossible. The government began by summoning the States to its defence against rebellious persons and acts in certain States. It can, in honor, seek no other final result of the struggle, than the liberty, strength, and independence of every State in that Union which is the combination and the defence of all.

Still, there is the period of transition, with the particular duties and dangers belonging to it. And Mr. Whiting has done good service in his letter, by reminding us that, for this period of transition, certain military and territorial rights must be claimed and used by the government, when it shall have subdued the insurrection. Since the 13th of July, 1861, by the unanimous judgment of the Supreme Court, — since three months earlier in the opinion of some of its members, — the nation has been engaged in a "territorial war," — that is, in a war against an entire population, not merely in acts of force exercised upon individuals. Victorious, it has the rights of sovereign as well as conqueror, and can control the condition,

Digitized by Google

the rights, the institutions, of the conquered territory strictly, according to the public need. Whatever our theory, then, of the political condition of the States in past years, in their relation to the central power, — whatever our theory of their condition as it is to be defined hereafter, — there is at any rate the middle ground, where State rights are in abeyance; where military rule is all that circumstances make possible; where it is the unchallenged right, as it is the duty and the need, of the national government, "to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States," — especially those portions of it whose people have renounced their allegiance, and forced us into war.

The two lines we have thus broadly traced define, we imagine, the common sense of this subject. The difficulties which will be found in keeping within the boundaries they mark, will be mainly difficulties of practice and of detail. The differences which will divide the popular mind about them will be differences of policy, not of polity. Without being troubled, on the one hand, by the outcry of those who charge the government with attempts to found a central despotism, — an outcry as ridiculous as it is false and dangerous, — or, on the other hand, by the argument that the new political fabric of the South is to be created anew, — manufactured, in short, with such engineering skill as we have, — we shall consider, briefly, one or two of these points, which seem to have gained prominence enough to make the discussion of them not premature.

First of all is the question, On what terms is the government *obliged* to receive back a seceded State? To this, it seems to us, the proper answer is, that the government has an absolute right to prescribe the conditions on which it will *consent* to receive it back. The machinery of State government is a very powerful thing. We have seen what mischief comes of its being held by ambitious, unscrupulous, and disloyal men. It is easy to conceive that such men should conspire to get back the handling of such an engine, which had been forced from their control, purely to watch their chance of using it for further mischief. We have alluded to the deputation from Louisiana, — the purport of which, we have been assured on good authority,

Digitized by Google

was to embarrass the policy of the government, by claiming the advantage of loyalty where there was hatred and rebellion at heart. The revolt had failed; but as much of the assets as possible was to be recovered from the failure. We give the particular instance, without knowing anything of its justice, because it illustrates a very likely embarrassment, and probably the very first embarrassment, which will have to be met when the conditions of reconstruction are getting settled. There must be a very large population in the revolted territory, — exasperated, hostile, in the highest sense malignant and dangerous. If they regain their power in our public counsels, the underplottings of baffled treason may begin again, — helped by the deeper treachery that has hardly dared to show its head in the loyal States, — helped by the very sense of security, the carelessness, the good-humor, which are the reaction from the violent strain of war. Say that the Act of Confiscation deprives all known and active traitors of all share of power in national affairs. In a population openly and (in appearance) unanimously disloyal, where shall the men be found competent to discharge the forbidden function? By provision of actual law, they can be relieved or ascertained only by special acts of amnesty; that is, again, by the free act of the government, defining its own terms and imposing its own conditions. And so we say, — without any reference to what the precise terms of reconstruction ought to be, — that those terms must be, not the claim of defeated traitors, but the dictation of the sovereign power they had assailed. This seems to us just and inevitable, — the first demand of common-sense dealing with the subject.

Next, as to what those terms shall be. One of them, we apprehend, the first and hardest, has already been defined; — so positively, there can be no mistaking; so deliberately, that it cannot be withdrawn. The act known as the Confiscation Law declared absolutely free the slaves of disloyal men. Its penalties were held in suspense for sixty days, and then announced in solemn proclamation of the President. Absolute emancipation in all the disloyal States was announced as the conditional military policy of the government. After a hundred days of warning, it was declared to be in full effect. In

Digitized by Google

the eye of public law, no disloyal man, since the 22d of last September, holds property in a single slave. In the eye of the government policy, not a slave exists throughout the territory covered by the proclamation of the 1st of January. These two it seems to us the easiest, the simplest, and surely the only just and honest way, to assume as fixed points which must govern all the relations held by the revolted section towards the national authority. To a certain extent, the precise application of them will depend on circumstances. It is among the possibilities of things, that the rebellion may get head again, win back the ground it has lost, and fight out a separate recognition. It may, by possible supposition, be reinforced by new allies, among the politicians and the mob at home, in imperial counsels and jealous hostilities abroad. It is quite unnecessary to insist that emancipation becomes a fact only by virtue of actual conquest. Nay, it is possible to conceive of an offer of return to the Union made in such a way, by here and there a State, and so backed by general sympathy at the North, that the government shall be compelled to recognize it, yet without securing the absolute certainty that the policy of freedom will be carried out in good faith, in a community naturally hostile to terms imposed by conquest and subjugation. But what then? We hold that in the law of the United States, and in the declared policy of its government, every slave in such a State is free already; and that this legal recognition of freedom will be a power of immense force and value in securing the ultimate fact of freedom. The Fugitive Slave Law falls to the ground. The internal traffic in slaves becomes an enormity which the nation is every way pledged to overthrow. The vast numbers of slaves already liberated by the war, and in actual service of the United States, or living under its express protection and guaranty,—it were an infamy not to be thought of that they should be surrendered back to bondage. A nation can survive disaster, defeat, conquest, almost annihilation itself, but could not survive the deep ignominy there would be in such an act. We are surprised that the language used by anybody should seem to have supposed it possible. And with this great population free under every sanction that can assure liberty to any citizen, — with the great number

Digitized by Google

also trained to the arms and discipline of soldiers, by all testimony the most admirable preparation for citizenship, — with the new dignity, honor, and respect won for the subject race by so many examples of heroism in the field and fidelity in service, — the very attempt to keep up or restore slavery as it was would seem too wild and dangerous a thing even for the insanest schemes of reconstructionists. If there is one point of testimony more constantly echoed than another, on either side of the boundary line where our battles are fought, it is that slavery has received its death-blow from this rebellion. We cannot suppose our government weak enough to quit its advantage here, or criminal enough to retract its solemn faith.

Another point follows immediately from the preceding, — is, indeed, its natural set-off and counterpoise. It should soothe the pride, diminish the jealousy, and reconcile the temper of the conquered States, that the same act which declares their subjugation also adds to their political power and advantage. Of slaves only three fifths are counted in the apportionment of representation, but of freemen all. Emancipation, as always argued, will promote the prosperity of the State, by ceasing to sacrifice it to the interest of a class. It will also give it relative eminence and strength, — since so many of its people are made citizens. Losing a hundred thousand slaves, it has added forty thousand to its standard of numbers, when reckoned by its ratio to the free and populous North. Doubtless this new distribution of power will have its jealousies and embarrassments. Doubtless it may bring its dangers too; since class power may be virtually retained, the working-class virtually disfranchised, while the theory of freedom gives it the larger range. The more urgent the need that absolute loyalty should be secured first, — that the nation should dictate its own terms of reconstruction, — that the policy of freedom and justice should be placed impregnably on its foundations, before the hazardous experiment is tried of rendering back the forfeited rights of sovereignty.

One point only remains, — to justify this people in maintaining, through so vast a struggle, and in the face of political difficulties and problems so serious, the right to territorial unity. Why not, comes the question from across the water,

Digitized by Google

jealous in our victory, taunting in our defeat, — why not abandon a contest so great and all but desperate? Why not accept disunion as a fact, and continue a free, great, and prosperous people, only with less enormous territory, and with a less divided and heterogeneous population? To this we answer, first, that the question is not fairly before us to answer, if we would. Whatever it may have been before the fatal 12th of April, 1861, — whatever it may be hereafter, when the combatants have laid down their arms and terms of peace are to be negotiated, — that is not the stake at issue now. Neither have we taken up arms, or now retain them, in behalf of any abstract theory or scheme of philanthropy. That a principle of humanity as well as justice is involved, that the rights and liberties of an oppressed race of men are at stake, is part of our glory and joy in this contest. But the contest itself we wage on other grounds. We do not consider philanthropy a fit matter for the arbitrament of war. We do not consider battles and carnage a fit method of establishing policies of mercy, or extending the Divine kingdom upon earth. If we had undertaken this war for the liberation of other men's slaves, we should have been condemned already, and justly punished by the disasters we have suffered. And, much as we value their sympathy, and respect their sincerity, we hardly find it in our hearts to thank those of our English friends who rest their justification of our cause only on the fact that emancipation is announced as the result and policy of the war. The nation has taken up arms, because a nation, to be free, must be ready to defend itself in whatever quarter and with whatever weapons it is assailed. It is for our liberties, rights, and peace, — it is for the integrity, the honor, the existence of a nation which we belong to, and believe in, and are loyal to, — it is for these things, which we sincerely believed were put to imminent peril by the conspiracy of unscrupulous and traitorous men, — it is for these we fight, and invoke the blessing of Heaven upon our arms. And if we fight also for the rights and liberties of others, — which on grounds of conscience only we should have defended by weapons of love and the army of truth alone, — we believe it is because God has honored us, and called and chosen us,

Digitized by Google

that, in fighting for ourselves because we must, we could not do it without also fighting for the dearest and most sacred principles of universal humanity.

The future destiny of this great continent we do not profess to dictate or to predict. The one issue is great enough for the time. We will save the nation first; then we will discuss what the length and breadth of it shall be. For ourselves, we believe that this continent is so shaped and marked by great natural forces, that it both invites and requires intimate political union among its populations. We believe that our form of government — a strict union of sovereign States — is at once so strong and flexible, so accurate in its machinery of details, and so fitted for indefinite expansion, that it is, as it were, expressly designed and foreordained for the governing of such a continent, — as much, for example, as the town polity was for Greece or the empire of the seas for England. And difficult as the problems must needs be which we are forced to meet, when we would adapt our form of government to the emergencies of the time, we do not see that they are more difficult, or necessarily more fatal, than those of France or Italy; not half so formidable as those we should be sure to meet, if we let go this firm hold on our historic past, and essayed those of a divided sovereignty.

We rejoice with a good hope in that grand series of successes which have made the past summer memorable, and which seem to bring the end of the dreadful conflict near. We look, not without anxiety, but without apprehension or alarm, to the long working out, under faithful and able hands, of those principles of public policy which shall make our true conditions of peace. Now, more than ever, it seems clear that the way of peace is also the way of victory and honor. "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."

ERRATUM.

In the note on p. 263 of this article, for "July" read "August."

Digitized by Google

Art. IX.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

The noble volume of M. Renan * is the first instalment of his great work designed to trace the development of Christianity down to the age of Constantine. It could not fail to attract attention, both for the eminent scholarship and fame of the author, and for the clear, bold, and brilliant treatment which puts it beyond comparison with any other work of similar design. We learn, accordingly, that a war of pamphlets has already sprung up about it, and a theological crusade equal at least in virulence to that in England *in re* Colenso, of which we have already had so much to say.

We have nothing to do at present with the merits of the controversy, and shall reserve most of what we have to say upon the book itself for another number. Meanwhile, we offer only the briefest recognition of it, with a slight attempt to sketch the position which it occupies in the theologic and historic field.

The first thing which strikes the reader of this volume is its strictly *historical* method of dealing with its topic. That school — if school it be where there is so much independence of inquiry and result — to which M. Renan belongs has produced no work to represent so well its own tendency, and at the same time so to interest thoughtful minds outside itself. M. Réville's *Études Critiques sur l'Évangile de St. Mathieu*,† *Les Évangiles* of M. d'Eichthal, and M. Nicolas's late critical papers on the Gospels in *La Germanique*, are more close to its distinctive task of simple historical search into the sources and composition of the books of the New Testament. But they address, necessarily, a small audience. The present work employs higher powers than their careful and conscientious research. It brings to bear the faculty of imaginative insight, — the rarest as it is the finest gift of the historian, — and the power of religious sentiment; and so passes beyond their audience, from the study and the school to the people. It is a striking sign of the times, and a good omen for free thought in France, that the exhaustion of a large first edition within these few months has made room and demand for the second. The only English work to which we can readily compare it, in its purely historic aim, is Mr. Hennell's "Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity." But it is far truer to that aim in this, — that it is wholly free from that polemic *tone*, and that aptness to impute motives of conscious deception to the early disciples, which so damage Mr. Hennell's book, and make it, in many parts, less an historical "inquiry" than a controversial essay. Nothing of this is apparent in the *Vie de Jésus*. With the great wealth of learning which M. Renan brings to bear, and that singular facility

* Histoire des Origines du Christianisme. Livre Première. Vie de Jésus. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères.

† A translation of M. Renan's notice of this book appeared in the Christian Examiner for November, 1862.

Digitized by Google

of illustration which comes from his familiar acquaintance both with the historical monuments and the actual landscape of Palestine, there mingles nothing, so far as we can recall, which can be construed into an intentional attack even on the prepossessions which the work does so much to overthrow. In aim and execution, it is simply an historical construction, — using with rare and delicate skill even the minutest materials which can be gathered from the original sources of the history.

The next characteristic of the work is its frank and undisguised *naturalism.* This is seen, on its positive side, in the use made of those materials to which we have just referred, — the geography, topography, traditions, and historical associations of Palestine,* — which are treated with a fidelity, skill, and tenderness of touch that make the book of the highest illustrative value, quite independent of its critical results. It is seen also, on its negative or critical side, in the quiet and scientific way of discussing the supernatural portions of the narrative. M. Renan's position is: "We do not say, *Miracle is impossible;* we say, *No miracle, up to this time, is proven.*" The reaction on the mind of Jesus after his first visit to Jerusalem during his public ministry gives occasion for two remarkable chapters, or essays, on the growth of the Messianic legends attached to Jesus, and on his miraculous acts, — for which last the writer apologizes, as it were, unwillingly, seeking to look at them from an Oriental point of view. Many of his remarks on the works of healing, as appealing to the popular imagination, are instructive and curious, though not precisely new. What is most novel in his treatment of the topic is the minuteness and care with which details of character and incident are followed out, making the criticism valuable on any theory which the student may hold. It is right to say that the cardinal event of the resurrection is but barely and briefly touched upon; the cycle of narratives bearing on it being reserved for the period of the Acts.

Of critics on the Gospel records, M. Renan gives the highest place to Strauss, — whose criticism, however, he regards as too little historical and too merely theological. Of the sources of the narrative, — the New-Testament writings, the Apocrypha of the Old Testament, Philo, Josephus, and the Talmud, — the Gospels only are treated at any length. We copy a few words from his very interesting exposition: —

"In fine, it may be said that the composition of the synoptical Gospels (*la rédaction synoptique*) has passed through three stages: 1. The original documentary stage (λόγια of Matthew, λεχθέντα ἢ πραχθέντα of Mark), primary compilations which no longer exist; 2. The stage of simple mingling, of miscellany, where the original documents are amalgamated without any effort at composition, without the appearance of any personal view in the authors (the actual Gospels of Matthew and Mark); 3. The stage of combination or of editing with purpose and reflection, where the effort is discernible to har-

* For example, in the contrast drawn between the natural loveliness of Galilean scenery and the stern and harsh landscape of Judæa, with its parallel in the character of the inhabitants.

Digitized by Google

monize different versions (the Gospel of Luke). The Gospel of John makes a composition of another order, and altogether by itself."

We must await the second volume for a full exposition of the author's views of the fourth Gospel, and, perhaps, a settled judgment. What appears in his Introduction seems of most value as a clear setting forth of the great difficulties which beset this problem, and shows, we have thought, that, on the whole, M. Renan's solution is not fixed and complete, but as yet tentative, — shifting and uncertain, in the presence of these manifold and perplexing difficulties, held in abeyance, and awaiting their possible clearing up. These points, however, are stated distinctly; — that the fourth Gospel is the Gospel according to John, exactly as the first is according to Matthew, or as the second is according to Mark, and proceeds immediately from the Asia Minor school of John, if not from the aged Apostle's own brain and hand; that, compared with the synoptics, it is as Plato's life of Socrates in the "Dialogues" compared with Xenophon's in the "Memorabilia"; that, though the literary purpose of it is dogmatic and metaphysical, and therefore the discourses it ascribes to Jesus are unlike, and even contrary to his authentic discourses as reported in the synoptics, it preserves traits of his life, and reports of his words, and memories of his actions, which are of priceless value, and of marvellous vividness and special vitality in their presentation; so that in many cases its narration is much to be preferred to that of the synoptics. An example of this preference is seen in the case of that first visit to Jerusalem already referred to. The three earlier Gospels know of no such visit, speaking only of a ministry in Galilee, and a single final visit to the capital; while, adopting the narrative of John, M. Renan makes it a turning-point in the mental history of Jesus. In this preference, as well as in the general view, he coincides with the view of Gfrörer,* — to whose *Urchristenthum* we are surprised to find no reference, — whom also he resembles in the curious detail of local incident, and that imaginative sympathy which gives life to the details. His general view of the narrative is summed up thus: —

"These details are not true to the letter, but they are true with a higher truth; they are truer than the naked truth, in the sense that they are the truth rendered expressive and speaking, raised to the height of an idea."

A final and marked characteristic of this volume is its tenderly religious tone, and the utter absence of anything like mockery, satire, or polemics. This is a quality only to be adequately seen in the book itself. We should be glad to illustrate it by copying, but for its length, the dedication to his sister, the companion of his travels, whom he left buried "in the land of Adonis, near holy Byblos, and those sacred waters where the women in the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears," — a dedication sweet with the tenderest brotherly affection, and fragrant with memories of the Holy Land. The passage in which he

* See especially the *Heiligthum und Wahrheit*, in which is contained Gfrörer's exposition of the fourth Gospel.

Digitized by Google

illustrates the moral exaltation of Jesus adopts almost the very language of his Trinitarian worshippers. As an example of this quality of the work, we give in conclusion a few words from page 234: —

"The day when Jesus spoke these words, 'The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers will worship the Father in spirit and in truth,' he was truly Son of God. He speaks for the first time the word on which will rest the edifice of eternal religion. He founded the worship pure, without date, without country, that which all lofty souls will render to the end of time. Not only was his religion, that day, the good religion of humanity, — it was the absolute religion; and if other planets are inhabited by reasonable and moral beings, their religion can be no different from that which Jesus proclaimed near Jacob's well. Man has not been able to hold to it, for the ideal is reached only for a moment. The word of Jesus was a flash of light in a dark night. Eighteen hundred years have been needed for the eyes of humanity — what do I say? of an infinitely small part of humanity — to become wonted to it. But the flash will become broad day, and humanity, after having gone through all the circles of error, will return to that word, as to the immortal expression of its faith and its hopes."

In the Preface to the London edition of Theodore Parker's Works,* Miss Cobbe has given a very vigorous and striking sketch, taken from her own point of view, of those tendencies which are especially met by his earnest gospel of naturalism. Nowhere do we remember so clear a conception, or so vivid a picture, of that great tidal wave, that seems to be uplifting from their foundations the time-hallowed structures of traditional belief, not only throughout Western Christendom, but (as she remarks) in the Mohammedan and Brahminic world. In the wide unsettling of the foundations of faith, the soul craves something which should be fixed and certain. This, as Miss Cobbe illustrates with great force and beauty, is to be found in that truth of a simple Theism resting on the intuitions of the soul, and sustained by the great facts of human history, maintained by many of the foremost minds of our day. Mr. Parker's own services in behalf of this truth, together with the outline of his biography, and a narrative of his closing hours, are traced with warm and admiring friendship, — one more record of the deep personal impression made by that strong, brave, and faithful man.

Two or three years ago we gave a careful notice of the excellent and able treatise of Theism by Mr. Orr. The same writer has now published, in a series of discourses, a review of the present attitude of Unitarianism,† characterized by the same qualities of great intellectual fairness, good scholarship, clear and candid argumentation, and a philosophic breadth which gives the work a much greater value than belongs to a merely sectarian treatise or apology. The connection of Unitarianism with the general movements of thought at the present day is fairly and ably traced. Those desiring, in moderate compass

* The Religious Demands of the Age. By Frances Power Cobbe. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

† Unitarianism in the Present Time; its more important Principles, its Tendencies, and its Prospects. By John Orr. (Published in Belfast, Ireland.) Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

Digitized by Google

and agreeable form, to trace the larger bearings of a creed so simple and an organization so loose and free as have been known under that name, will find in Mr. Orr's little volume a serviceable guide.

In connection with this volume, and illustrating another side of the same thought, we have the genial, thoughtful, and scholarly Address of the Rev. Dr. Osgood.* With much beauty of expression, and much felicity of illustration, there is that in its tone and phrase which suggests an audience of scholars and theologians, rather than one merely popular. In part, it is of the nature of personal retrospect, or confession, speaking, in a sense easily interpreted by such an audience, of the mellowing and ripening process that goes on when the forms of the schools are tested by the experience of life; partly, and incidentally, it discusses the influences at work, that mould the form, and modify the sense, of all religious theories. The transition from classicism to naturalism as the predominant aim and tendency, is well illustrated; and an interesting memorial is given of many eminent names that have done honor to the past history of the Cambridge School. The Address has a value, for reading and preservation, much beyond the average of such occasions.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Undulatory theory of Light and Heat had fairly passed the period of controversy more than twenty years ago, and was set forth by Whewell, in his Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, as the second complete example of a general truth established by strict induction. Since then, in its positive or constructive period, it has developed a beauty of detail and a range of application which hardly its most enthusiastic partisans could have looked for. A certain dogmatic narrowness made Comte unwilling to adopt this, more than any other constructive theory which seems to account for the facts of nature: heat, in fact, he considered as peculiarly felicitous, because out of the range of hypotheses, and studied (by Fourier especially) only with an eye to the laws and grouping of phenomena. Now, on the contrary, we have not only the physical cause of Heat conceived with singular vigor and clearness in accordance with that theory, and its analogies with Light explained in a way which would be impossible without it; but we find it employed as an agent of analysis of marvellous subtilty and skill, and especially in investigations of the atomic constitution of bodies, hitherto undreamed of.

If not the ablest, certainly the most popular and interesting of the investigators in this field is Professor Tyndall, whose admirable book on the Glaciers we noticed two or three years ago. His recent work on Heat† is a masterpiece of careful analysis and induction, cast in

* Our Life-School as Theologians; a Discourse before the Alumni of the Theological School, Harvard University, July 14, 1863. By Samuel Osgood. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

† Heat considered as a Mode of Motion; being a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in the Season of 1862. By John Tyndall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Digitized by Google

the form of popular lectures, — the detail of experiments and description of apparatus being given with such fulness, that all except the actual demonstration is brought, as it were, before the eye. In a work so minute and full as to be perhaps the completest exhibition of the subject before the general public, we are unable to follow even the simplest outline of his argument, — which depends, indeed, for its weight and force, on the mental habit formed by long and familiarly dwelling on the detailed facts.

The most interesting point, practically, is the ratio established by careful experiments between heat and other forms of force; — the general fact being stated in this form, that the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of a pound of water one degree Fahrenheit will generate force enough to raise seven hundred and seventy-two pounds one foot. This common measure, the "foot-pound," is of the very highest importance in all mechanical applications of the subject.

Philosophically, the most interesting point is the clear and vigorous statement which is given concerning the atomic constitution of bodies. Heat is a "mode of motion" among their ultimate atoms, or molecules. To raise the temperature means to excite quicker and more vehement vibrations among them. At a certain pitch of vehemence, the molecules are set loose, and spin freely on their axes: this is the fluid condition of the body, which has now reached its melting-point. Again, increase the intensity of this rotary motion, and presently the particles fly off in a tangent, — or as we say, in vapor: the liquid has reached its boiling-point. This physical conception is assumed as the basis of the exposition. Even if only a theory, it proves not merely ingenious, but curiously helpful and fertile. One very ingenious use made of it is in explaining the constitution of *ozone*, which is generally called an "allotropic" form of oxygen, easily destructible by heat. Professor Tyndall argues, as a fair inference from his experiments, that it consists of the oxygen-atoms grouped, or as we may say crystallized, — a vaporous crystal, readily enough "deliquescent," as one might suppose.

One other point we mention in this very interesting volume, — the easy stages and the beautiful series of experiments by which the hearer is guided to an understanding of the new and magnificent researches on the solar spectrum. This, with the theory and phenomena of solar heat, is the main topic of the closing lecture. The treatment here given of it is especially valuable, because it does not leave the marvels of "Spectrography" as mere marvels, revealing properties of bodies having no analogy to what we know of them otherwise; but makes them the legitimate and splendid culmination of a series of views, which have already included some of the most superb, vast, and delicate phenomena of the natural world. In connection with these, the meteoric theory of the sun's heat, here detailed, and the referring of all life and motion on the earth to the power of the sun, are examples of the sublimest physical generalizations. The concussion of meteoric bodies falling upon the sun's surface is shown as a sufficient, and (so far as we know) the only sufficient source of his enormous expenditure of light and heat.

Digitized by Google

"It may be contended that this showering down of matter must be accompanied by the growth of the sun in size; it is so; but the quantity necessary to produce the observed calorific emission, even if accumulated for four thousand years, would defeat the scrutiny of our best instruments. If the earth struck the sun, it would utterly vanish from perception, but the heat developed by its shock would cover the expenditure of the sun for a century." — p. 438.

The volume closes with a generous and admiring statement of the services of Dr. Mayer in the development of these and other astonishing results.

Our attention has been called to a small volume,* rather transcendental in title, thoroughly scientific in form, and in substance so romantic, wild, and magical, that one is tempted to class it among the fanciful speculations rather than the sober discussions of philosophy. Aside from the singularity of its matter, however, there is nothing about it to raise a question as to its entire good faith and matter-of-fact reality. The writer, Mr. Denton, is a man, as we learn, of some eminence as a geologist and practical explorer of mines. By habit a man of acute and delicate observation, he had noticed the great difference among persons in susceptibility to certain impressions received from inorganic substances held in the hand or near any sensitive portion of the nervous system, especially the forehead. Following up his observations, he found that some persons of extremely delicate organization received, not only impressions corresponding to the physical structure of bodies, but others, which he could only ascribe to impressions made formerly *upon* those objects, and preserved in their molecular structure, so as to affect all after impressions transmitted through them. Thus, a piece of quartz or marble not only has its peculiar effect upon the nervous system answering to its mineralogical structure, but it conveys, to one who is sensitive enough to receive them, the images which have fallen upon it from the numberless objects and scenes with which it has been in contact. Every object, in short, is a mirror, which not only reflects, but treasures up and repeats forever after whatever scenes have been transacted in its presence. Thus, — to take two examples from this volume, — a bit of marble from Caracalla's baths, taken at random from a box of specimens, and held in the hand of one not seeing it or having any knowledge what it is, brings up vivid pictures of Roman luxury; and a fragment of fossil coral repeats the scenes of the remote period when it was wrought by its busy fabricators in the ocean-depths. About a hundred of these observations are reported and condensed, as taken from the mouth of the lady who was the principal subject of these phenomena. The circumstances and the result rest on the good faith of the reporter; and they appear to him to open the way to a boundless field, not only of curious experiment, but of strictly scientific discovery. From meteorites what may we not learn of the inter-planetary spaces,

* The Soul of Things; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries. By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

Digitized by Google

or from fossils of the geologic periods, or from antiquarian relics, of details of human history, life, and manners wholly undiscoverable in any other way?

It is not easy to state this interesting speculation in brief, so as to make it seem intelligible, or even sane. Still, one or two approaches have been made to it before, which may, perhaps, help bring it within the range of fair discussion. There are several well-authenticated instances of persons susceptible, in the way described, to impressions from manuscript held in the hand, so as to give with curious accuracy the moral characteristics of the writer. And the scientific reader will remember an argument of Sir Charles Babbage, published about twenty years ago, in which he urges *the absolute perpetuity of impressions made by undulatory motion* — as in sound, color, and even thought — to prove by physical analogy the reality of moral retribution in a future life. These speculations were carried out somewhat further in a little book called "The Stars and the Earth," which attracted some attention among the curious and thoughtful; and were included in the argument presented by Mr. (now President) Hill, under the title "Geometry and Faith," in which the various scientific analogies are grouped with more felicity and skill than we remember elsewhere. Still, in spite of all previous familiarity with this order of thought in general, we are staggered and perplexed when it comes, as now, under the sober guise of the literal reporting of fact and experiment. The special and most marvellous power represented to be possessed by the subject of these experiments, Mrs. Denton, is, that in the vast multitude of groups of impressions thus recorded in the substance, she is able to single and follow out at will any particular group; so that the fragment of an ancient building shall recall the pomp of its days of splendor, and the procession of events that have attended its ruin and decay; or else the scenes of its geological formation, and the secrets of the dark places of the earth. In short, there is no incident in the past life of the earth or man, which has not left its material image stamped somewhere, and whose record may not be actually read when submitted to senses sufficiently acute.

Of the tone of this remarkable book, it is enough to say that it is sober and sincere; its ethical lessons are well put; and the seeming wildness of its facts is counterpoised by a calm, candid, and lucid exposition of the theory upon which they rest.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

Mr. Fisher's "Trial of the Constitution," * of which a sketch was given in the Examiner for May, is a significant illustration of the tendency towards a strong government which the great events of the day are producing. Our generation has had to learn that "a government without power is a sham and a lie," just as our ancestors did in 1787;

* The Trial of the Constitution. By Sidney George Fisher, Author of "The Law of the Territories," "The Laws of Race as connected with Slavery," etc., etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1862.

Digitized by Google

just as the Rebels of the South, all whose logic rested on the extremest weakness of the central government, now maintain the prerogatives of their new nationality with a vigor that the legitimate government has never ventured upon, — claiming Kentucky and Maryland without the shadow of popular authority, dismissing a French consul for merely suggesting a second secession of Texas, and almost driving the State authorities of Georgia and North Carolina into open rebellion. If the war has accomplished nothing else, it has taught both North and South the folly of theories which would make of the Federal Union a mere rope of sand.

On this whole doctrine of national imbecility, and the kindred delusion of "strict construction," Mr. Fisher's argument is most able and cogent. Had he been content with this, he would have done a much-needed work, and done it well. But he goes further, and lays down this startling dogma, which vitiates almost every page of the book, that "in our system Congress is omnipotent, in the sense that in the English system Parliament is omnipotent" (p. 55). This we think false, impracticable, and subversive of the true theory of our national Union.

This doctrine rests, in the author's mind, upon the assumption that our Union is essentially a copy of the union between England and Scotland, from which it would follow that the State sovereignties are as completely merged in the Federal as the sovereignty of Scotland is in that of Great Britain. "It was natural that they [the framers of the Constitution] should do this, and therefore they *must* have done it," (p. 128,) is the only historical proof offered of this proposition, — one which no doubt hits Mr. Hamilton's views precisely, but which is utterly without weight when we consider that the Constitution was framed by a body of men of most various views, Alexander Hamilton representing one extreme and Luther Martin the other. Many desired a complete surrender of State sovereignties; many, that these should be maintained in their full integrity. A compromise was necessary, which may or may not be satisfactory to us in 1863, by which was accomplished what Mr. Fisher (p. 70) pronounces impossible, — a division of sovereignty between the State and the Federal Union. Anything more centralizing than this, if passed by the Convention, would assuredly have been rejected by the people. But here a fundamental principle comes in, the denial of which has had fatal consequences. The sovereignty was divided only in scope, not in degree. Certain rights of sovereignty — generally those of imperial character — were bestowed on the central government. And here we agree with Mr. Fisher, that they were bestowed in all their fulness and vigor, not to be nullified by State action or neutralized by "strict construction." But all other attributes of sovereignty were left to the States also in their fulness and vigor. The power which Mr. Madison thought *essential* to the national government, of "a negative in all cases whatsoever on the legislative acts of the States," received the votes of only three States in the Convention. It is obvious, therefore, that the framers of the Constitution never intended Congress to have supreme powers.

It is chiefly, however, upon theoretical grounds that Mr. Fisher bases his claim, and it must be admitted, that, if it is one inherent in the very

Digitized by Google

nature of free government, as he maintains, it matters little whether Hamilton, Madison, and Jay had it in mind or not. "We the people of 1862 are not to be commanded to our destruction by even the best and wisest of the people of 1787." (p. 199.) We think, however, that his arguments prove only what we have already admitted, — the necessity of a liberal construction of the powers of government. Our Constitution conveys, we believe, to the national government powers amply sufficient to have settled all questions as they arose, except for the mischievous sophistry of "strict construction," which has continually tied the hands of Congress, and given to dissatisfied minorities a fire-brand of discord, — the cheap and safe outcry of a "violation of the Constitution."

But Mr. Fisher obscures his argument, and weakens its real force, by talking so much about the power of *amendment*, as one that necessarily belongs to Congress, in spite of the Fifth Article, which, he thinks, only prescribes one method in which the Constitution *may* be amended, not the method in which it must.* Now the greater includes the less, and it would have been sufficient for him to claim for Congress (as above) power of legislation in all cases, as in the English Parliament, and that of amendment would follow of course. But "amendment" is altogether too great a bugbear with him. He seems to imagine that the English Constitution has weathered the various tempests which it has passed through by its power of prompt amendment in cases of emergency, and that the same power would have saved us from this war. We think it would be hard to point out an instance in which the English Constitution has been amended in any important matter, except after a long and violent party contest; or an instance in which the power of amendment in the hands of Congress would have done any good. For the matter of that, the whole discussion is wholly unpractical; for when we remember that Congress repealed a salutary law, on the ground of unconstitutionality, we may imagine the opposition that an attempt to change the Constitution itself by unconstitutional methods would call up. But granting it were possible, we cannot believe that any amendments could have averted the "irrepressible conflict." What would have been the result, "had the power been expressly given to Congress to decide constitutional questions," is altogether another thing. The question here is not of interpreting, but of altering; not of declaring what is, but what shall be. Such a power as this we should be very sorry to have committed to the shifting fancies of biennial Congresses. Suppose the Thirty-fourth Congress had incorporated into the Constitution an express declaration of the power of Congress over the Territories, would not the Thirty-fifth have repealed it, and substituted a declaration of the right of slaveholders to carry their property wherever they pleased? We are satisfied with the "Fifth Article." We expect, at the return of peace, that a national convention will be called, in accordance with its provisions, to determine what changes, if any, experience has shown to be necessary. We do not agree with Mr. Fisher, that "not one of the improvements of the British Constitution

* But "Expressio unius est exclusio alterius."

Digitized by Google

could have been contrived by the people, or proposed by a majority of two thirds of them, or ratified after popular debate and the handling of tribunes, by a majority of three fourths." (p. 44.) On the contrary, every one of them was wrested by the people from the aristocracy, "after popular debate and the handling of tribunes." The Constitution of Massachusetts has been amended in several points, by a tedious process, similar to that of the Fifth Article. Had its amendment been easier, we do not like to think of the bungling work the "Know-Nothing" Legislature of 1855 might have made. And yet, slow and cautious as the process is, the "Two Years' Amendment" was rescinded within five years after its passage.

The argument upon which the theory rests is this. The Legislature is by nature the strongest of the departments of a free government, and the Judiciary the weakest. Therefore any attempt to restrain the action of the Legislature will be useless, for the Legislature can, and when it pleases will, set aside all obstacles and have its own way. All this is true, and it forms the peculiar danger of free governments. Nothing is more evident in studying the formation of our Constitution, than the constant recognition by its framers of the tendency of the Legislature to override the other departments of government. Mr. Fisher's inference from these premises is different from theirs. He would make a virtue of necessity, and give to Congress supreme powers, on the ground that, if we do not give them, it will take them. Our fathers judged otherwise. They distributed the powers of government jealously, and made each department as independent as possible. And they had sufficient faith in republican institutions to give to the weakest of these the right of restraining the other two, — a right it has never hesitated to exercise, and always with success, until partisan and sectional fury chose to fling away all appeal to legal procedure. The North acquiesced in the right of Congress to pass a Fugitive Slave Law, although against the judgment of Webster and other jurists. Had the South submitted in like manner to the established practice and policy of the national government to legislate for the Territories, there would have been no rebellion. The Judiciary is weak, to be sure, but strong enough for ordinary times and issues. Has the Legislature proved any stronger in the tempests of civil war?

What is to be done in great exigencies, when the life of a nation hangs on the decision of a moment, may safely be left to the decision of that moment. No doubt Congress can assume and exercise extraordinary power in such cases, just as the President did in 1861. But to acknowledge this is one thing. Mr. Fisher not only does this, but insists that this is a legitimate right of Congress, thus strengthening enormously that department of government which is already much the strongest by the nature of things. But obviously the first thing to be done on the return of quiet will be to ratify, by a formal change in the organic law, the exceptional but necessary acts of the emergency, just as Mr. Lincoln's extra-constitutional acts have been ratified by Congress; — just as Parliament indemnifies the ministry for a suspension of *habeas corpus* during the recess; — just as our Legislature legalized the

Digitized by Google

suspension of specie payments in 1857;—just as General McClellan would have been held justified, in 1862, if he had disobeyed orders and taken Richmond, as General Hooker urged him to do, while to disobey and then fail might have been death. Circumstances are too strong for a person or body with limited powers. It is not safe to lay down beforehand any general rule when orders may be disobeyed, constitutional provisions violated, and responsibility assumed. "Obey orders and break owners," is an apt popular mercantile proverb. He who does any of these things runs a fearful risk, which nothing but the issue can justify. To claim such a power as this, *in virtue of the Constitution*, is an absurdity only surpassed by that of the *constitutional right of secession*. A right of *revolution* we can understand. That is something above constitutions and laws, existing equally in all nations and under all forms of government. This was what the Southern leaders appealed to when they took up the sword. But a constitutional right to break up the Constitution itself is a notion only born of a generation nourished on sophistical theories of "no government." So the notion of overriding a fundamental article of the Constitution by virtue of the Constitution itself could only have sprung from an over-zealous study of the English Constitution, and eagerness to engraft its characteristic features upon a form of government wholly independent in origin and theory.

We do not agree with Mr. Fisher that our Constitution is a failure. A struggle for life and death between two antagonistic civilizations has little to do with forms of government and organic law. In many points our Constitution has failed, and these we hope to discuss at some future time. But that the work of Washington, Hamilton, and Madison is a failure we shall not believe until the slave confederacy, and not the Federal Union, shall rule this continent.

Colonel Estvàn is an Hungarian, as we understand, who accepted a commission in the Confederate army at the commencement of the Rebellion, and held it until after the Seven Days' Battles, when, his health failing him, he retired to the North, and afterwards to England. He has now published an account of the war during that period;* an account which, whatever defects it may have, has the virtues of impartiality, modesty, and a kindly spirit, always disposed to look at the favorable side. Indeed, that an officer who has served, as he tells us, in Italy and Hungary, should bestow such unmeasured praise upon the fighting of both armies, even so early in the war as Big Bethel and Manassas, is at once unexpected and gratifying. But of the causes of the war, and the great questions at issue, he seems neither to know nor to care anything. He embraced the Southern cause in true *condottiere* spirit, or perhaps it would be fairer to say in the spirit of a German soldier, to whom Prussia, Austria, and Bavaria

* War Pictures from the South. By B. Estvàn, Colonel of Cavalry in the Confederate Army. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863. 12mo. pp. 352.

Digitized by Google

are equally German states, and citizenship in one would not preclude fighting for another, — just as Niebuhr, a Holsteiner by birth, spent his life in the service of Prussia. It is fair to presume that Colonel Estvàn would rather have fought for the Union than against it, as he more than once speaks of the mean jealousy of the Confederate authorities towards foreigners, and loses no opportunity to intimate that the rebellion was needless and unprovoked, hurried on by a wily clique of political managers, and not desired by the mass of the Southern people. He says of General Lyon, "To him it is due that St. Louis did not share the unhappy fate of Richmond." He always speaks with respect of Mr. Lincoln, even when criticising as it deserves the blundering of the War Department. Mr. Davis and his Cabinet, on the other hand, he regards with undisguised contempt, and is never tired of pouring his scorn upon the unfortunate Floyd. But it surprises one that, after Lee, Jackson, and the Johnstons, Pillow and Wise should be the special objects of his admiration. To General Pillow he gives the credit of the victory of Belmont, and of whatever of vigor there was in the defence of Fort Donelson; while Wise he several times calls "the old soldier," — his martial exploits previous to the war being, we believe, a couple of duels. Of Beauregard, Bragg, and Polk he has no high opinion.

Colonel Estvàn's book is not without interest and value; but, as a whole, it disappoints us. It claims to consist of disconnected "war pictures," and if it were really made up of such pictures, drawn by an eyewitness, its historical value would be very great. But it attempts a *history* of the first year of the war, — an attempt in which it fails by important omissions, strange mistakes, carelessness of dates, and confused topography. He insists on the immense importance of the Mississippi (p. 332), as if to imply that our government had been blind to it; but only alludes once to the taking of New Orleans, and never once to Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, Memphis, Port Royal, Winchester, Ball's Bluff, Dranesville, or Pea Ridge; — not one of these is mentioned. The taking of Fort Hatteras is placed among the events of the winter of 1861–62, — apparently for dramatic effect, as Roanoke and Newbern immediately follow. But there is scarcely any attempt at giving dates, or at describing localities. For instance, he devotes three short chapters to the important but complicated campaign of Rosecrans and Lee in Western Virginia, in the fall of 1861. As he was personally engaged in this campaign, we might have expected a careful analysis of it, with vivid descriptions of places and events. But the three chapters do not contain one date, or one careful topographical description. With regard to the Seven Days' Battles it is still worse. Although he took part in these battles, it would be impossible for one not already acquainted with the events and localities to make out any distinct idea of the battles fought, their relative importance, and the manner of the retreat. The strategic movements, to which these battles formed the climax, are wholly overlooked. Not a word of Jackson's advance down the valley of Virginia, Banks's retreat, Fremont's pursuit, — only a continual harping upon Mr. Stanton's imbecility and jealousy, and McDowell's inca-

Digitized by Google

pacity, whom he ever blames for not coming to McClellan's assistance during the fighting, as if he were ten miles off instead of sixty. He seems to be wholly ignorant that McClellan's retreat to the James was already planned and prepared, and only hastened by Lee's attack. Nay, more. The chronological confusion in this chapter is so great as to deprive it wholly of authority, and to drive us to a strange theory as to its cause. The writer seems to have found it hard to reconcile the expression "Seven Days' Battle" with the fact that the first attack on our forces at Mechanicsville was June 26 (Thursday), and the final one at Malvern Hills on July 1 (Tuesday). He forgot that the first day's fight was General Heintzelman's advance on our left, June 25. Bewildered at the task of squeezing seven days' battles into six days, he has recourse to a bold expedient. He ceases dating the battles after the second day, only numbering "third and fourth days," &c. Then, when he comes to the fifth day — battle of White Oak Swamp — he coolly interpolates one whole day of battle between this and Malvern Hills. This mythical sixth day (which appears to be built out of an episode of White Oak Swamp), he calls the battle of Frazer's Farm, and describes it at considerable length as "one of the most desperate actions which has, perhaps, ever been fought." Such blundering work as this cannot fail to destroy the credit which the book really deserves. For the chapters which are of a personal character — as the first two or three, the account of the battles of Newbern and Manassas, of the war in Western Virginia, of Stuart's raid, of the Merrimac and Monitor, the "Christmas Eve," &c. — are really excellent, and to all appearance trustworthy.

The chapters that are from hearsay, on the other hand, no doubt contain much genuine matter, but illustrate the difficulty of obtaining authentic information in the South. Perhaps the best example is the battle of Rich Mountain, in which he accuses General Rosecrans of permitting the escape of the enemy by his dilatory movements, — the well-known fact being that Rosecrans moved so rapidly that the enemy were in full flight before General McClellan came up. This fact is so well established, that it has been unfairly laid hold of to deprive General McClellan of the credit of the campaign. There is constant carelessness in details. At Fort Henry, General Grant is represented as having received the surrender. At Williamsburg, General McClellan as having, "in person, led on his troops into the midst of the fire." At Shiloh, "the watchful enemy" are spoken of. At Bull Run, Kirby Smith is said to have brought thirty thousand troops upon the field, — a reinforcement which would have made short work with the panic-stricken Federals. General Heintzelman's corps (made up in large part of New England troops) is said to consist of Irish and Germans, — indeed, our author is very prone to claim the credit of any gallant exploit for his countrymen.

This book contains ample testimony to the barbarous treatment of prisoners by the Rebels, and their kind treatment by the national authorities. "It is almost impossible to form an idea of the want of feeling of the population of the South," he says, and proceeds to illus-

Digitized by Google

trate it by various instances, none of them more striking than the following, which was not told for that purpose: "When John Brown was under sentence of death, and an effort was made to have his life spared, Wise took out his cigar-case, and, turning to me, 'Do you smoke, Colonel,' he said; 'these are good Havanas.' He lit one of them, and then, addressing the suppliants, said, in a stern voice, 'This man has forfeited his life to the law, and the law must have its course.'"

To most of the strictures of the Colonel Ferri-Pisani,* or the person who writes under that name, we are not disposed to take exception. He is not such an observer as Mr. W. H. Russell, and is far from being such a thinker as De Tocqueville; but he made good use of his limited time and opportunities, and has produced a respectable book, in interest as well as in bulk. There are many pleasant notices of individuals, and nothing is set down in malice. The sympathy of the writer and of his princely companion, whose echo he evidently is, are strongly expressed for the Northern side in our national conflict, and all the flatteries of Beauregard, Johnston, & Co. have not won this hater of slavery to toleration of their cause. *Apropos* of Boston and Cambridge, the writer has undertaken to give the genesis of Unitarianism, which he calls "philosophical Deism," and stigmatizes as the worst foe with which Protestantism has to contend. He frankly allows that "no sect has temples better built, more comfortable, and more neat than this; none has ministers more respected and more respectable, more eloquent or more efficient; that it numbers among its disciples the first citizens of the land, men distinguished among all by their position, their intelligence, their public and private virtues"; yet this does not hinder his sentence upon their fatal rationalism. It is consoling, we may add, to find that he makes Congregationalism responsible for this sad defection from Christian truth. Unitarian theology, negative as it is, is the legitimate product of the ancient Puritanism, the growth of its freedom, and the reaction from its bigotry. A stay of one or two days in Boston was hardly long enough to leave a perfect impression of its religious tone; and we imagine that this chapter of religious analysis was composed in the leisure of the passage home, from books judiciously furnished by some "Evangelical" visitors. It has the character of a made-up essay, and the writer seems to feel that he is out of his sphere and beyond his depth.

We hope soon to notice more at length the handsome volume containing the speeches and writings of Mr. Wendell Phillips,† together with that remarkable movement in the public mind of which they are perhaps the finest representative. As literature, they are by general acknowledgment the very best examples we have of forensic oratory,—

* Lettres sur les États Unis d'Amérique. Par le Lieutenant-Colonel Ferri Pisani, Aide de Camp de S. A. I. Le Prince Napoléon. Paris: Hachette. 1862. pp. 452.

† Speeches, Lectures, and Letters, by Wendell Phillips. Boston: James Redpath.

Digitized by Google

in thought clear as crystal, keen and ready in wit, in style polished to the last perfection that belongs to compositions of this class. As historic documents, they are the living record of some of the most marked phases in public events and in the temper of the popular mind, for a period ranging over five and twenty years. But their interest in either regard is subordinate to their unique and peculiar value, as examples of the highest order of moral truth, and the intensest moral conviction, brought to bear, with courage perfectly unflinching, and absolute consistency of aim, upon the discussion of the most momentous, disputed, and difficult questions at the bar of the general conscience. Nothing less than a consciousness of perfect fidelity to such an aim would excuse the tone of severity and the keenness of personal attack painfully frequent in these pages; or that temper, approaching to bitterness and scorn, in which men and things are dealt with that vary at all from the strict line of right as conceived by Mr. Phillips. Personally, he is, as we know, in the highest degree courteous and magnanimous to a sincere opponent. And the asperity of tone that fills many of these "Cassandra-prophesyings" (as they have been called), with the trying position into which it brings the utterer of them towards large portions of the community, we have regarded rather in the light of a sacrifice exacted by a certain scrupulous severity of conscience, than as the trick of a debater, or the morose habit of a self-appointed critic. When the personal acerbities and resentments shall have been softened down by time, we are sure that no record of this period of controversy will be reckoned more honorable, or more highly prized.

Perhaps no picture of the interior of plantation-life has ever been drawn at once so distinct and so authentic as the Letters of Mrs. Kemble * which have remained near a quarter of a century on the files of private correspondence, and now appear as the writer's contribution to the great controversy of the day. And certainly no picture has ever been drawn, that with so sharp and terrible clearness sets forth the squalid discomfort and the utter wretchedness that have reigned — too often uncared for and unknown — where Nature is so sumptuously beautiful, and where the misery springs from no hardness of heart on the part of the proprietors, but almost purely from sheer carelessness and neglect. Many of the most striking incidents of this book have been very widely circulated before the public, and need no distincter reference. They are told by a voice that in its own right, as well as from its historic associations, commands a hearing. No testimony could be more timely, and no contrast more complete than that suggested between these incidents and details, and those which, on almost the same ground, have attended the noble ministrations to the freedmen of Port Royal.

BIOGRAPHY.

The life of Albrecht Dürer, by whomsoever written, seems to repeat the same meagre story, — how he was born in Nuremberg, and died

* Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation, in 1838 - 39. By Frances Anne Kemble. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Digitized by Google

there, was married to a wife who, as his friend Pirkheimer said, hunted him to death, — how he journeyed once to Venice, and again to the Low Countries. This, with the catalogue of his works, is the substance of our knowledge of Albrecht Dürer, foremost master of German art. Dr. von Eye * has not enlarged the picture, nor has he done much to fill up the shadowy outlines which float down to us out of the ages. Dürer has painted his own portrait best, as it looks down upon you in the silent halls of the great Pinakothek in Munich, with the rich, full chestnut locks, and the face which discloses better than words the inner character of the man.

A poor goldsmith, wandering from Hungary through Germany and the Low Countries, the father of Albrecht Dürer settled at last among the artists of Nuremberg, where his life was to flow quietly on to its close. For twelve years he worked with Hieronymus Haller, and then, as the reward of his perseverance and skill, received at once the freedom of the guild and his master's daughter, Barbara, in marriage, he then in his fortieth year, she but fifteen. In the Pinakothek in Munich there is a portrait of the elder Dürer painted by his son in the year 1497; — a tall, somewhat spare form, already showing the pressure of the years, the toilsome hands, folded as if in welcome rest, and in his face a look of earnestness and resignation which justifies the words of the son: "He did not have much to do with the joy of this world, was of few words and little company, and a God-fearing man." On the 21st of May, 1471, was born his son Albrecht, second son and the third of eighteen children. The house in which he was born you may see to this day in Nuremberg, in the narrow little street called the Winklerstrasse, in the rear of the Pirkheimer residence, a dark little house which the sun seldom lighted, especially in winter, when they stopped up the openings which served for windows with oil paper, window-panes being a luxury confined to more imposing mansions in those days. Not long before the little Albrecht saw the light, there was born to the Pirkheimers a son whom they called Willibald, and who afterwards became a statesman, scholar, and co-worker in that great movement of the Reformation which began to shake the world in the latter years of his life, but best known to us as the early and constant friend of the child Albrecht, with whom he grew up in closest intimacy.

It was a pretty open place those boys played together in so long ago, — all kept as of old for you to gaze at it, with the stately buildings round it, in the background the colored façade of the Frauen Kirche, in the foreground "the beautiful fountain," all gilded and glittering, and around them the busy life of Nuremberg in the market-days.

Dürer must have shown his genius early, for there exists still a portrait of him drawn by himself when only thirteen years old. In his fifteenth year he was sent as a pupil to Michael Wohlgemuth, and when he had served his time his father sent him to wander about to see the world. And he wandered for four years, — years, unfortunately, of which no record has been kept for us. Even at this early period his

* Leben und Wirken Albrecht Dürer's. Von Dr. A. v. Eye. Nördlingen: Druck und Verlag der C. H. Beck'schen Buchhandlung. 1860.

Digitized by Google

character seems to have made an impression upon his contemporaries. Melancthon said of him that his art, however remarkable, was the least part of him. An aspiring, earnest soul, — a comely person withal, — it pains one to read these brief words of his: "And when I came home, Hans Frey bargains with my father and gave me his daughter, Agnes by name, in marriage." It was the way of the age. "The daughters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were rather rough children of nature," says Dr. von Eye, — "healthy, but less fascinating than we picture them, and altogether without schooling."

It was an unfortunate affair for Dürer, — without children as it proved, — which the genial companionship of Pirkheimer did not altogether assuage. The marriage took place on the 7th of July, 1494, and they went to live in a house at the upper end of the street now called after his name, known ever after as Dürer's house. Bought by the magistracy of the city, it has been intrusted to the Nuremberg Art Union Society, by whom it is occupied. Since Dürer's time it has suffered a good deal of change internally, but there is enough of it left to show how much less comfortably people lived in those days than in these, says Dr. von Eye. Outwardly, it is the same as it looked to the new couple that July morning, when, we dare say, Agnes Dürer had not begun to show that objectionable temper of hers. Dürer's workroom seems to have been a moderately large one on the ground floor, with a single broad window, rounded at the top, toward the north, with the tall, dark city wall rising up close against it. In the ceiling is a grated opening connecting with the upper chamber, through which his wife used to watch him, says your cicerone.

Till 1502, father and son worked together; then was the former called away. "And when he saw death before his eyes, he yielded willingly, with great patience, and recommended to me my mother, and that we should lead godly lives. Then he received the sacrament and departed like a Christian, to whom God be gracious and compassionate." For two years longer his mother lived in her old house, and when she had consumed her substance, and was very poor, she went to live with Albrecht, whose pious charge she became till her death in 1514.

And now Dürer went to Venice, as is related in the fourth chapter of our work. And how he travelled and what he did one may get some notion from the eight letters which have survived to us, directed to the "Ersamen weisen Her Wilbolt Pirkamer." They have been printed, and are well known to all who know Dürer and his life. It was from Venice that Dürer sent Raphael a portrait of himself, with other drawings, at sight of which Raphael said, "Of a truth this man would surpass us all, if like us he had the masterpieces of art before his eyes," and sent back his own likeness. After his return from Venice, from 1507 to 1513, was the flowering-time (Blüthezeit) of Dürer's life, for the bud had ripened fast under the soft Italian sky, with Giovanni Bellini to care for it.

On the 12th of July, 1520, accompanied by his wife and his maid Susanna, Dürer set forth on a journey to the Low Countries. The next day he reached the Bamberg frontier fortress of Forchheim, and

Digitized by Google

the Bishop of Bamberg, whose favor he won by the present of a picture of the Virgin, bestowed upon him what we may call a customs' pass, which helped him free through twenty-six custom-houses between Bamberg and Frankfort, so excessively was Germany cut up in those days into petty sovereignties. From Cologne he went to Antwerp, finding in the company of artists and great people what solace he might for his matrimonial infelicities. And as one reads the brief words of his diary, the impression is unavoidable that, on the whole, he had rather a good time of it. Erasmus of Rotterdam recognized the great worth of the man not less than the fame of the artist, and sent him a Spanish mantle. In return, Dürer drew a portrait of him, and later, in 1526, made that splendid copper engraving of him which the world still prizes. In October he went to Aix-la-Chapelle to witness the ceremony of the coronation of Charles V., and gather with the rest of his brethren what profit he might therefrom.

We find in his diary at this period an entry which illumines for us the obscurity of his inner life. "Item. On the Friday before Whitsuntide, in the 1521st year, came news to Antwerp that Martin Luther had been treacherously made prisoner." And he relates how, and then continues: "And especially is it to me the hardest thing, that God will suffer us, perhaps, to remain still in that false, blind teaching which has been devised by the men whom they name Fathers, in which the precious word is in many things falsely interpreted, or not at all set forth. God in heaven have pity on us. If Luther be dead, who will illustrate for us so clearly the sacred Gospel?" As they had tried to keep Dürer in Venice, so they did now in Antwerp, better understanding his worth than they seem to have done in Nuremberg. The Council of Antwerp offered him a yearly salary of three hundred Philippsgulden, exemption from taxation, and a well-built house, and separate payment also for all the work he might do for them. "They do not spare money," he writes in his diary, "they have enough of it in Antwerp," — and declines the offer.

And now we come to the last years of Dürer's life, from 1521 to 1528. He went back to Nuremberg to toil on in the old way; but troubles were thickening in the land. There was something in the air which was making things over anew, — they called it the Reformation. The thinking men of Nuremberg, as elsewhere, greeted it as the needed and blessed thing, in spite of the anathemas which came thundering from Rome, against Willibald Pirkheimer among others. Among the labors which signalize these last years of Dürer's, are his scientific writings, which have not lost their value with time. His chief work, that upon the doctrine of proportion in the human body, published in 1528, has been translated into many languages.

Camerarius said of Dürer: "If anything looked like a fault in this man, it was only his infinite industry and the severity which he exercised toward himself, which was often beyond measure." Erasmus prophesied his immortality. He rejoiced in Luther, and was the friend of Zwingli. To Melancthon he made the confession, that in his early days he liked striking forms and much color and his own works; but

Digitized by Google

that in later life he began first to contemplate nature, and was led to the conviction that its simplicity was the best ornament of art, and that, no longer wondering at his own works, he sighed often that he could not attain to this simplicity of nature. For so does the ideal grow purer and so rise higher for every striving son of earth; and for Dürer the end was approaching. "When I was in Seeland," he writes, "I took on a wonderful sickness, of which I have heard from no man, and this sickness I have still." A fever, caught in the Low Countries, seems never to have left him, says Eye. In the spring of 1528 the evil grew worse. On the 6th of April, Albrecht Dürer's earthly career was closed. "He is gone, our Albrecht," writes Pirkheimer to a friend. "Let us weep, dear Ulrich, the inexorable destiny, the wretched fate of men, and the pitiless harshness of death! A noble man has been torn from us, while so many idle and worthless ones enjoy life still." He was buried in the Church of St. John, and Pirkheimer wrote the Latin inscription on the bronze plate on his grave, and two years afterwards was himself laid near his friend. His wife Agnes survived him eleven years, and died in a certain good odor, by reason of the bequest which she made of a yearly sum due her husband from the city of Nuremberg, for the support of poor Nuremberg theologues in the University at Wittenberg.

They cherish Dürer's memory to this day in the good old city of Nuremberg. Each year, on his birthday, the artists and their friends celebrate simple rites at his grave; and the lover of German art will not fail to stride thither in his brief hour in the imperial city. And in the place called after his name there stands, since 1840, the great bronze statue by Rauch.

What Albrecht Dürer did for German art, the critics will best explain, — how he took it out of the bands which hitherto had swathed it, and drew it into the realm of higher life and deeper thought. But how he lived and toiled, of that indeed we get but a glimpse; but it tells the story of the face which looks out upon us from the past and makes us his friend. His portrait is his best biography. It is of Albrecht Dürer we think, perhaps, when we repeat the words of Klopstock: —

> "Schön ist, Mutter Natur, deiner Erfindung Pracht
> Auf die Fluren verstreut, schöner ein froh Gesicht,
> Das den grossen Gedanken
> Deiner schöpfung noch einmal denkt."

THE life of the engineer of that splendid waste of money and skill, the Thames Tunnel,* has the interest not only of scientific achievement, but of personal character. A French loyalist, Brunel saved his head from the guillotine of the Revolution by flight with a forged passport to America. Here he became naturalized, engaged in surveying along Lake Ontario, surveyed a canal to connect Lake Champlain with

* Memoir of Sir Marc Isambard Brunel. By RICHARD BEAMISH. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

Digitized by Google

the Hudson, drew a plan for the national Capitol, and another, a more successful one, for the Park Theatre, erected a cannon foundry in New York, and furnished designs for harbor improvements, which seem to have been poorly compensated. Not realizing the pecuniary reward due to such rare mechanic ability, Brunel sought the patronage of the English government. Having invented a machine for manufacturing the immense amount of blocks required in the rigging of ships, his improvements were interfered with, his originality questioned, his compensation made as small as possible, and his patience was tried to the uttermost. Still, his heroic perseverance triumphed over every obstacle; his inventive genius seemed to rise with difficulty; patents of very various kinds were secured by him, from a machine for shuffling playing-cards to one that was to furnish the army with shoes independent of wax or thread. Yet his trials were exceedingly severe: not only did his Battersea Saw-Mills cast him into a debtors' prison, through his extravagant dependence upon incompetent partners, but his intended substitution of liquefied gas for steam, after the expenditure of a fortune and attracting the favorable notice of the scientific world, proved economically impossible.

The Thames Tunnel was no failure as far as Brunel was concerned. Deceived in the nature of the soil through which he was to work, mistaken, as his sanguine mind generally was, regarding the cost, he accomplished, by copying the method of the insignificant shipworm, that wonder of modern art, which no other man living could have done, and which no other country is likely to imitate. Again and again the river burst in upon his workmen, drowning some, and dispersing the rest in a fright; funds entirely failed; the Chairman of the Board was hostile to Brunel; still, the intrepid engineer had no doubt of the result. His distinguished son, the builder of the Great Eastern steamer, aided to inspire the exposed workmen with courage, patience, and hope, through every kind of delay and disappointment. As the biographer was an associate engineer in the completion of the Tunnel, this portion of the narrative is given with great spirit, and is admirably illustrated.

THE handsome, amiable, and intelligent countenance which beams upon us in the frontispiece of the biography of the American Kirwan,* prepares even those who had not heard of that remarkable man to enjoy the volume of his "Memoirs." It will go far to contradict that prejudice which had imagined in the ardent foe of the Catholic Church only a sarcastic, venomous, and malignant bigot. In this memoir, Dr. Murray is shown as one of the most genial of friends, faithful of pastors, and industrious of workers, — not arrogant, harsh, or uncharitable, but kind even in his strong dogmatism. The single testimony of the editor of the New York Observer might not be allowed to decide the question of any man's charity; but Dr. Prime has judiciously added other witnesses, whose word is more weighty in a case of this kind,

* Memoirs of the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D. D. (Kirwan). By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Digitized by Google

and whose united voice cannot be gainsaid. Especially significant is the beautiful tribute which Dr. Sprague has paid to his friend, bearing in its very choice phrases all the marks of candor and truthfulness. These numerous voices, from such various sources, leave no doubt upon the reader's mind that the New Jersey champion of Protestantism fully deserved his fame, and was one of the notable American preachers of this century.

An incidental merit of this volume of Memoirs is in the sketches which it contains of several other eminent Presbyterian divines and teachers, particularly of Drs. Miller and Alexander, and of life at the Theological Seminary in Princeton. The account, too, of the region and parish in Pennsylvania where the first years of Dr. Murray's ministerial life were passed, is very pleasant. If the antiquities of Elizabethtown are less attractive, it is not because they have lacked a worthy interpreter. Dr. Murray was not less an American in heart that he was an Irishman by birth, and entered with as much zest into annals and archæologies as into controversy with false doctrines, or into the encounter of wits. He was alike accurate in investigation, prompt in repartee, sensitive to passing excitements, and quick to discern the character of men. He could describe scenery, analyze motives, denounce iniquities, and encourage faith, with equal ability.

Dr. Prime has published several volumes before this, the names of which, spread upon the title-page of this memoir, we have not thought it necessary to copy. The verdict of those who have read them all will be, as we think, that the "Memoirs of the Rev. Nicholas Murray" is the best book that "Irenæus" has given to the world. We shall welcome more contributions to ecclesiastic biography from his pen, if they are in this kind.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

ITALY is ransacked in every corner by English travellers. For health, pleasure, improvement, or want of occupation, parties are continually engaged in exploring remote villages, sketching romantic scenes, trying the effect of new locations, and bringing to our knowledge ancient edifices, some of them filled with treasures of art, and other some a treasure in themselves. Augustus Hare has done this work of exploration and description thoroughly for Mentone and its neighborhood,* and offered to the consumptive in the early stage of his disease a charming asylum, an exceedingly mild climate, romantic walks and rides without number, sufficient English society, and a moderate cost of living. The prevalent opinion in the medical world is now, that a temperate climate, like this on the north side of the Mediterranean, is more favorable to the recovery of health than more tropical regions; provided that sufficient care be taken to guard against the changes of the weather, and that exposure to the evening air be jealously shunned. A cool and bracing atmosphere, daily out-door exer-

* A Winter at Mentone. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. London: Wertheim Mackintosh, and Hunt. (Without date.)

Digitized by Google

cise, cheering intercourse, magnificent scenery, and perfect freedom from anxiety, promise to do all that can be done to arrest tubercular disease. Mr. Hare has not exaggerated the charms of Mentone, nor hidden from us the many drawbacks of Italian life; but he has brought before the literary world, in most attractive form, scenes of rare beauty, quaint local legends, buildings that anywhere but in Italy would deserve a pilgrimage, and communities that have been as much buried from the world as if they were in another planet. His pictures by pen and pencil of those curious old places, Esa, Dolceaqua, Peglione, Peglia, and their neighbors, will be successful in increasing the tide of travel that is now turning to that quarter, and, in Mentone especially, the municipal authorities seem alive to the importance of multiplying the privileges which may invite strangers to a temporary home in regions so highly favored.

UNDER the somewhat affected title of "Roba di Roma," our fellow-countryman, Mr. W. W. Story, has published in England a collection of very agreeable sketches of Roman life and manners.* His long residence in Italy, his artistic taste, and his various accomplishments, qualify him in a peculiar manner to write an interesting and instructive book about Rome. Of pictures, statues, and churches he says almost nothing; but he gives a few charming pieces of landscape description, and his account of Roman life and character is, on the whole, the best that we have ever seen. A portion of his sketches were printed in the "Atlantic Monthly," several years ago, but these chapters have been rewritten, and the greater part of the contents is entirely new. Among the most attractive of the twenty-one chapters into which the book is divided are those on "Pasquin and Puppets," "The Colosseum," "Markets," "Street Music in Rome," "Caffès and Theatres," and "The Ghetto in Rome." On these subjects, and on many others of scarcely inferior interest, he has collected, partly from personal observation, and partly from a careful study of the earlier writers, much curious and suggestive information. From Conyers Middleton's "Letter" and Blunt's "Vestiges," in particular, he has drawn very largely. His style is marked by some obvious faults, among which is a great fondness for puns, and his language is often careless and inelegant. In spite of these blemishes, however, and of a somewhat superficial tone, the book will be found to be a very lively and entertaining companion; and we shall look with interest for an American reprint of it.

Though Mr. Story does not often make a parade of scholarship, he has brought together in his last chapter, which treats of "The Evil Eye," an immense body of quotations from ancient, mediæval, and modern writers; and in an Appendix to the second volume he discusses at length the much-vexed question of the actual amount of the population of ancient Rome. From various considerations he inclines to the opinion that the number of inhabitants in the time of the Cæsars could

* Roba di Roma. By WILLIAM W. STORY. London: Chapman and Hall. 1863. 2 vols. Small 8vo. pp. 355, 369.

Digitized by Google

not have been much less than four millions, — an estimate which, we cannot but think, is much too great. Mr. Merivale's estimate of seven hundred thousand is probably much nearer the truth.

A RELIGIOUS view of Italy, by a clergyman familiar with Latin and enjoying rare facilities of intercourse with leading minds throughout the country, ought to have given us a far more interesting book than that of Canon Wordsworth.* His prospect of the future of Italy is altogether and exceedingly sad. A large number of the principal sees are vacant; and cannot be filled because of the hopeless strife between the Pope and the King. Thirty-four bishoprics are unsupplied at this moment, — two of them archbishoprics of great importance; no less than sixty bishops are in distress or banishment; the Pope will not grant bulls of institution to those whom Victor Emmanuel nominates; and, on the other hand, the just prerogatives of the crown cannot be sacrificed; so that the strife promises to wax more and more bitter, with no known termination. On this question, Dr. Wordsworth thinks the fate of the new monarchy depends; the Papacy being the chief obstacle to the establishment of the monarchy, that being maintained by its control of the Italian Episcopate, and that again perpetuated by its despotism over the clergy. And so he fears that the new throne may prove a house built on the sand, because no state can flourish without a religious foundation; and because a spirit of scepticism seems to be prevailing among the higher classes, through their identification of Popery with oppression. Meanwhile, "Pio Nono" seems to him like the king of Babylon, making his grand feast to his gods of gold and silver, just as the mysterious hand is tracing his doom upon the banquet-wall. The Vatican is flushed with success by its recent episcopal demonstration at Rome, elated by hopes of the conversion of England, inspired by English converts, and utterly blind to the imminent peril now knocking at its gates. On St. John Baptist's day, Dr. Wordsworth finds all the shops closed but those for the sale of lottery-tickets, every purchaser of twenty tickets being rewarded with a portrait of the Pope, more than fifty thousand dollars having been paid into the papal treasury from a quarter of a million of tickets. And yet, he adds, the Catholic world seems well satisfied that its offerings to St. Peter of jewels, necklaces, pictures, statues, &c. should be converted into prizes in this great game of chance.

AN ephemeral book, like the account of a ship's cruise, issued after its day, must experience a melancholy fate. However pleasantly done, it will find few thanks out of the circle of friends; however trustworthy its statements, it will find itself neglected like a last year's almanac. The brave old sailor, whose Diary † gives a vivid picture of the Italian

* Journal of a Tour in Italy, with Reflections on the Present Condition and Prospects of Religion in that Country. By C. WORDSWORTH, D. D. London: Rivington. 1863.

† H. M. S. Hannibal at Palermo and Naples during 1859-61, with Notices of Garibaldi, Francis II., and Victor Emmanuel. By REAR-ADMIRAL MUNDY. London: Murray. 1863.

Digitized by Google

Revolution as it went on, must have been delayed in book-making by disease. The small-pox and Syrian fever discharged him from his post, but not until its interest was over and his duty done. His manly and simple narrative, besides giving exact reports of various interviews with Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, is fraught with sound maxims about men and things, and flows over with a sailor-like kindness. At Palermo, he succeeded in the rare feat of gratifying the two contending parties by a perfect neutrality; his mediation preventing prolonged bloodshed, securing to the Neapolitan government a decent retreat, and yielding up to Garibaldi a town he had not half taken. The gallant Admiral alludes over and over again to this service done to humanity, to the gratitude of the Italian Liberator in return, and to the offer of the grand cordon of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus by the King of Italy.

His pleasant volume finishes with the aid he rendered in suppression of the rebellion in Syria; and it is not a little characteristic, that a visit to Hebron and Jerusalem is barely mentioned, while a whole chapter is devoted to showing that the French navy have improved upon the English, — that their ships roll less, their boats are better rigged, and their nimbleness in shifting the yards is hardly equalled. Admiral Mundy sees the advantage, too, of the French officers being kept young by the retirement from service of a rear-admiral at sixty-two, — an immense advantage over a service like the English, so often paralyzed by superannuated officers, whose weight of years should have secured them undisturbed repose at their own firesides.

If any man is competent to speak with authority concerning the strifes of the Syrian region, and to strike the balance of blame between the contending parties, it is the author of "Ten Years in Mount Lebanon." Colonel Churchill * knows equally well the Christian and Infidel tribes of the mountain, and has acquainted himself thoroughly with the causes of their long quarrel. In the beginning of the volume, his sympathies seem to be rather with the Druses, as indeed the sympathies of Englishmen have usually been; but before his account is finished, the outrageous and sanguinary violence of these ruffians completely turns his preference, and he is as emphatic against this people as any Frenchman could be. Very eloquently he denounces their deeds of blood, the treachery of their leaders, and their subtle hypocrisy. But more indignant still is he with the Turkish power, which has fomented these disastrous strifes; has profited by this chaos of fire, rapine, and murder; has failed in every way to fulfil its promises; and has hindered the efforts of the Christian powers to punish such horrible outrages. He divides with just distribution his blame between England, France, Turkey, and Syria, and uses no word of exculpation for consuls, or pachas, or sheikhs. Civilized Europe, in Colonel Churchill's view, not less than the cunning diplomacy of Stamboul, is responsible for the war which has devastated the fair region of the Lebanon.

* The Druses and the Maronites under the Turkish Rule from 1840 to 1860. By Colonel Churchill, Author of "Ten Years' Residence in Mount Lebanon," 1853. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1862. 8vo. pp. viii. and 300.

Digitized by Google

Colonel Churchill writes with an honest indignation, which all his readers will share. His narrative has all the marks of truth, and it confirms fully the statements of the French Commission. It is by far the best narrative of the mountain war which has appeared, and it makes the difficulty perfectly intelligible. Though it appears as the fourth volume of his "History," it is really a monograph, and tells most that is worth knowing about the Maronites and Druses from the beginning. One false impression Colonel Churchill sets aside. Most persons have imagined that the war between the Druses and Maronites was a *religious* war, kindled and fed by religious antipathy, — such a war as that between Moslem and Christian, the late issue of the crusading spirit. Our author denies this, and represents it as a war of *races* rather than of religions, a war for supremacy in the mountain, a war in which religion had very little place. The Druses even imagined that they were gratifying the English in exterminating these idolaters, in putting an end to a hostile sect. They would have fought just as bitterly against the Moslem, if the Moslem had stood in their way. A good deal of what is called religious hatred in the East, indeed, is hatred of races, and it by no means follows that Christians are united against Infidels, or Infidels against Christians. Arabs and Turks hate each other as truly as Turks and Greeks hate each other. There is no love lost between the Armenians and the Syrians; and the Copt curses the Catholic quite fervently, as we have occasion to remember. Color, language, and lineage are the strongest sources of antipathy.

Few travellers have been so honest with the public as Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens, in describing Ladak, Tartary, and Kashmir.* He does not pretend to have taken any pains in preparing his volume, or superintending its publication. His journey through a wild, unfrequented, mountainous part of Asia was simply that he might spend a soldier's furlough in the liveliest way; the narrative of his various experiences was made up, at his publisher's request, from meagre notes, a well-filled sketch-book, the diary of a fellow-traveller, and previous authors. The colored illustrations are the best part of the work, in number, style, and impressiveness. The narrative is spirited even to dashiness, too anxious to please to be at pains in giving instruction, confident, perhaps, that the fine effects of the pencil would compensate for less labor of the pen, but still exceedingly pleasant from beginning to end. A remarkable praying-machine is described as now at work among the lamahs of Ladak, — a small water-mill, every revolution of which is a prayer, — whose work goes on day without night forever. A curious game of "hockey" on horseback is described as peculiarly exciting, but dangerous to life, the long sticks with which the ball is struck often hitting the horses, and sometimes their riders.

The recent author of Travels in Peru and India deserves a place

* Travels in Ladak, Tartary, and Kashmir. By Lieut.-Col. Torrens. London: Saunders and Otley. 1862.

Digitized by Google

among the benefactors of his race.* The most precious medicine known to the healing art was becoming daily more scarce, and likely to be inaccessible to all but the wealthier class, because of the reckless destruction of the Cinchona (or quinine tree) by those who gathered its bark. Repeated attempts had been made to transplant it to India; but with a failure not remarkable, when one remembers that it is a native of the tropics, and yet cannot endure an intense, dry heat, but depends for life upon mountain-air; that the natives of Peru resent the idea of their principal income, next to the guano, being shared with any other nation; and that the trees themselves are entirely obliterated from the more accessible regions, and guarded from approach by vast tracks of barren desert or impenetrable forest. But previous acquaintance with the country, inexhaustible energy, and no little self-sacrifice, have rewarded Mr. Markham and his associates with nearly seventy-three thousand flourishing plants in India, under the intelligent care of Superintendent MacIvor, on the Neilgherry Hills; a region corresponding to that they had loved to occupy in South America. So that not only Peruvian bark and quinine are in no danger of disappearing from the list of blessings nature bestows upon the fever-smitten, but in a few years their enormous price will be reduced, and the natives of India will enjoy a medical aid they especially need.

The substance of Mr. Markham's exceedingly valuable book is devoted to the Cinchona, as the tree is named after a Spanish countess whose life it saved. In addition, however, the descriptions of Peruvian scenery are exceedingly rich, and there is a tender episode recording the last attempt of a native Inca to recover his native independence. The cruelty of the now extinct oppression of Spain Mr. Markham fastens, not upon the home government, but upon the military savages to whom it intrusted despotic authority. Humane decrees remained a dead letter; and no ingenuity of oppression was neglected by those who despised the race they were doing their best to exterminate. Mr. Markham gives a high character to the natives, as willing, hard-working, intelligent, good-humored, ready to help each other, and altogether a very efficient and companionable people; and therefore not without promise for the future.

China is an exceedingly troublesome thought to the commercial world. Her great rebellion will not down, neither will the old dynasty consent to divide the empire, nor yet can European interference settle the strife, except at tremendous cost. It is perfectly clear, that these four hundred millions are too many to be governed by the poorest sort of red tape at Pekin; that the Imperial government has been essentially weakened by the British war; that sufferings prevail in portions of the empire, and abuses in other parts, which the Emperor wants power to cure. In fact, a part of the empire is in a chronic state of revolt, cannot be subdued by the ancient dynasty, and will

* Travels in Peru and India. By Clements R. Markham, Author of "Cuzco and Lima." London: John Murray. 1862.

Digitized by Google

neither yield its full supplies of silk and tea, nor open its coal-mines to any extent, without an assured peace. Commander Brine * adopts the view of a division of the empire at the grand river Yang-zte; all Northern China to remain under the Tartar rule, and all south of the river to be governed by a native government with native troops. This is to follow the ancient traditions. From the second century until the sixth, there were regularly constituted northern and southern emperors, the river forming the natural boundary of two entirely distinct and independent empires. It is only since 1280 A. D. that the Mongols have obtained entire supremacy, and subjected China to a single monarch. At first, the Taepings might have fought their way into Pekin, and quietly revolutionized the government; but now they have outlived the inspiration of early success, have frequently been treacherous to themselves, have found their own Emperor to be no more than his rival a true "son of heaven," and have been driven back by a petty European force. If the French and English governments felt that the necessity was upon them of settling the peace of this distracted empire, of saving the lives of starving millions, and multiplying the supply of that beverage which cheers but not inebriates, from all accounts we know it would not be by suppressing a rebellion which only expressed the unendurable misery of millions, nor by putting to flight again the regular rulers; but, as Captain Brine has indicated, by a natural division of the overgrown empire according to its own traditions, and the choice, as far as they have any, of the natives themselves.

Of books on Japan there seems to be no end. English officials write to while away their dreary exile, and publish because their descriptions have the merit of novelty. Nor do they intentionally fail to do justice to the high civilization of this isolated race, their readiness to appropriate everything valuable in modern art or science, the evident comfort of the common people, their marked courtesy to foreigners, and the probability of their maintaining an honorable independence in the future. De Fonblanque † utters many a noble truth in this relation, while he does not conceal the tyranny of the ruling nobles or the shamelessness of popular habits. He sees that English and American traders are not so superior as they suppose to men whose courteous dignity contrasts strongly with European bluster, whose honesty compares favorably with that of the foreign traders exchanging even weights of silver for Japanese gold, whose morality in some of its worst features has been imitated by many of the mercantile class, whose religion, poor as it is, may be better than some of these representatives of Christian civilization. He counsels moderation, good sense, patience, and respect for time-worn institutions which cannot be overthrown without fearful sacrifice of life. "Sooner than enrich our traders at the price of Japanese blood or of English good faith, sooner

* The Taeping Rebellion in China. By Commander Lindesay Brine. London: John Murray. 1862.

† Niphon and Pecheli; or Two Years in Japan and Northern China. By E. B. De Fonblanque. London: Saunders and Otley. 1862.

Digitized by Google

than carry war into that fair land, and rapine, fire, and murder among those happy, smiling homesteads, let us tear our treaty into shreds, and withdraw our flag forever from the shores and waters of Japan." He ascended the sacred mountain, Fusijama, the temple, grave, and monument of the father of their faith, sympathized with the reverence of the native population, and was filled with admiration for the varying beauties of the lofty scenè. The tranquil sea near its base seemed to him lovely as Lago Maggiore, only with a more varied and extensive landscape. And the uniform prosperity of the tillers of the soil, their freedom from beggary and drunkenness, the neatness of their homes and prettiness of their gardens, made him sigh over the comparative wretchedness of laborers in Europe.

THE author of two agreeable books upon the Tea Countries of China, the introducer to English gardens of many beautiful as well as useful plants and trees, has completed his work in that remote quarter of the world by thoroughly exploring the Japanese gardens, and transmitting to England whatever seemed to his practised eye curious and valuable.* As soon as the change of policy in the Japanese government, now involving them in strife with two great European powers, threw their sealed-up land open to foreigners, Mr. Fortune hastened to avail himself of the coveted opportunity of studying their horticulture and agriculture, and adding to the English gardens everything they offered for beauty or use. His measures were so wisely taken, so generously seconded by the various official characters, and so zealously executed by his personal energy and experience, that he has left nothing to be desired. Seeds, flowers, plants, and trees seem to have prospered alike. The temple groves, the florist's collections, the famous tea-gardens, and amateur gardeners, yielded to him their treasures. It is delightful to see so much zeal rewarded with so much success, — to know, too, that our country, which aided his investigations in Yedo, is benefited in some degree by his labors. The Japanese he finds excel the Chinese in their readiness to learn, in their willingness to communicate, in the intelligent use of their many privileges, in general honesty of dealing, and in the universal comfort of their poorer classes. Many curious feats in dwarfing trees are described, especially one seen by President Meylan, of a box one inch square and three inches high, containing a thriving bamboo, fir, and plum-tree, the latter in full blossom. The writer is charmed with the scenery, delighted with the hospitality, and surprised by the flourishing state of the country; but an undertone of sadness runs through his simple narrative when he contemplates the future of Japan, and utters his well-grounded fear that "war and all its horrors may at no distant day be the penalty which this happy and peaceful land shall have to pay for reintroduction to the great family of nations."

THE Arab horse is unlike any other in his training, his habits, his

* Yedo and Peking. By ROBERT FORTUNE. London: John Murray. 1863.

Digitized by Google

appearance, his achievements, and especially the regard of his owner. Instead of being petted as the story-books pretend, General Daumas's singular work * shows how thoroughly, constantly, and severely he is disciplined, so as to take pride in endurance and excel all other horses in abstinence. He is not allowed green food. Water is supplied but once a day, and during August only every other day. Grooming is rejected, as keeping the skin delicate and unfit for the fatigues of war. But the Arab mares of the Desert are very carefully sheltered from wind and rain, cleaned as a religious duty, and fed frequently on camels' milk, as strengthening fibre without increasing fat, and upon the cleanest, heaviest barley. The stiff herbage of the Desert is often furnished to them cut up, and dry dates are frequently mixed with the barley, the intelligent creature understanding how to reject the stones.

Sixteen years' familiarity with the noblest Arabs, and the constant attestation of the once famous Abdel Kader, authorize General Daumas's statements of the nearly incredible achievements of the perfect Barb. Two hundred miles a day, he declares, has been performed without exhausting the noble animal, with no food but the leaves of the dwarf palm, and without water. A full-blooded mare he describes as taking from the wild boar its courage, from the gazelle its grace, from the antelope its intelligence, from the ostrich its swiftness, and from the viper its shortness of tail. Abdel Kader furnishes to each chapter interesting historical anecdotes, Arabian chants, curious commentaries, and the intensest admiration of a creature whom he thinks justly the great pride and privilege of desert life. These rare animals, it must be remembered, are not to be seen elsewhere. Money would not buy them. They are dearer to the Arab than his own children, and are often his deliverers from famine, death, and the foe.

The clerk of a large mercantile house in New York, finding his pursuit of an independence likely to fail, trusting in his early farm-training, his manliness of character, and his ability to rough it alone amid wholly untried scenes, left America in December, purchased on trust an abandoned estate of forty acres, and proceeded forthwith to make his own purchase pay for itself, as well as maintain its brave restorer.† Each chapter is a month of farm life from the diary of one who is a second Robinson Crusoe, except that his exile is voluntary, his determination to secure a permanent home for himself and his brother's family, and every step of his way a triumph of Yankee enterprise. He realizes more than he had even dreamed. His wild estate proves to possess trees of great value, — satin-wood, mahogany, and logwood. As he proceeds with the necessary clearing, a fine ocean view bursts upon him. As the world always helps those who can help themselves, valuable friends spring up at his side. A negro squatter and his wife, without whose kindness, advice, and assistance half his success would

* The Horses of the Sahara and the Manners of the Desert. By E. Daumas. With Commentaries by the Emir Abdel Kader. London: W. H. Allen. 1863.

† In the Tropics. By a Settler in Santo Domingo. New York: Carleton. 1863.

Digitized by Google

have been unrealized, become our dear friends as the narrative proceeds. Then a man Friday appears, and seems as ingenious, in another way, as the nameless and lonely adventurer himself, and to have combined in his Indian soul the servant, friend, and man of all work. Next, the plantation owners, admiring the Yankee's skill, perseverance, fertility of resource, superior instruments, and improved ideas, cheer him with sympathy, help, respect, and friendship. At the end of the twelvemonth, with only the drawback of one fever occasioned by needless exposure, his estate is paid for, his cottage built, a welcome ready for his New York brother, and a sunny-side secured in a most lovely and fertile island, from which we trust to hear of still increasing happiness in years to come.

We have given the story as it lies on the surface, and as it wins the reader along with its pleasant calendar of twelve working months. But several things strike him, before he has finished it, with an unavoidable suspicion. The life which it describes "between the tropics" is all sunshine and rose-color; suffers from no malarious distemper so formidable as Western "chills"; has neither scorpion, snake, nor tornado; neither indolence nor bad temper; neither the difficulty of a foreign tongue, nor the strangeness of foreign manners, to contend against; and such difficulties as do arise are solved just as they are upon the stage, by some dramatic incident, which the reader comes to rely on as confidently as he looks to the third volume of a novel to solve the perplexities of the first. We wish some assurance had been given of the matter-of-fact reality of these incidents, or else some warning of the amount of invention which has been brought into play in combining them. As it is, we are forced to think of it as a work of fancy, embodying a good many genuine materials, and written with excellent intentions; but one whose statements must be taken with a good deal of allowance for "windage," if they are to be turned to any practical account.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Kingsley's "Austin Elliot"* is not nearly so good a novel as his "Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn," yet is pleasant and entertaining. That was the first gush from the cistern, and was full and pure. It was a success which its author will hardly repeat. There is, however, a good deal of the first freshness and vigor in this, although nothing comparable in it, for novelty and interest, to the admirable and vivid pictures of that strange, exciting Australian life, which made the chief charm of the former book. The scene now is laid in England, and the incidents are unadventurous, with little excitement.

Whatever Mr. Kingsley writes is sure of readers. He has so honest an affection for out of doors, so hearty a love of nature, and ability so signal in portraying its striking features and describing with simplicity and truth what is most beautiful or grand in the earth and sky, that it

* Austin Elliot. By Henry Kingsley, Author of "Ravenshoe," etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

Digitized by Google

is easy and delightful to go along with him. And he does not deal with shadows and vain images or caricatures of men and women, but with persons who have a will and a way and a life of their own; and his manner of putting what they have to do and say is bright, natural, and impressive.

He believes in physical and moral manliness, in broad shoulders and big limbs apt to all active sports, and in breadth of mind and bigness of heart. At times we suspect in him a tang of that English coarseness of flesh and dulness of wit which put size and strength before fineness, and, being ignorant of the charm and power which lie in the delicate make, the ideal temper, the spiritual endowment, are unjust to them. Muscle is not the great gift of God, and there are higher attainments of manhood than bluff, simple speech, plain manners, honest dealing, and straightforward conduct. But, on the whole, we find him valuing strength most when it is joined with tenderness, and claiming that manliness should be allied with godliness, and always emphasizing the old and necessary connection of gentleman with Christian. He gives us, in this new story, a thoroughly healthy book. And this is no small praise, when all unhealth and vileness, and the mere courting a sensation, characterize so many of the new novels in their plot, style, conduct, and climax.

The fault we find with "Austin Elliot" is its almost entire lack of artistic form and comeliness. The want of care and intellectual conscience in it is a reproach to the author. Page after page seems written in indecent haste and eagerness, as if to get through a stint of work. It looks like labor far into the night, to get the job off in time for the morning mail. Reading it leaves the same sense of hurry, incoherence, and unshapeliness which hearing a speaker gives, who has a good deal to say, and about half enough time for it all. It was, if we mistake not, written as a serial for a magazine, which may sufficiently explain, but does not excuse, its loose construction, and inartistic, slovenly form.

If the Sanitary Commission needed recommendation, enough would be given in the wholesome little book just published under its auspices.* It is made up of extracts from letters and reports by gentlemen and ladies who were engaged, officially or as volunteers, in the work of the Commission on board hospital transports, during the Peninsular campaign. And, whether as a record of their individual faithfulness or of the incalculable benefit rendered the nation by the Commission, the book ought to find "abundant entrance" into our loyal homes.

It will serve to fix the conviction that the Sanitary Commission, for the wisdom of its far-seeing plans, the completeness of its machinery, the efficiency of its never-tiring diligence, is the one channel through which loyal giving should run to the never-ending wants of our sick and wounded soldiers. And it will further fix the conviction, daily

* Hospital Transports. A Memoir of the Embarkation of the Sick and Wounded from the Peninsula of Virginia in the Summer of 1862. Compiled and Published at the Request of the Sanitary Commission. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

Digitized by Google

deepening now, of the high morality engaged to the various work of the war. For it is a simple and faithful witness to the spiritual nobility springing out of the war, and still to spring, which is not so much an offset and counterpoise to its proper immoralities and woes, as its striking feature, its peculiar fruit, its prime gift and great blessing to the people out of their sacrifices and pains in it.

This little excerpt from the Commission's records and correspondence proves how interesting the mass of it must be, and how important too. For it is from just such documents by sensible people, who know how to see and how to put down what they see and know, and nothing else, that authentic material is to be drawn, by and by, for the history of these days.

But, apart from any use to be made of the book, or any inference or moral to be drawn from it, it is worth reading from the mere interest of the facts in it, and its various experiences, grave and gay, most solemn and exceedingly funny. Good lessons, too, are to be learned from it. For if all the doings in the world went on with the cheerful temper and in the sensible and thorough way of those hospital transports in charge of the Sanitary Commission, what a saving of time, work, and patience the world would enjoy!

The little volume has its sad side, of course, and, to our mind, a truly deep pathos in the dedication of it to the memory of those among the faithful servants of the Commission, Dr. Robert Ware, Dr. Grymes, and others, who were faithful unto death, and now have heard it said to them, "I was sick and ye came unto me," and do rest from their labors where there is no more death, and no more pain, for the former things are passed away.

We gave, a year ago, some account of the plan and details of the first volume of a series — the Annual Cyclopædia * — published by the Messrs. Appleton. In general style of execution, that for the past year is similar, but larger, and in several respects even more complete, particularly in having a large number of maps, some of them well finished, illustrating the longest article, that on "Army Operations." In extended papers such as that just mentioned, with "Congress" (Confederate and United States), "Navy Operations," "Industrial Exhibition," "Geographical and Archæological Explorations," "Literature," "Obituary," we have a very full and carefully digested history of the year, in its different chapters. We greatly regret, however, that the volume should still be destitute of a summary outline of events of scientific progress, and of the leading statistics of the year, which are given at length only as to American topics. We are also surprised to observe a statement giving so erroneous an impression as the following: —

"The whole experiment [of plantation industry at Port Royal] finally failed, and was abandoned by order of General Hunter, and the negroes fell upon the government for support." — p. 756.

* The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1862. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 830.

Digitized by Google

An assertion refuted in the most positive manner by the latest published reports and statistics of the Educational Commission. In justice to all concerned, we are authorized to make the following statement: —

"The larger portion of the plantations are being carried on this year upon government account, by the same persons whom we sent out last year, now under government pay. The prospects of this year's crop are very good."

THE pleasant associations that connect Mr. Burton's name with "The District School as it was," as well as with the effort of these past years to make the District School what it ought to be, bespeak a kindly hearing for his small and modest volume just issued.* We have not been able to give it all the personal examination it deserves; but we have known of the painstaking fidelity with which the writer has labored to bring points of chief moral interest in education before the public, — especially the public of parents, — and the gratitude with which he has welcomed the slightest tokens of interest and sympathy. We are sure the volume will serve well the purpose for which it is written.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Light. By Hellen Modêt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 339.

The Historical Shakespearian Reader. Comprising the "Histories" or "Chronicle Plays." Revised, with Notes. By John W. S. Howe. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 502.

Works of Charles Dickens. Household Edition. Bleak House. New York: Sheldon & Co. 2 vols.

Hospital Sketches. By L. M. Alcott. Boston: James Redpath. 24mo. pp. 102.

Husband and Wife; or, The Science of Human Development through Inherited Tendencies. New York: Carleton. 18mo. pp. 259.

The Young Parson. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 18mo. (A story told in a pleasant, off-hand way, creditable to an unpractised writer, but with too marked a vein of satire, and an unpleasant affectation of colloquial dialect.)

The Capital of the Tycoon; a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir Rutherford Alcock. New York: Harper & Brothers. Maps and Illustrations. 12mo. 2 vols. (Reviewed in July.)

The Social Condition and Education of the People in England. By Joseph Kay, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 323. (A careful gathering of testimony and statistics, most painfully illustrating the social effect of the class-power which rules in England.)

The Bivouac and the Battle-field; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By George F. Noyes, Captain U. S. Volunteers. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 339. (A personal narrative, straightforward, plain, and interesting.)

Live it Down. A Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. Jeafferson. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Paper.)

---

* Helps to Education in the Homes of our Country. By WARREN BURTON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

Digitized by Google

WALKER, WISE, & CO.,

245 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON,

General Publishers and Booksellers.

PUBLISHERS OF THE WORKS OF

CHANNING, DEWEY, ELIOT, HILL, NORTON, PEABODY,
SEARS, LAMSON, MARTINEAU,
BARTOL, CLARKE,

and other leading LIBERAL CHRISTIAN minds. Publishers, also, of the *American Edition* of the celebrated

"ESSAYS AND REVIEWS,"

TRACTS FOR PRIESTS AND PEOPLE,

and a number of

CHOICE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN,

concerning which the *North American Review* says: "We consider emphatically, that the imprimatur of WALKER, WISE, & Co. upon a book for young readers is a guaranty of its purity of taste, its high moral character, and its substantial usefulness."

Among our *Latest Publications* are: —

ALTAR AT HOME. *Second Series.* With about one hundred and fifty Original Prayers, by some thirty of our most eminent Clergymen. With appropriate Selections. 16mo. 75 cents.

PRAYERS. By THEODORE PARKER. 16mo. With admirable likeness of Mr. Parker, engraved on steel, by SCHOFF. Cloth, extra, 75 cents.

REJECTED STONE; or, Insurrection *vs.* Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia. 12mo. Cloth, 62 cents.

HEBREW MEN AND TIMES, from the Patriarchs to the Messiah. By REV. J. H. ALLEN. 12mo. $1.

RESULTS OF SLAVERY. By M. COCHIN. 12mo. $1.50.

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION. By M. COCHIN. 12mo. $1.50.

☞ We also keep, on sale, a GENERAL STOCK of

Standard Books

in all departments of Literature, and supply

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, PARISH, OR PRIVATE LIBRARIES

promptly, and on the most favorable terms.

WALKER, WISE, & CO.,

BOSTON ST.

Digitized by Google

Y ALLEN, in the

☞ *The Postage on the Examiner, when paid quarterly in advance, is two cents a copy, or twelve cents a year.*

CONTENTS.

Art.		Page
I.	Tertullian and Montanism	157
II.	The Reality of Fiction	176
III.	Rome in the Middle Age	185
IV.	Zschokke's Religious Meditations	203
V.	Henry James on Creation	212
VI.	Loyalty in the West	225
VII.	Altar, Pulpit, and Platform	242
VIII.	A Month of Victory, and its Results	258
IX.	Review of Current Literature	279

Theology. Renan's Vie de Jésus, 279. Miss Cobbe's Religious Demands of the Age, 282. Orr's Unitarianism, 282. Dr. Osgood's Address, 283. — *Science and Philosophy.* Tyndall on Heat, 283. Dentons' Psychometric Researches, 285. — *History and Politics.* Fisher on the Constitution, 286. Estvàn's War Pictures, 290. Pisani's Letters on the United States, 293. Speeches, etc. of Wendell Phillips, 293. Mrs. Kemble's Journal, 294. — *Biography.* Life and Works of Albert Dürer, 295. Beamish's Brunel, 298. Prime's Memoirs of Nicholas Murray (Kirwan), 299. — *Geography and Travels.* A Winter at Mentone, 300. Roba di Roma, 301. C. Wordsworth's Italy, 302. The Hannibal at Palermo, 302. Druses and Maronites, 303. Tartary, &c., 304. Peru and India, 305. The Taeping Rebellion, 306. Niphon and Pecheli, 306. Yeddo and Peking, 307. Horses of the Sahara, 308. In the Tropics, 308. — *Miscellaneous.* Austin Elliot, 309. Hospital Transports, 310. Annual Cyclopædia, 311. Burton's Helps to Education, 312.

New Publications Received 312

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
WELCH, BIGELOW, AND COMPANY,
CAMBRIDGE.

Digitized by Google

Har. Coll. Lib.
Nov. 9

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CCXL.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

BOSTON:
BY THE PROPRIETORS,
At WALKER, WISE, & CO.'S, 245 Washington Street.
LONDON: EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, No. 2 Essex St., Strand.

Digitized by Google

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by T. B. Fox and Jos. Henry Allen,

The Christian Examiner

is published on the first of January, March, May, July, September, and November, by the Proprietors, at Walker, Wise, & Co.'s Bookstore, 245 Washington Street, Boston, in numbers of at least 156 octavo pages each, at *four dollars* a year, payable *in advance.*

The Examiner will be sent, *by mail*, to any part of the United States, free of postage, on the remittance of a year's subscription *strictly in advance.*

☞ Single numbers *seventy-five cents* each.

☞ Volumes of the Examiner, neatly bound in cloth, will be given in exchange for numbers, at *twenty-five cents* a volume.

☞ A few complete sets of the Christian Examiner, from the commencement of the work to the present time, can be obtained on application to the Proprietors, at 245 Washington Street, Boston.

THOS. B. FOX,
JOS. HENRY ALLEN,
Proprietors.

Digitized by Google

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

ART I. — RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.

Vie de Jesus. Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris. 1863. 1 vol. 8vo.

It is no wonder that this book of M. Renan has met with an immense sale, and caused a wide and fluttering excitement. The sale is due to its wonderful attractiveness as a romance; the excitement, to the extreme, undisguised, we may even say unconscious, audacity of its thought. It is the last word of naturalism in its attempts to describe Jesus; and an age which is profoundly naturalistic, without more than half suspecting it, welcomes the book with a shivering delight, feeling that it is its own word, yet afraid to repeat it. The utterance is not untimely nor unexpected. It could not have been more gently or more musically made.

The Four Gospels may be, and have actually been, dealt with in three ways, each originating a school of criticism, and involving marked results touching the historical character of Jesus. They may be considered as materials for a biography, — as literary productions of the age in which they stand, — or as symbolical writings representing, under mythical and poetical forms, the experiences of the human soul. Up to a comparatively recent date the first view was the prevailing one, — we may even say it was the only one. By all, save a few obscure persons who were set aside as mystics, the Gospels as they are were received as genuine, authentic, and complete histories of an individual. As histories they were read; as histories they were studied; as histories they were defended.

Digitized by Google

To fix their dates, to establish their authority, to maintain their integrity, to arrange their chronologies, to harmonize their statements of fact, to make them appear as complements of each other, was the task of all the Protestant generations. What a task it was they know who have turned over the prodigious piles, the full libraries of books, the sight of which is oppressive to the mind. With the Catholics the Gospels were one source of information respecting Jesus; with the Protestants they were the only source, and their whole faith was pledged to maintain their genuineness. There was, strictly speaking, no criticism. Criticism was forbidden, because it threw doubt on the historical character of documents whose historical character was the only one valued. They were Lives of Jesus, — all the Lives of Jesus there were. The work in hand was to get a full and accurate life of Jesus out of them. All contributions were welcomed which served to make firm, clear, and ample the biographical portraitures. All contributions were declined which threatened to impair the distinctness of a line, or to dull the brilliancy of a piece of color. The laws of historical investigation were jealously held at arm's length; the laws of literary judgment were sternly remanded to their place in the department of secular thought. These books were held to be exceptions to all mental productions. In regard to them harmonies were in order, not discussions. Other books might be examined with a view to the discovery of their constituent elements, and the separation of the genuine from the fictitious, of the false from the true. These could be examined with a view only to the establishment of the complete unity of all their parts, to the reconciliation of discrepancies, and the covering over of defects, — the final purpose being, not to discover precisely who and what Jesus was, but to vindicate as historical the person whom Christendom revered.

This school, if it may be so called, was substantially destroyed by the Rationalists, at the head of whom the popular opinion places Strauss. It was succeeded in the order of thought, and also in the order of time, by the school of literary criticism which was instituted and conducted by Baur. This school dealt with the Gospels simply as the literary produc-

Digitized by Google

tions of the age to which they belonged; as writings, not specially as biographical writings; as books, not peculiarly as historical books. Its effort was to find the key to their composition, not to prove that they were the compositions of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. If piecing the Evangelists together was the task of the first class of scholars, to take the Evangelists in pieces was the task assigned by their age to this class. To separate, not to combine; to dissect, not to integrate; to discriminate, not to confound; to analyze, not to mix, — was their duty. Soon the books ceased to be regarded as lives of Jesus; and all attempt at constructing a life of Jesus from them was silently abandoned. They were read as treatises, as arguments, as essays in irenics and polemics, — written each with motive and purpose and aim of its own. The historical element in them remained at last very meagre and very vague. The historical personality of Jesus disappeared in a turbulent mist of speculation, till it was almost forgotten. From ceasing primarily to look for it, the school gradually forgot it, and finally lost it.

This school of criticism, the only school that can fairly be called critical, has little vogue, but probably has all it ever will have. Its literary character confines it to literary men. It has no interest whatever save for scholars who are interested in the productions of antiquity, in the intellectual origin of Christian theology, and in the historical modifications and changes of human thought. Mr. R. W. Mackay makes desperate attempts to keep it alive; but the fate of his own books is the fate of his enterprise. Christendom cares for the Gospels only as they are in one or another sense Lives of Jesus, — only as they represent spiritual truths under the form of a personality.

The way is now prepared for a third school, which is becoming larger, stronger, and more prevailing with every year. To this class belong such books as General Hitchcock's "Christ the Spirit." The life of Jesus is the study once more, but not the life of the historical Jesus. The Gospels are regarded as biographies of the spiritual Christ, the spiritual man, the soul of man. The letter is a symbol, an allegory, a myth, and is surrendered without scruple to the critics. Strauss

Digitized by Google

and Baur may do their worst on it. The truth is under it, not in it, and the more it is pulled to pieces and shaken up the better, for then it will be seen that the Christ is not there, but is risen to the sphere where only the spiritual can find him. There are some who go so far as to contend that the literal accounts of the sayings and doings of Jesus are illusive, deceptive, and even contradictory, from the nature of the case; because the natural can never represent, but can only misrepresent, the spiritual. The spiritual Christ, however, is there prefigured; and the students of this school labor as zealously to unveil and recover him, as the scholars of the first school labored to restore his image.

M. Renan belongs to the first of these schools. He takes the Evangelists as biographers, and goes to them in the hope of finding the natural historical Jesus who lived in Judæa and Galilee nearly two thousand years ago. He makes no allusion to the mystical theories which regard the Gospels as books of the soul; he makes no account of their obvious symbolism, nor does he make much account of the fact that another than an historical purpose was probably active in the composition of the fourth Evangelist, whose allegorical and mystical character has always been confessed. There is no reference to the historical studies of Gfrörer, nor is there an intimation that the writer is acquainted with the labors of Baur and others who have taken the Gospels out of the department of history and assigned them to the department of dogmatics.

M. Renan takes up the Gospels as biographies; not, of course, with the guilelessness, the confidence, the frank credulity, of the scholars of the last generation. He has questioned, doubted, rejected much; he has read Strauss, and, although he believes him mistaken in his theory of the formation of the Gospels, and wrong in leaving the historical for the theological field, still he thinks it indispensable to follow his "always judicious, though sometimes over subtile discussion." The Gospels, he says, are not biographies after the fashion of Suetonius, — they are legendary biographies. He would liken them to the Lives of Plotinus, Isidore, Proclus, and other writings of the same class, where historical truth and a purpose to present models of virtue mingle in different degrees.

Digitized by Google

The reader, he remarks, must be particularly struck with the inexactitude that is a feature in all these popular writings. Contradictions on points of time, place, personal incidents, are regarded as insignificant by their composers. A great many recitals are invented with the object of bringing into salient relief some trait in the physiognomy of Jesus. This physiognomy itself undergoes changes from day to day. Many anecdotes are designed to prove that the Messianic prophecies had their fulfilment in him. It is extremely rare that two narratives accord, even when they both report the same fact. The details provoke infinite doubts. "It is almost unnecessary to say, that, with such documents, granting only what is incontestable, one must confine himself to general outlines. . . . . One may venture to say, that, among the anecdotes, the discourses, the celebrated words recorded by the historians, not one that is rigorously authentic can be found. . . . . The four principal books are in flagrant contradiction with each other."

To M. Renan's critical judgment on the authenticity, date, and character of the Four Gospels we attach little value, regarding it as based on literary conjecture rather than on severe scholarly examination. It strikes us as the rapid, popular, off-hand verdict of an exceedingly clever *littérateur*, practised in the reading of Oriental literature, who at a glance takes in the probabilities of the case, and substitutes an *a priori* "must have been so" for an established "so it was." We suspect him of placing his documents where it was convenient for him to have them. There did seem to be a danger that he would not have them at all; that they would be blown to bits, and their fragments scattered all abroad. Judging from his historical scepticism just described, it would seem that nothing was left from which an authentic or connected biography could be constructed; and it is no matter of surprise to us that the author should wish to pick up his broken pieces, and pile them all carefully together within the limits of the apostolical age. On the whole, M. Renan admits, in his grand, careless way, the authenticity of the four canonical Gospels; he assigns them all to the first century, and substantially to the authors whose names they bear. Matthew and Mark are

Digitized by Google

both "arrangements," that is to say, compilations, digests, the originals having been lost. Matthew is inestimably precious for the long discourses of Jesus which he preserves, and which are undoubtedly genuine examples of his teaching. "The true words of Jesus disclose themselves here. One touches them in the chaos of traditions, and feels them vibrate. They choose their own place in the narrative, and stand out there with a relief that is without parallel." For the rest, the narrative portions of the first Gospel have less authority. It abounds in legends of a faded complexion, which have emanated from the piety of the second generation. Mark is pronounced valuable as a collection of anecdotes far more exact in details of fact than the first Gospel, but brief, dry, and badly digested. This Gospel is based, he thinks, on memoranda by Peter, and is the most ancient and original of the three Synoptics, the least corrupted by late additions, and the least cumbered with fabulous inventions; full of minute observations as of an eye-witness, who followed Jesus, loved him, scrutinized him, and preserved a lively image of him.

The historical value of Luke's work is sensibly less. It is a document at second hand, studied, elaborate, manufactured; a work of perfect unity and completeness, written entirely by one man, who was skilled in the art of selecting and combining his materials and producing an artistic composition; a man who never saw the witnesses, but worked from manuscripts, and took great and even violent liberty with them, in order to make them agree, — combining here, separating there, putting a sense of his own into the texts before him, and reproducing legends in beautiful forms, — less an evangelist than a "biographer," but a biographer of the first century, a divine artist, who shows us the character of the founder of the religion with a felicity of touch, a glowing harmony of combination, a boldness of relief, of which the other two have no idea. His literary art is commended as heightening singularly the effect of his portraiture without materially injuring its truth.

M. Renan discusses the Gospel of John at greater length, even to the extent of twelve of his freely printed pages. He admits that it savors of a dogmatic interest that is peculiar to the composer; that it contains ideas wholly foreign to those of

Digitized by Google

Jesus, and sometimes indications of bad faith that put the reader on his guard; that it is full of metaphysical abstractions; that it betrays incessantly the preoccupations of the apologist, the afterthoughts of the sectary, — a purpose to prove a thesis and to convince an adversary; that it abounds in wearisome and pretentious tirades, badly written, and of small significance to the moral sense; that the discourses, so far from being historical, are compositions destined to cover with the authority of Jesus certain doctrines dear to the writer; that some portions of the book were late additions; that one entire chapter is ungenuine; that John himself had little to do with its complexion, and that his disciples used his precious notes in a sense wholly alien from the original evangelical spirit; — and yet, after these tremendous, and it would seem fatal admissions, he contends that the Gospel came out from the great school of Asia Minor, which attached itself to John, and he claims it as demonstrated by external and internal evidence that the Gospel presents a version of the Master's life worthy of being taken into high consideration, and often of being preferred. He is tempted to believe that John, in his old age, having read the Gospels that were in circulation, on one side remarked their various and conflicting inaccuracies, on another side was chilled on perceiving that the place accorded to himself in the history of the Christ was not sufficiently exalted; that straightway thereupon he began to dictate a crowd of things which he knew better than the rest, with the design of showing that, in many cases where Peter alone was mentioned, he had figured as chief. After the death of his brother James, John remained sole heir of the intimate souvenirs of which they two, by general admission, had been the recipients. Hence his perpetual care to mention that he is the last survivor of the eyewitnesses; hence the pleasure he takes in jotting down circumstantial trifles which none but he could know; hence finally the disorder of the arrangement, the irregularity of the march, the rents in the opening chapters; all of which one looks for in the reminiscences of an old man, here prodigiously fresh, there strangely altered.

No one ever ventured to treat the Evangelists with such freedom as this brilliant Frenchman indulges in with all the

Digitized by Google

guilelessness and *naïveté* of a child. His results, we believe, are not justified by scientific criticism. We think he allows too much historical value to Mark and John, too little to Matthew. We are confident that he makes too little account of the speculative and dogmatical character of all the Four Gospels. We are sure that he makes too little account of the theological and mystical tendency of the fourth; and when he speaks of Luke alone as being a "composition," we wonder with what eyes he could have studied John, that consummate literary work, whose every chapter and verse and word in fact bear traces of careful and exquisite art. But even if the singular modesty and the inimitable grace with which M. Renan puts forth his opinions did not disarm criticism of its severity, we should remember that he does not bring forward his opinions as the result of critical study, but as the result of literary insight, trained by long practice in reading works of this character; and his insight is really wonderful, — so wonderful that we are almost ready to lay down our clumsy critical weapons at his feet.

It is not easy to see how, from such materials as he is willing to accept, M. Renan or anybody else could construct a life of Jesus. And nobody that we ever heard of could. But this man is a genius, and takes the freedom of a genius. He has the eye of an Agassiz in his department. He is a sculptor who can construct a Hercules from a foot. Nay, he can do more than that; he can recover the form of Jesus from a few half-obliterated foot-prints, and can make the form breathe and glow with a freshness that not many strictly historical characters possess. We have here truly a Life of Jesus of Nazareth, the only one that has ever yet been written, — a real human life, with human cares and recreations, helps and hinderances, prudences and mistakes, victories and overthrows. It is, of course, a life seen from the human point of view; and from that only; a natural life, natural in its origin, its course, its close, — natural in its motive, its purpose, and its principle. The Archbishop of Paris will not be the only one to pronounce it anathema. The whole of "believing" Christendom will declare it accursed. It will find a welcome nowhere probably inside the Church as an authentic record of the Master's career, or as a fair presentation of the Master's person; but it will be hailed

Digitized by Google

with enthusiasm by thousands who think of Jesus simply as a man; and it will be read with mingled abhorrence and pleasure by some few pious Christians, whose faith, strong enough to be undisturbed by the rationalism, will love to cull its tender and fragrant flowers for the shrine of their divinity.

We fear it will be impossible to offer any specimens of M. Renan's fruit without rubbing off the bloom; but we must attempt it and do the best we can without resorting to quotations, — a course forbidden by the number and richness of the passages we have marked. The freedom and beauty of the style we should despair of giving in a translation; that only the readers of French can enjoy. It is the style of a brilliant and confident narrator of contemporary events; the elegant secular style of the man of letters; the warm, earnest, eloquent style of the enthusiast. The words are taken from the vocabulary of graceful common speech. There is no pedantry in the nouns, and no conventionality in the adjectives. It is the language of the parlor, not of the lecture-room or the library. The story of Jesus becomes new merely from being clothed in its soft-yielding texture, and set off by its rich but tasteful colors. No wonder the "Life" has been called a romance. The diction would make any story romantic. It is marvellous how completely it takes up and assimilates all the material to be used. Every fragment of knowledge is worked into the substance of the fabric. There are no loose ends of conjecture hanging out; no rough seams of discussion marring the smoothness of the piece. Exceedingly brief foot-notes and references reveal ample stores of learning, and suggest all the thought that any one could desire; but no shreds of learning and no processes of reasoning appear in the fair and flowing text, which ripples in poetry, but never is ruffled by doubt. Whatever perplexities the author may have grappled with are hidden from the reader, who never suspects the depth of the stream over whose sunny surface he floats so charmingly.

This is the only Life of Jesus that does the least justice to the cheerful aspects of the subject. It is pervaded with an atmosphere of natural, simple, pastoral joyousness. Written by one who has travelled and resided in the East, written

Digitized by Google

under Eastern skies, it is steeped in the air of the Orient. The description of Galilee — its landscapes, its lake, the life of its fishing and pastoral people — is delicious. The whole environment of Jesus is sketched with surpassing delicacy and effectiveness, and with equal delicacy and effectiveness he is placed in the centre of it, — young, beautiful, enthusiastic, earnest, enjoying, and making others enjoy with him, "the lovely dream which humanity has lived on ever since, and whose faint perfume it is our consolation now to inhale." We have before us the eloquent, eager youth, with his charming inexperience, fascinating old and young, wise and simple, by his engaging ways, surrounded by a group of men and women, all characterized by the same spirit of juvenile candor and fresh innocence, and basking in the frank and festive atmosphere that reigned about him. We hear the cordial greetings, the pleasant repartees, the keen jests, the witty aphorisms, the happy stories, the wise but genial lessons, of the "charming Teacher who forgave all provided they loved him." We feel the edge of his "fine irony," as he assures the dignified, grave, and rigid moralists that there is no chance of their getting into heaven unless they follow the good example set them by the publicans and the women of the town. We see his invective flashing about the head of the Pharisee, — his inexhaustible butt for sportive and biting sarcasm. With what exquisite caricature he pictures him at his prayers! "Through eighteen centuries he trails behind him in rags the Nessus coat of ridicule which Jesus wove for him with his divine art."

The Jesus of M. Renan's picture is a child of Nature. Smiling and sublime, she is his only teacher. No doubt he had learned by heart the little songs the children at school recited in unison, one of which he quotes when children are brought to him for his caress; but he is no scholar, is unacquainted with the Hebrew and Greek literature, and probably does not speak the Greek language. His mind preserves that fresh *naïveté* which an extended and varied culture always weakens. He is a poet, relishes allegorical interpretations, is fond, doubtless, of Daniel and Henoch, with their tremendous imagery of coming Messiahs and the destruction of the world. His innocence

Digitized by Google

of all worldly experience betrays itself constantly by his speech. He has no precise idea of the Roman power; he had seen the buildings, probably, of Tiberias, Cæsarea, Diocæsarea, Sebaste; and their ostentatious architecture brought to Judæa, piece by piece, long ranges of columns of the same diameter, the ornament of some insipid *Rue de Rivoli*, he calls "the kingdoms of the world and all their glory." "His idea of a royal court is a place where people wear fine clothes." His conception of aristocratic society is that which would be natural to a young villager, who saw the world through the prism of his rustic fancy. But he is never dazzled by these pomps. His love is always for the Galilean villages, — confused heaps of cabins, threshing-floors, and wine-presses cut in the rock, wells, tombs, fig-trees, olive-trees. This Jesus knows nothing of science, although born at an epoch when the principle of positive science was already proclaimed by Lucretius, and published in the great centres of human culture. He lives in the open faith in the supernatural, differing in no point here from his superstitious fellow-countrymen. He believes in the Devil, and fancies that nervous disorders are produced by demons, who get into the sufferer and shake him. The marvellous is not the exceptional in his view, it is the normal. But in his great soul the faith in God's special action, which fills vulgar minds with stupid credulity and makes them dupes of charlatans, tends only to beget a profound sense of God's intimate relations with man, and an exorbitant persuasion of human power, — "lovely mistakes which were the principle of his force." He is a splendid idealist; and, like all idealists, he lives in his ideas, and makes small account of blood relationships; his kindred occupy but very little place in his affections. They seem not to have loved him, and there are moments when his attitude towards them is forbidding.

Gradually, as his career advances, and his social relations become multiplied and complicated, as the number of disciples increases, and circumstances force him to take a decided public position as a reformer, traces of a sagacious and politic disposition appear; he employs "innocent artifices" to gain disciples, affecting to know their secrets, showing an intimate acquaintance with their affairs, letting them believe that his

Digitized by Google

natural insight into their characters is a marvellous gift bestowed on him by inspiration. Reports get about that he talks on the mountains with Moses and Elias. It is a popular notion, that in his moments of solitude angels come to pay him homage. To meet the expectation of his times, which he was able to do without shocking his own faith or violating his own moral sense, he accepts the character of a miracle-worker, and in this character "acts which we should now consider traits of illusion or of folly hold a large place in his life." This *rôle* appears to be disagreeable sometimes; often he performs a miracle only after being importuned, clearly in ill-humor, reproaching those who claim it with the grossness of their minds. He charges those he has cured not to tell anybody, as if he were a little ashamed of what he had been about. When his enemies ask for a miracle, — a sign from heaven, a meteor, — he stubbornly refuses to grant their request. Some of his cures, M. Renan thinks, seemed miraculous only in the eyes of credulous lookers-on, or in the telling of third, fourth, and fifth hand reporters; some were the effect of his singularly magnetic presence on sensitive organizations; some were wrought by the patient's own faith; some were managed with a little stratagem. There was nothing in the mind of M. Renan's Jesus to make miracle-working appear impossible or improbable: the prophets had wrought miracles; miracles were expected from the Christ; he felt himself to be the Christ, and may without difficulty have persuaded himself, through others' wonder, or his own faith, that his works were more marvellous than they really were.

For Jesus is painted here as a splendid visionary. The conviction that he is to bring in the reign of God takes absolute possession of his mind. He regards himself as the universal reformer. Heaven, earth, all nature, madness, malady, death, are his tools. In the grandeur of his heroic will he believes himself to be all-mighty. If the world does not lend itself to his supreme transfiguration, the world shall be burned, purged with God's breath and with flame; a new heaven shall be created, and the whole earth shall be peopled with angels. He is no politician; he never dreams of revolt against the Romans or the governors. His submission to established

Digitized by Google

powers, derisory through and through, is nevertheless complete. He pays tribute to Cæsar, to avoid scandal. Why trouble life with vain susceptibilities? Despising the earth, convinced that the present world is beneath regard, he takes refuge in his ideal kingdom, and founds the grand doctrine of sublime disdain, — "true doctrine of soul-freedom which alone brings peace." Not that his mind is free from shadows; strange temptations sometimes beset him. Many times, probably, he proposes to himself the question, Is the kingdom of God to be realized by force or by gentleness, by revolt or by patience? Ignorant of the power of the Roman empire, he might, with the fund of enthusiasm which he could draw on in Judæa, hope even to found a kingdom by audacity and the number of his partisans. But his fine nature saves him from the mistake which would have made him a Theudas or a Barcochab. He never purposes other than a moral revolution, but he does not at first intrust its execution to angels and the last trump. He will act on men and by means of men.

Jesus is an anarchist, for he has no idea of civil government; it appears to him purely and simply an abuse. He talks like a man who has no notion of statesmanship; every magistrate is in his eyes a natural enemy of the children of God. He bids his disciples embroil themselves with the police, without for a moment suspecting that there is cause to blush in such conduct; and yet not once does the thought of an armed resistance present itself in tangible form. He is no spiritualist, for he looks for a palpable realization of his kingdom on the earth. He has not the faintest notion of soul as separate from body. But he is an accomplished idealist; and his peculiar idea is, that suffering and resignation are all-powerful, — that purity of heart gains the victory over might. Now, one might take him for a democratic leader, wishing simply the reign of the poor and the outcast; at another time, the empire he looks for seems to be a literal fulfilment of the apocalyptic visions of Daniel and Henoch. Then, again, the kingdom is a kingdom of souls, and the approaching deliverance a deliverance by the truth. Several conceptions lay side by side unreconciled in his consciousness. He never will mingle in mundane affairs, or concern himself with temporal interests.

Digitized by Google

When people bring to him their pecuniary and domestic difficulties, he repels them proudly, and with the air of one who feels himself insulted. The actual order of human society, and the actual series of human events, are drawing, he is persuaded, to a close. The Son of Man is shortly to appear in glory, sitting on clouds upborne by angels. There will be a great judgment, — a sentence executed by seraphs; at the end an eternal paradise, robes of light, perpetual festivity, seats at the upper board with Abraham, the patriarchs, and prophets, for the good; for the bad, a dark, shadowy, foul valley, full of crawling worms, gnawing serpents, inextinguishable fires, weeping and gnashing of teeth. There will be eating and drinking in the new kingdom, but no marriage, says the young ascetic.

These ideas, so abstract for us, are living realities for him; all, in his thought, is concrete and substantial; he is a man who believes with all his might in the reality of the ideal. The need there is of gaining credit and imparting enthusiasm involves him in embarrassing and contradictory ideas. His persuasion that an intimate connection exists between God and the soul leads to the assumption of titles that are to us suggestive only of intolerable arrogance, and renders him a ready receiver of the high names and honors which his adorers heap on him. To the believers of the Millenarian school, enthusiastic readers of Daniel and Henoch, he is Son of Man; to the Jews of the ordinary persuasion, readers of Isaiah and Micah, he is Son of David; to the initiated, he is Son of God; — accepting whichever title promises to be most popular and the best watchword of success. Without, probably, dabbling in the innocent frauds practised by his friends to justify their application to him, in the end he takes pleasure in these names, and displays a more cheerful alacrity in working miracles when he is addressed by them. Does he authorize by his silence the fictitious genealogies which his partisans invent in order to prove his royal descent? Does he know anything of the legends in vogue that make him out a native of Bethlehem? Nobody can tell. There are tales abroad very early about his relations with celebrated men, — John the Baptist, Herod the Great, Chaldæan astrologers who came to Jerusa-

Digitized by Google

lem to see him, saintly old men and women who testified, while he was an infant, to his future greatness; legends of his birth, his cradle, his childish and boyish days, his baptism, and so forth. After his death, such traditions come out in vast proportions, but during his lifetime they circulate without meeting anything worse than a pious credulity and a simple-minded admiration. Jesus lets them pass. This tacit acquiescence in serviceable errors our author excuses in one who takes human nature as it is, with its illusions, and seeks to act on it and to act with it through them. "Cæsar knew well enough that he was not the son of Venus. France would not have been what she is, if she had not believed a thousand years in the holy phial of Rheims. It is very easy for us, imbeciles as we are, to call this lying, and, proud of our sneaking honesty, to treat with disdain the heroes who have accepted, under other conditions, the battle of life. When we shall have done with our scruples as much as they did with their falsehoods, we shall have earned the right to be severe." M. Renan puts in for Jesus the plea that he was an Oriental, and is, therefore, not to be judged by the Western standard of morals. A singular plea, considering the low opinion he entertains of the morality of the East. For it not only puts Jesus outside of our sympathy, but it makes the charges or the admissions against him universal when they were particular. Instead of exculpating him from a few sins, it implicates him in a general infirmity of race. We can overlook separate faults in a character whose substance is of rarest and sweetest principle. But if suspicion be thrown on the texture of the character, all the deeds are tainted.

With general views like these, we are not surprised that M. Renan holds Jesus to the very letter of his ethical teaching. Every word of the Sermon on the Mount he takes to have been spoken in all seriousness and simplicity. The absolute trust in Providence for clothing and bread, the charge to put away all care for earthly support, the parables of the ravens and the lilies, the praise of poverty, bear no figurative sense. This Jesus is a believer in his Utopia, an unconscious and informal, but a true and sincere brother of the Essenes. The first condition of discipleship with him is the conversion of property

Digitized by Google

into coin, and the distribution of it among the poor. None who recoil from this extravagance are friends of his. In one strange parable he commends an agent because he made friends of the poor at his employer's expense, in order that the poor, in their turn, might get him into the kingdom, where the poor are the stewards. Dives goes to hell, because he was rich and fared sumptuously every day. Pauperism entitles Lazarus to the best place at table with Abraham. Mendicity is a virtue. To own nothing is the true evangelical state. The man who most resembles Jesus is Francis of Assisi. The mendicant orders of the Middle Age, grouped under the banner of the eternal Gospel, were in fact his genuine disciples.

These gentle, sweet ethics of Galilee, and of the happy period when his career was a continuous festival,—when his presence in a house was greeted as a benediction, when the entire village turned out to render him hospitality, when the children crowded about him for his kiss, when the ass he rode was followed by simple folks waving branches, singing songs, moving in dances, shouting, and spreading garments in the road,—become sadly changed in the latter months of his life, when he is battling with foes in Jerusalem. The picture of those months M. Renan outlines and colors with masterly effect. He describes the young enthusiast coming down to the barren, sterile, hard region about Jerusalem, and presenting himself a stranger and a rustic in the city, whose worldly atmosphere always oppressed him. We see the sadness gathering over him, the gloom clouding his soul. We witness his cautious walk among the snares that are spread for his feet, his contact with hypocrisy, bigotry, cruelty, his conflict with open and secret foes. We see him in the thick of the metropolis, jostled by Scribes and Pharisees, bewildered by noise, haunted by importunate questioners, taunted, insulted, ridiculed, far from his dear Galilee, with no solitude save a little patch of garden at the foot of the city wall, with a few olive-trees, no mountain elevation, no free air, no privacy short of the little hamlet of Bethany, where lived some friends who loved him. His tone changes from that of an enthusiast to that of an ascetic. He wages fierce war against the flesh, and all its relations. A rough, morose sentiment of disgust for the world, of excessive

Digitized by Google

abnegation, bespeaks a man who is casting off his humanity. He seems to forget the pleasures of living and loving. He becomes denaturalized. Family, friendship, country, are nothing to him. "Sometimes, one is tempted to think, seeing in his own death a means of founding his kingdom, he deliberately meditates the design of causing himself to be killed." A strange taste for persecution and suffering penetrates him. His visions of the future rise to a terrible grandeur. His natural sweetness seems to have abandoned him; he is often rude and odd. There are moments when his disciples cannot comprehend him, and experience a kind of fear in his presence. His ill-humor, aroused by opposition, draws him into conduct that is inexplicable and apparently absurd. He breaks forth with fierce wrath against the towns that would not give him welcome. Now and then, one would say, his mind is disturbed. He has agonies and inward convulsions. The vision of the kingdom of God flaming before his eyes night and day makes him giddy. His disciples, in moments, think him crazy, his enemies declare him possessed. His temperament, passionate to excess, carries him in an instant beyond the bounds of human nature. Addressing himself no longer to human reason, he imperiously demands faith. His virtue does not fail; it is not that, but the struggle of the idealist with realities becomes insupportable. His contact with the earth bruises him. He is betrayed into furious invective against his opponents. He gives directions to his followers which bore cruel fruit in the Middle Age, as when he seems to sanction the betrayal of brother by brother, and of father by son. He concedes nothing to necessity; he demands self-mutilation, the cutting off of hands, the plucking out of eyes; at the same time he craves honors more and more. He promises immortality to a woman who breaks a box of oil and pours the precious contents over his feet. He accepts strange services from his friends, who, in their jealousy for his fame, and in their anxiety to sustain his failing cause in Jerusalem, resort to discreditable impostures in his behalf. His friend Lazarus, who had been sick, causes himself to be wrapped around with grave-clothes, and placed in his family tomb, as if he were a corpse. His sisters, entering into the plot, beg Jesus to come and awake him from death.

Digitized by Google

The people gather about the place, and mistake the natural emotion of Jesus, who honestly thinks his friend is dead, for the nervous excitement attending the working of a miracle. Lazarus plays his part with surpassing skill, and the rumor of a resurrection flies abroad.

Our resolution to let M. Renan tell his own story, without interruption, at this point breaks down. Again and again we have barely succeeded in resisting the temptation to ask our readers to enjoy with us some tidbit of criticism from this dainty French *cuisine*. But now we must pause long enough to utter one great ejaculation at the extraordinary *niaiserie* of this new version of the resurrection of Lazarus. Verily, these French are a marvellous people. There are none like them for burlesquing the divine without knowing it. Who else would have had the fancy to give precisely this turn to the story? Who else would have had the supreme coolness to offer it without a blush, and a few pages later to speak of the chief actor in the imposture as a man who condensed into himself all that is good and noble in human nature? An ordinary man might have been content with dismissing the story as resting on the insufficient evidence of a single Evangelist, and he the latest of all. But by this time all will have perceived that M. Renan is not an ordinary man.

Now to proceed. The plot of the resurrection is a failure. It makes more enemies than friends. The end must come. Hidden from the multitude by the crowd of teachers and sectaries who abound in the sacred city, repelled by the aristocracy as a provincial, ensnared by the logicians, disdained by the Sadducees, hated by the vulgar Jews because he opened the gates of the kingdom to the unbeliever in Moses, detested by the priesthood as an innovator, a heretic, a peace-breaker, a fanatic who would soon embroil them with the Roman authorities, there remains no choice for Jesus but to leave Judæa, or to be crushed. Flee he will not. His soul rises higher and higher at the nearness of death. For an instant the thought of resistance crosses his mind. He speaks of swords, and hints at arming his disciples; but a moment's reflection convinces him that it would be useless, and he surrenders himself to his fate with a majesty all his own.

Digitized by Google

We need not follow M. Renan further in his narrative. It contains little that is specially worthy of remark. The last days, though well described, are described with fewer touches of his peculiar style of treatment than the earlier passages of the life. There is less room for novel interpretations. The scenes at the supper and in the garden are vividly portrayed; the grounds of arrest and of accusation are delicately analyzed; the process of trial is carefully detailed. The immediate cause of the martyr's death is supposed to have been the rupture of a vessel in the heart, occasioned by the strain of hanging on the cross. The question of the resurrection, or rather of the popular belief in the resurrection, for the resurrection he could not believe in even if he believed in personal immortality, M. Renan postpones to his next volume, on the Apostolic Age. Here he drops a tender veil over the sorrow, and contents himself with describing in fearful colors the fate of those who dug the grave.

We have given, perhaps, a faint notion of this new Life of Jesus,—a very faint one it is, we are bound to say. If our readers, on glancing at our sketch, are disposed to ascribe the work to an irreverent, audacious, impious, and mocking spirit, we beg them to listen one moment to our protest against such injustice to the author. He is no intentional mocker, nor in his five hundred pages can one line of levity be found. The book is full of expressions of the most profound respect, the most cordial admiration, the tenderest love, the purest and most earnest reverence. It is saturated with the fragrance of sweet and heartfelt homage. No devotee of the Saviour, no worshipper of the incarnate Deity, ever warmed his listener with the glow of his adoration more thoroughly than does M. Renan with his human enthusiasm. He has always an apology for the weakness he must admit, an explanation of the mistake he cannot conceal, a plea for the errors he is compelled to allow, a womanly pity for the frailties he is unable honestly to deny, a manly sympathy with the sorrow, a manly adoration for the nobleness. Jesus, he says, opened God to all mankind. He proclaimed the royalty of the soul. He created a heaven of pure souls, where are found what one seeks in vain on earth,—the perfect nobleness of God's children, absolute purity, total

Digitized by Google

withdrawal from the soils of the earth, the liberty which actual society excludes as an impossibility, and which finds its scope only in the domain of thought. He made Christianity almost a synonyme for religion. He founded religion on humanity, as Socrates founded philosophy on it, as Aristotle founded on it science. The idea of pure worship he established forever. He established the absolute religion, excluding nothing, insisting on nothing but sentiment. M. Renan strains the power of speech in exalting the personal character of Jesus, apart from which all his doctrines, and all doctrines, would have been powerless to engage or affect the world. His religion, he declares, was based not on a dogma, not on a sentiment, but on a life, or rather on a great soul. His essential achievement was to have brought around him a circle of disciples in whom he inspired an unlimited attachment, and in whose bosom he deposited the seeds of his teaching. He made himself loved, so that after his death men ceased not to love him.

"Let us place at the highest summit of human grandeur," he exclaims, "the person of Jesus! His character, far from being embellished by his biographers, has been dwarfed by them. This sublime person, who every day presides yet over the destinies of the world, we may be permitted to call Divine, not in the ordinary theological sense, but in this sense, that he has made his race take the longest step towards the Divine. He is the highest of those columns that show man whence he came and whither he tends. All of good and noble that there is in our nature was condensed in him. He was not impeccable; he conquered the same passions that we fight with; no angel from God comforted but the angel in his own conscience, no Satan tempted him but the Satan every one carries in his heart. But never to the same degree did mortal make the interests of humanity supreme over the littlenesses of self-love. Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will renew its youth incessantly, his legend will draw tears without end, his sufferings will soften the best hearts; all ages will proclaim that among all the children of men no one greater than Jesus has been born."

And now, apart from all criticism of details, which would be useless, seeing that one detail involves all, what shall we say of this new Life of Jesus? We say this. That its critical estimate of the Gospels would not be accepted, nor would its critical method be acquiesced in by any school of Biblical scholars,

Digitized by Google

least of all by any scientific school. Although appealing frequently to the rules of historical treatment, his own treatment of the materials before him is arbitrary and capricious. His criterion of Evangelical authenticity is his individual taste; and his taste, unlike that of the great master Ewald, is the taste of an epicure who likes fancy cakes better than plain bread. Nor is this all. Uncertain as his method is, and framed as it is to suit his own particular purpose, he does not abide by it; nor outside of his Introduction does he refer to it in the most casual manner. No one would suspect that he was compiling his narrative from documents "among whose anecdotes, discourses, celebrated words, not one that is rigorously authentic can be found." All passes for authentic that helps his work, nothing passes for authentic that does not facilitate his composition. He pronounces the discourses in John unhistorical, but uses them freely. He declares that the incidents in Matthew are untrustworthy, and puts them in without apology or explanation. He rejects the story of Judas's violent death as impossible, without assigning a critical doubt; and drags in the raising of Lazarus as an imposture, in defiance of critical doubt.

These are serious defects in a work that professes to be eminently historical; but these are trifling when compared with other faults. M. Renan writes his narrative like a cool, sagacious, admiring, but thoroughly worldly-wise contemporary of the events he describes. Forgetting the advantage which eighteen centuries of thought and experience give to the modern historian; forgetting the place that Jesus holds in the estimation of the world; forgetting the effects he has wrought on the souls, hearts, lives of men; forgetting his power as an agent of social revolution, he imputes to him the weaknesses of ordinary humanity, judges him by the rules he would apply to ordinary men, condemns or praises him, excuses or apologizes for him, as if he were an unknown actor in the medley of ordinary history; — a course not only unjustifiable on grounds of fair biography, but inconsistent with the verdict on Jesus which he finally pronounces himself. For when he says, "The faith, the enthusiasm, the constancy, of the first Christian generation can only be explained on the supposition that Jesus was a per-

Digitized by Google

son of colossal proportions," he admits that the Evangelists did not furnish all the data requisite for a complete judgment, and that the true point of view must be taken in the age that succeeded them. He should have done one of two things: either he should have pronounced his final judgment in accordance with the Life and as the result of his investigation, or he should have brought to the investigation the light of knowledge gathered from these other sources, and have written the Life with the aid of the material furnished by after generations. At present there is all the difference between the last chapter and those that precede it, that there is between naturalism and spiritualism, between the judgment of the unbeliever and the judgment of the believer, between the Jew and the Christian. The Life is the result of intellectual analysis; the verdict is the result of spiritual synthesis. In the Life he surveys Jesus with the unillumined eyes of a contemporary; in the verdict he borrows the vision of believing successors. In the Life he takes the uncertain, conflicting testimony of the by-standers; in the verdict he calls in the unanimous witnesses of the soul. The Jesus whose career he paints is a visionary, an anarchist, an enthusiast, a socialist; the Jesus whose character he describes with such eulogium is the ideal of human nature, the prophet, priest, and king of the human soul.

The Life is a natural life; as a natural life, it is the best that has been, probably it is the best that will be or can be written. Never again, it is likely, will a man of equal genius, insight, learning, taste, enthusiasm, constructive and graphic power, keenness as a thinker, skill as a writer, undertake the task of constructing a Life of Jesus from the Four Gospels alone, under the trying conditions which modern criticism imposes, and from the simple natural point of view. But in saying this, we simply say that the work is the more splendid as a failure, and this for the reason that the Life of Jesus cannot be written from a natural, but must be written from a spiritual point of view. He has written his own autobiography, and Christendom is his epistle. To reach the historical Jesus, we must come down to him from above, not creep up to him from below. Christendom understands Christ better than his disci-

Digitized by Google

ples understood him; can furnish a wiser interpretation of his language, can supply a nobler theory of his deeds. We speak of them as eyewitnesses; but eyewitnesses are not always, nor are they ordinarily, mind-witnesses; still more rarely are they soul-witnesses. And the disciples, from the testimony of their own records, seem to have been witnesses neither of mind nor soul.

Perception is an interior thing. It is the mind that sees. The best eyes will be of little use where there is no "speculation" in them. These men had not much of that same speculation. Their minds were not illuminated, and consequently their eyes were not open. The image of Jesus which they give us, however accurate as an object painted on the retina, may be very inaccurate, therefore, as an object mirrored in thought. Our thought is, we know, clearer, healthier, more discerning than theirs was; our sensibility is less jarred by private passion, our reverence is less colored by personal hope and fear. In a word, our idea of Jesus is at once more rational than theirs was, and more spiritual. Our picture of Jesus must therefore be more correctly drawn. Nay, we are at liberty to reject their delineation as wholly inexact, without altering a single one of their data.

On general principles, we dissent entirely from those who, beginning their study of human nature with a study of animal nature, and thinking to qualify themselves for a final judgment on man by gaining an exhaustive knowledge first of all fish, flesh, and fowl, come cautiously crawling up out of the slime of the pre-Adamite earth, and make a leap for Adam from the crown of an ape. Man throws more light on the reptile than the reptile throws on him. So the grandeur of a man shows itself in and through his organization; the spirit explains the body, the soul answers questions about the senses; but you cannot leap from nerve to thought, from the organ of knowledge to the faculty of knowledge; nor can you come by surprise on the soul, by feeling your winding way up along the convolutions of the brain. On the same principle, a great person manifests himself in and through his external history, but it is not by mastering the facts of his external history that you will apprehend him. In that way you will be pretty sure to

Digitized by Google

misapprehend him. We must interpret the history by the man, rather than the man by the history, as the genius of history itself allows. Yes, M. Renan, as we have seen, admits it.

In the Greek Church there were some who held that the historical Jesus of the Four Gospels was not the true Jesus, but was a deceptive and illusive mockery of the true Jesus, the Antichrist rather than the Christ; indeed, one of them, if we recollect aright, said that the literal, external, historical Christ of the Gospels was the Devil. We must go to the Epistles for the real Jesus, said some one of old. It was Paul, not Luke, who was the correct painter. Paul never saw Jesus, yet how we should welcome a Life of Jesus from the hand of Paul! It would not be much like M. Renan's, we may be sure. It would not be composed from the same data precisely. Paul, looking into his heart, turning over the pages of his altered, renovated, transformed experience, pondering thoughtfully the mysterious passages in his unexpected and unaccountable career, would have exhibited the personality of his Master in a very different light from that which gleamed in the brilliant intelligence of the modern Frenchman. With the writings of the Evangelists before him, he would have discovered hidden senses behind the letter which Matthew penned; he would have brought forth traits which were hidden from Mark, and would have detected links of association which escaped the notice of Luke. What interlineations he would have made! What notes he would have supplied! What motives he would have revealed! What supplementary passages here and there he would have inserted! Whole chapters, perhaps, would have rolled out from his teeming imagination, full of those little touches of feeling which are better than facts, because they impart to facts their vitality, and give to incidents their power to move and charm. And after those chapters, again, there would be appendix on appendix, containing the conjectures, the hints, the deductions, the criticisms, whose reflected light upon the Evangelical pages would have been better than twice the number of authentic pages from the hand of an ordinary biographer. He would put the Christ he saw with the eyes of the spirit in place of the Jesus he never saw at all, and the fragmentary narrative would have risen from the rank of *Mémoires pour Servir*, to the dignity of history.

Digitized by Google

If we could add to Paul's witness the testimony of the great cloud who might speak of what Jesus had been and had done for them; if we could gather in the results of his working in their hearts, and could see the portrait he has painted of himself in the new consciousness of Christendom, we should have materials for an autobiography which is as yet unwritten, and which never will be written except by angels' fingers.

Of course nothing is to be added to the small mass of incident which the Evangelists have preserved, and nothing can be done to prevent the wearing away of that small mass by the constant hammering and filing of laborious and "destructive" criticism. It is not for any of us to arrest the work of scholarship. However profound our veneration, however earnest our faith, however dear and sacred the person whose face is mirrored in that shallow lake of Galilee, we cannot save the lake from the ruffling winds that will make the lineaments undistinguishable, or from any serious convulsions that may alter its margin, or even destroy its bed. However precious the facts may be, it is not for us violently to retain a single one after the student of the text has decided that it must go into the waste-basket of fiction. They who can accept them all as they stand, have the more solid body for their Christ; they who can accept but a portion, must adjust to that portion the spiritual personality of the Master; and they who find themselves to suspect the whole, must embody their own imagination, and let the Spirit give Jesus a body as it pleaseth it.

Dr. Bushnell, in his "Nature and the Supernatural," devotes a long, eloquent, surpassingly able and admirable chapter to the life of Jesus. In this chapter he carries out the idea we have suggested, by simply putting the Christ of the Church into the text of the Evangelist, thus reading the chronicles of the first century by the light of the nineteenth. But Dr. Bushnell is utterly unconscious of the existence of Biblical criticism; for him the New Testament records are authentic as they stand. He seems not so much as to suspect that such men as Bretschneider and Semler, Paulus and Strauss, Gfrörer, Schwegler, or Baur, have lived and written. By the help of his arbitrary, fanciful, and indefensible definition of the supernatural, he takes in as literally and exactly true every mar-

Digitized by Google

vellous incident and every miraculous fact, as easily as if they were things of every-day occurrence, and he overlays all incidents alike with the gold of his fine imagination. The chapter reads well; it is compact, harmonious, beautiful; in parts it is singularly happy and strikingly true. But it is impossible for a learned reader to peruse it and not feel that it is not, in its way, as fairly entitled to be called a romance as M. Renan's, if the passing off of the unauthentic for the authentic is an element of romance.

Of the two pictures, however, we hold Dr. Bushnell's to be the more correct, by far. For the question is one of interpretation. It is important to know the facts as far as they are to be known, but it is at least as important that the right construction should be put on the facts. Taking M. Renan's own estimate of what may be considered authentic in the Gospel narrative, there can be no doubt that a spiritually-minded man would connect them with a much higher set of motives than that associated with them by this brilliant rationalist, and would see in them the indications of a character of very different, and even of an opposite type. We object, on critical grounds, to M. Renan's array of facts and incidents; but on grounds higher than critical, we object to his interpretation of the facts and incidents that he assumes. In a word, his delineation fails, in our judgment, not in that it is partial, but in that it is false. It is not merely less than the truth, it is an inversion of the truth. It is not so much defective, incomplete, one-sided, as it is wrong from beginning to end. In a word, it is a caricature, in portions a burlesque; and that is equivalent to saying that it is a total reversal of the just relations of the subject, a turning of it upside down and inside out.

We would not conceal from ourselves or from others the fact that the construction of a clear, consistent, and authentic biography of Jesus is a work, in these times, of immense and growing difficulty. If one begins to doubt, there is no telling where doubt will stop; if one admits the element of fable in the smallest degree, there is no assurance that he will not be compelled to admit it in the largest; if one loosens a single stone of literal fact, no guaranty can be given that the whole edifice will not topple over. It is one thing, however, to say,

Digitized by Google

that no image of Jesus is to be recovered, and quite another thing to put forward a false image. If the true image is lost, there is nothing more to be said. If a false image is substituted for the true, a great deal is to be said and felt. In this latter case, we cannot tell whether the Jesus we know ever had being. In the former case, we can still believe that he had. We can be sure that he was something far greater than the Evangelists perceived. He shall be the more wonderful for the failure of his companions to apprehend him; the more colossal for the ill success of his contemporaries in their attempts to measure him; the more impressive for the vast, mysterious silence, as of an Egyptian plain, in which he stands.

ART. II.—ULRIC VON HUTTEN.

1. *Ulric von Hutten.* Von DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. 2 Bände.
2. *Ulric von Hutten der Streiter für Deutsche Freiheit.* Von ERNST VON BRUNNOW. 3 Bände.

THE history of the Reformation has been written almost exclusively by those who saw in it a religious movement originated by Luther and his compeers. Influences not strictly religious, and the men who represented them, have usually been kept out of sight.

Among the persons of whom this is true stands pre-eminent Ulric von Hutten; "the Reformation's man of wit and of the sword, who slew monkery with the wild laughter of his *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*." * Want of appreciation on the part of Church historians has not, however, prevented him from being a popular idol in Germany, and especially among those belonging to the party of "Young Germany." To these, he is the model knight about whom all the ideal virtues of the age of chivalry cluster; the accomplished scholar and poet; the man of rank and fortune, who left his lordly castle to take the people's side, to fight against oppression and for German lib-

* Spare Hours by John Brown, M. D.

Digitized by Google

erty with pen and sword; the foe, too, of Romish usurpation, who anticipated Luther in denouncing indulgences, and who did more than Luther to bring about the Reformation.

Nor is this opinion limited to the more enthusiastic friends of German liberty and unity of our own day. Herder, who edited his poems, was his warm admirer. "Go, German youth," he exclaims, "to his grave, and say, Here lies the herald to the German nation of freedom and truth, and who was willing to be more than a herald." Camerarius compares him to Demosthenes, and says, "If his means had been on a par with his designs and enterprise, he would have revolutionized Europe." Melancthon writes of him, "Ut virum magni facere et admirari propter doctrinæ eruditionem et præstantiam ingenii." Even Erasmus, bitter as he was against him at one time, said, "The more I have loved the genius and talents of Hutten, the more concerned I am to lose him by these troubles." While Zimmerman, in whose apostrophe there is expressed, not a whit exaggerated, the popular estimate of his hero, speaks of him as "the greatest man, the greatest writer, the greatest patriot, that Germany has produced. . . . . Often he had nothing to cover himself with, he who gave up his fortune to regenerate his country. No monument tells where he lies, while mausoleums cover those who, compared with him, were pygmies. When Germany shall be what Sickingen and Hutten dreamed she might be, then will they have a monument glorious as their native land."

Of the works named at the head of this article, that by Strauss, in two volumes, was apparently written, though with full appreciation of Hutten's services, still without a particle of enthusiasm, and with characteristic intention to rend away all the mythical elements which popular feeling was gradually weaving around the historical personage. It is impartial and thorough, a little dry, but exhaustive and reliable. Brunnow's work is avowedly the life and adventures of the ideal Ulric, though accompanied by an historical appendix showing where the incidents are or are not historical. Those whose tastes lie in the direction of German historical novels will find these three volumes, of five hundred pages each, good specimens of the class to which they belong.

Digitized by Google

Ulric von Hutten was born in the castle of Steckelberg in Franconia, in the year 1488. His father was a knight of a very ancient family, and, though not wealthy, the proprietor of several small hamlets and strongholds, and, through his family connections, a person of much influence. The feeble constitution of Ulric was thought to unfit him for military life. He was destined to the Church, and was sent, at the age of eleven, to the monastery at Fulda to be educated for the priesthood. Soon growing tired of convent life, he begged his father to choose for him some other career. His uncle Eitelworf, one of the few educated noblemen of that day, and a denouncer of what he styled "the centaur-like life of the German knight," used his influence towards the same end. The young student, discontented, but faithfully using his advantages, became an accomplished Latin scholar, and remained at Fulda till the year 1505, when he escaped from the convent, determined to seek his own fortunes, and never to be a monk. It was at just about the time when he was leaving the monastery that Luther was entering one at Erfurth.

The fugitive took refuge first at Cologne, and became a member of the University there. Declining to return to Fulda, he was disinherited by his father, and was probably indebted to his uncle for his pecuniary means at this time. When he arrived in Cologne, the strife between the old Scholasticism and Humanism, or the new literature, was at its height. Aristotle, the Fathers, and the systematizers and commentators of the Middle Age, were still the University textbooks. It is hard to see what danger lay in the pages of Virgil and Cicero; but as Gregory XVI. in our day deprecated the introduction of gas, so his predecessors have always dreaded instinctively every new kind of light. "Everything with these theologians," says Erasmus, "is heresy. Greek is heresy, eloquence is heresy, everything that they have not the sense to understand is heresy." Ulric, in common with the bolder spirits of the University, soon made himself obnoxious to the professors, who were stanch supporters of the old system. At Frankfort-on-the-Main, whither he went with some reputation as the author of a small volume of Latin epigrams, and as an earnest opponent of the "Finsterlings," or party of

Digitized by Google

the Blockheads, he remained about a year. Allowing for certain irregularities of living, then as now incident to German student life, he passed his time studiously until he took his first degree.

The next three years were spent in travelling. Hutten had in his nature something of the knight-errant, — "animum irrequietem et versatilem," as he says himself. He shared the temper of his time. "Whoever attempts," says Freitag, "to examine the German mind of the sixteenth century, will remark a secret restlessness like that of migratory birds when spring approaches. The number of vagrants, such as pedlers, pilgrims, beggars, travelling students, was very great indeed." It was a century, also, in which the desire for knowledge was peculiarly strong. The travelling student figures prominently in all the pictures of the time. Wherever a university or public school was founded, thither flocked young men from all parts of Germany. Belonging mostly to the poorer classes, they wandered through the land on foot, suffering all manner of hardship, sleeping in barns or in the open fields, begging, stealing, many of them starving and dying on the road or in the city hospitals; for the most part, a wild and dissolute set, and looked upon askance by all respectable people. Arrived at the university towns, a shelter was usually given them by the university, and some little aid in other ways, by the students' guilds; and they eked out their poor living by copying from manuscripts the text of the books used in the university course, or by giving instruction to students in better circumstances. Ulric encountered all the hardships and ills incident to this kind of life. In the North of Germany, he was shipwrecked in the Baltic, and was forced to beg his way to Greiswald, the nearest university town. Hospitably entertained at first by a certain professor there named Loez, who afterwards tried to impose upon him, he quarrels with him and leaves the city; but is no sooner outside of the gate than he is set upon by Loez's servants, and beaten and robbed by them.

Wounded and almost naked, he succeeds in reaching Rostock, another university town, and, being kindly received by the authorities and students, devotes the next few months to

Digitized by Google

two pamphlets against the Greiswald professor and his family. In these he showed, what subsequent compositions proved even more clearly, how copious was his vocabulary of invective, and how much "he needed an enemy to call forth his talents."

The roving scholar has still something of the spirit of the old robber knights, his ancestors. In one of the letters called forth by the occurrence, he begs a noble friend to be on the watch on a certain day when one of the Loez family will be in Frankfort, and to be kind enough to seize the wretch and shut him up safe in his castle, — he need not kill him, — and then send for Hutten.

His fame, meanwhile, as scholar and pamphleteer reached his father's house. The old knight, "though all this looks to me very much like buffoonery," offers to pay his expenses if he will go to Italy and study law. But the young man, if he has not very definite views in any one direction, has certainly none in that quarter, for we next hear of him studying, not law, but men and things in Bohemia and Moravia, on the road to Vienna. How he supported himself does not appear, though mention is made of lectures given here and there at the different universities, and of friends who are very kind. Friends, indeed, he seems never to have lacked. Not only do poor peasants, and as poor students, share with him their scanty fare, but Provost Augustine presented him with a jewelled ring, and the Bishop of Olmütz with a horse, and money for his travelling expenses. He is welcomed at Vienna into a fraternity of "Humanists"; shortly after — being now better disposed to comply with his father's wishes — is arrested as a spy by the French besieging Pavia; at Bologna is appointed to address the Pope's ambassador then in the city; and, after all these honors and mishaps, we find him, in the year 1513, a foot-soldier in the imperial army, and in the next an invalid at the baths of Ems, — still ready and eager with his pen, and assailing Pope Julius in excellent Latin epigrams.

Hutten soon found a new friend and patron in Archbishop Albrecht of Mayence, an able, accomplished, easy-going man, much after the style of his intimate friend Erasmus; who, churchman as he was, hated priestly ignorance and loved wit

Digitized by Google

as well as learning. The opinions of the promising young man about indulgences must have grated rather rudely on the ears of the excellent Archbishop, when we consider that he was proposing to pay for his archbishopric out of the proceeds of the sale of that kind of merchandise, the notorious Tetzel being his authorized agent. But then, on the other hand, think of a young man who can write Latin as if it were his vernacular, and whose wit Erasmus, who has just met him, praises so highly. Ulric was accordingly invited to Mayence with liberal offers of support.

But just then tidings came filling every heart with indignation and horror. Hans Hutten, his uncle — a man honored and beloved by all, and of high rank in the ducal court — had been assassinated by Ulric of Würtemberg, — being "damned in a fair wife," whom he had determined to remove from court. The whole body of Franconian knights offered to the father their services to avenge the death of his son. The Emperor, appealed to, played fast and loose. The knights, when it came to the point, were unwilling, without the imperial sanction, to wage war against a sovereign prince. Years later, the tyrant was driven from his throne, but for the present he was safe in his castle; safe from warlike attack, but not from the vengeful pen of Ulric. His four fierce invectives were everywhere eagerly sought for, and had undoubtedly much to do in fomenting the popular feeling which afterwards burst on the head of the guilty Duke. Their author was already roused to the vice of the political system which allowed a petty prince to commit such a crime and go unpunished.

At Rome, the following year, whither he seems to have gone in order to prepare himself for duties connected with the University at Mayence, Hutten remained but a few months, thoroughly disgusted with all that he saw at the papal court. His departure was hastened by a difficulty with five Frenchmen, who attacked him in the street with swords, and one of whom he killed in self-defence. Obliged to fly, he took refuge at Bologna, where he devoted himself to the study of Greek with great assiduity. But the German and Italian students were, as usual, at feud, and on a certain occasion the two parties came to blows. That Hutten was among the foremost of the

Digitized by Google

fighters, need not be said. That, when judicial examination was made, he should be foremost speaker and denouncer of the Italians, and very impertinent withal to the governor of the city, who conducted the examination, were also matters of course. Banished to Venice, he is received by a procession of young nobles and literary men, who provide him comfortable quarters, and trust that he will make Venice his home. But neither literary work nor honors can detain him long away. In two or three months he was back again in Mayence, to take part in struggles more honorable than students' broils and personal quarrels.

The controversy between the "Finsterlings," on one side, and the liberal party, headed by Reuchlin and Albrecht, on the other, gave rise to the celebrated *Literæ Obscurorum Virorum*. The entire authorship of this work has been ascribed to Hutten, but without reason. He shared the honor with Reuchlin, and one or two others. The chief point of this ingenious and biting satire lies in making the monks themselves the assertors of their own stupidity while professedly attacking the new views. They complain, for example, that "some of the new-light men have said that the holy coat of Treves is nothing but a lousy old piece of cloth, and that the three kings of Cologne were honest peasants"; and how Hutten and other free spirits are spoiling the market for indulgences; and how "one had denied that the words of the priests were as authoritative as Christ's words." Another would not have the vices of Old Testament personages commented upon, thinks that priests especially should have a good deal of tenderness for Samson and Solomon, and more of like nature. It is said that many monks failed to see the joke, and quoted the defence as both genuine and admirable. Readers at large were not so dull. The satire passed through many editions, was scattered through Germany, and is rightly classed among the chief instrumentalities which worked in the same line with Luther's more passionate denunciations.

Spite of the honors and immunities now pressed upon him, — a laurel crown and ring from the Emperor's own hand, the diploma of poet-laureate, the privilege of lecturing in all the universities, the offer of a place at the imperial court,—

Digitized by Google

Hutten now ventures upon more dangerous ground than any he has yet trodden. *Jacta est alea* was the motto on Hutten's signet-ring, and he is always prepared to stand the hazard of the die. So happening in an old library to meet with an ancient manuscript upon the donation of Constantine, he makes that the text for an attack on Leo's many short-comings, and with amazing audacity dedicates the book to the Pope himself. Professedly, its aim was to give a portraiture of the iniquities of the papacy during past ages, "which Leo indeed must regard with the same horror that he himself does." But every one knew — and no one knew better than Leo — who was meant. No better proof of the power of this work can be given than Luther's letter to Spalatin, (dated February 24, 1520,) in which he says that, "after reading it, he could not sufficiently wonder that such a shameless system of lies had been allowed to exist for so many centuries; and that he had now for the first time come to the conclusion that the Pope was Antichrist."

This work, though perhaps having something to do with the papal bull launched against its author subsequently, did not produce any immediate ill effects upon his fortunes. Stranger still, it did not forfeit the favor of Albrecht, at whose court he accepted a place, on the old footing of intimacy; the only drawback on his prosperity being constant illness, the scourge of a corrupt age, and (it must be confessed) of a licentious youth. His salary was liberal, his duties nominal, and the prince-bishop gratified his love of travel by sending him on confidential errands into Saxony, to the king of France, and elsewhere.

While thus engaged he writes to a friend, that "he has just heard that there is a party formed at Wittenberg against the Pope. He thinks, however, it is only a quarrel among the monks, and the more they are split up the better." An earnest appeal to the nation to take up arms against the Turks; the preparation of second editions of some of his works; a satire called "The Banished Pasquil," all in Latin, and all full of youth and life and vigor, while he was journeying from bath to bath in search of health, — were the chief employments of the two following years.

Digitized by Google

A letter to Pirkheimer of this period shows traces of an essentially generous and noble nature. This friend had advised him to devote himself to literature and the Muses.

"Would you advise me," he replies, "forgetful of duty to myself and friends, to confine all my energies within four walls? and if I did, of what shall I write or speak, — I who have so little experience of actual life? Hitherto, though I have seen and learned much, I have done little. I must begin to live in earnest. These twelve past years were only introductory, the prologue to the great life-tragedy. There must first lie behind me a rich and fruitful past, ere I can say, with the hero, 'The day will come when men will remember us.'"

"The vainglorious Hutten," as a contemporary calls him, has also some modesty.

"Compared with Pirkheimer and Erasmus and Reuchlin, I am only a young beginner in literature. Don't think me so vain as to reckon myself among those who have enriched classic literature. . . . . I have learned in the schools, as well as in my travels, to bear with patience and to seek definite ends."

Further on he adds: —

"I admit that I desire an honorable and high position, and I should like, too, to have a title of nobility. But woe to me if I count myself noble merely because I belong to a noble family, when I have not ennobled myself by honorable deeds. Don't reckon me among nobles who plume themselves on the deeds of ancestry. I will gather nobility from fresh sources, and transmit it to my descendants. Nor do I look down upon those who, whether they be tanners or weavers, or what not, have taken up and used the stuff which glory is made of, and which we have let lie idle. These men overcome obstacles which would have scared us. And why have the noble-born been forced to give place to such? Because they have spurned knowledge. It serves us right, that what we have thrown away, others have gathered up. All struggle savors of nobility, and that which has no master belongs to all."

As a sample of his "Roman Triads," we give the following: —

"Three things in Rome are held in the highest honor, — the Pope's prerogative, the bones of the saints, and the sale of indulgences. Three things are banished from Rome, — simplicity, moderation, and piety. Three things are matters of traffic in Rome, — Christ, ecclesiastical benefices, and women. Three things are laughed at in Rome, — an-

Digitized by Google

cestral virtues, the priesthood of Peter, and the judgment-day. Three things pilgrims bring back from Rome, — a violated conscience, a ruined digestion, and an empty purse. Three things they don't want to hear about in Rome, — a general council, a reformation of the clergy, and an awakening of the German nation. Three things they fear much in Rome, — that the princes may unite together, the people open their eyes, and priestly rascality be unveiled. Three things might benefit Rome, — the earnestness of the German princes, the despair of the German people, and the arms of the Turks."

Each of these triads is amplified and illustrated by references to the history of the Popes and the common rumors of the day. The appeal to national feeling is observable in this as in most of Hutten's writings.

The effect produced by such a production was praise from some, — blame, warnings, threatenings, from others. Erasmus writes in the latter strain, and begs his young friend to moderate the freedom of his pen, and not to hazard his relations to the Bishop of Mayence. But the young friend was not impressed by such considerations. On the contrary, he immediately published another appeal in behalf of German liberty against the papal usurpations, which he dedicated to Ferdinand, viceroy of Charles V., now absent in Spain. As might be expected, no reply was vouchsafed, and the author took the further bold step of going to Brussels in order to persuade the Duke to put himself at the head of the national party. After waiting day after day in the anterooms of the palace in vain, he gave up the attempt, and started on his journey home. As he was about half-way on his journey, in a frame of mind not well calculated to make him a very pleasant companion to anybody, he encountered his old opponent, Hoogstraten. His sword was in a moment at the throat of the other, and a brief dialogue ensued, which reads like a scene from the last successful melodrama of our own time. "At last, at last," cries the hero of the drama, "thou hast fallen into the right hands. Villain! what death shall I inflict on thee, thou enemy of all good?" "But no," as the coward falls on his knees and begs for mercy, "no, my sword shall not be sullied with the blood of such as thee. Away!"

The fears of Erasmus were fulfilled. The Pope could no

Digitized by Google

longer pass over his offences. A bull had been published against him; and, what was worse still, Albrecht writes to him that he is ordered by the Pope to dismiss him from his service, and that he must obey. Hutten was, therefore, in effect an exile and a fugitive.

Meanwhile the Emperor Maximilian had died, and Charles V. had been chosen Emperor. His wish to be a soldier, so often disappointed, seemed on the point of being gratified. His old enemy, Ulric of Würtemberg, had laid siege to Reutlingen, and the Suabian League had declared war against him. "With one foot in the stirrup," Hutten wrote a letter to Francis I., imploring him not to interfere, and joined the army as aide-de-camp or military secretary to Sickingen, the generalissimo. The campaign was little else than a series of skirmishes, and even in these, owing to his disease, which now took the form of a chronic lameness, Hutten took little or no part. It was a great gain for him, however, that, sharing as he did Sickingen's tent, he strengthened a friendship with him which ended only with the life of that great man.

Returned to Mayence, Luther begins to attract more of his interest and regard, though he complains that the great Reformer's views are too peaceful for his taste. With Sickingen his relations became more and more intimate, and he passed many months at his castle, "that sanctuary for persecuted righteousness," where the best men of the time who were obnoxious to Rome were always sure of refuge. Here he used to amuse his host by reading to him in the long winter evenings translations of his own works, and also portions of Luther's writings, with which the brave soldier is so delighted that he begs Hutten to write forthwith to their author, if ever he wants a place of safety, to come to his stronghold. Here Hutten wrote many of his most celebrated compositions. Among them "The Robbers," his Commentaries upon the papal bull, and "The Monitor." These are all characterized by that fierce invective in which he was so skilful. There is in the style of them all a fiery impetuosity and rush which remind one of the knight charging, lance in rest, on the foe. His condensed, curt sentences strike on the monks like blows. He gives them no quarter or breathing-space, but returns again and again

Digitized by Google

to the charge. His epistles to the Elector of Saxony and to the Emperor at this time are, on the contrary, not only respectful, but sober in tone. It is touching, indeed, to see how, in presenting to the Emperor the claims of Germany to freedom from papal rule, the loyal knight, in spite of occasional doubt, clings to the old traditionary reverence for the imperial house. He says, "He has nothing against the Bishop of Rome, if he will confine himself to his diocese, nor against other bishops, if they are good men and chosen by the people." He denies that he has fomented revolution, and refers to the fact that he has always written in Latin, and not in the language of the people. Elsewhere he says: —

"I have little of worldly riches. What I have, I am willing to lose; but my honor, with God's help, I will not lose. If I fail, I shall have the comfort that my aims were right, and that I have sown some seed which will one day, perhaps when I am dead, sprout. I do not think I have done wrong to any good man. I know I have sought glory and pursued the liberal arts in poverty, in many journeyings, and in sickness. Why, then, should good people rejoice if I meet misfortune? I should think they would feel kindly to me and pity me instead. I am sometimes asked why I, of all others, should concern myself about these matters. I can only say, that I have no more interest in them than others have, — yes, even less interest than many have; but God has given me, I sometimes think afflicted me with, a nature which makes public ills weigh more heavily on my heart than it does on the hearts of other men. I have waited a long time for one better fitted to the task than I; but as nobody came forward, and the evil grew, I have undertaken it in the name of God; and I hope that good men will at least bid me God speed."

Still, it must be admitted that all this is not in his usual vein, and that usually, when he sits down to write, he thinks less about good men's opinions than about bad men's misdeeds, — bad men whom he would like better to hew in pieces with his sword, than to attack pen in hand. His address to the Bishops at Worms is a good specimen of his usual manner. After suggesting that their persecution of Luther is simply owing to the fact that his life and doctrine shame theirs, he ends thus: —

"But the measure is full. Off with you from the pure stream, ye

Digitized by Google

unclean swine; off with you from the temples which you have profaned by your teachings. What right have you to devote money set apart for charitable uses to your pomps and feastings and debaucheries, — and this while good men are hungry? The measure is full; see you not that the fresh breezes of freedom are beginning to blow, and that men are getting tired of the present state of things, and will have a change? As respects myself, my life you may take, but you cannot prevent any good deed of mine from living on. What is doing you may perhaps delay, and hinder what I had hoped to do, but what is already done you cannot undo. Life perishes, but not its memory. No! uncertain as I am about the issue of this affair, one thing I am sure of, those who come after me will recognize in me an honest purpose. That will be the best legacy of my life."

He warns his enemies further, —

"not to suppose that the good cause will be struck down, even if they should put him and Luther out of the way. Two men are of no great moment, but know that there are many Luthers, many Huttens, and, if anything should happen to us, you will only be in greater danger from these avengers of the innocent, who will unite with the fighters for freedom."

His comments on the papal bull are also in the same style. A few specimens will suffice. Leo having spoken of himself as the servant of the Lord, the commentator asks, "Why, then, talk as if you were the Lord himself?" "O Lord, arise!" says the Pope. "Yes, he will arise, and with a vengeance. Look out for yourself, Leo." "The progress of such heresy in Germany is particularly grievous to the Pope, since he has always borne the Germans in the very bowels of his love." Comment: "Yes, that he has, for he has devoured them; but now he has got to spit them out." "In former days, the Germans were the most zealous haters of heresy." "Ah," sighs Hutten, "if they only had been, then we should hear now nothing about a Pope." "If Luther had accepted my invitation, and had come to Rome, there would have been an end of his errors." "That's true," says the knight, "he never would have spoken again." The bull refers to the burning of Luther's writings. "Yes, they are burning now," is the commentary, "in the hearts of the people. They have kindled a fire for you, too; put it out if you can."

Digitized by Google

The following extract will give an idea of the popular style of one of his German rhymes, entitled "Here," which passed through an almost incredible number of editions. It may also interest the German scholar, as showing the changes through which the language has passed since the sixteenth century.

"Hie brennen, Herr, viel guter Wort,
Hie wird dein göttlich Lehr ermordt;
Hie gibt man Ablass un Genad,
Doch Keinem der nit Pfennig hat;
Hie wird gelogen, hie gedicht,
Ein Sünd vergeben, eh' sie gschicht;
Hie wird verkauft der Himmel dein,
Geurtheilt zu der Höllen Pein
Ein jeder der hiewider sagt;
Hie ist, wer Wahrheit pflegt, verjagt;
Hie wird teutsch Nation beraubt,
Ums Geld viel böse Ding erlaubt;
Hie bdenkt man nit der Seelen Heil;
Hie bist du Herr Gott, selber feil," u. a. f.

On the 15th of April, 1521, Luther was summoned to Worms, and Ulric waited with intense anxiety the result. "Many," he writes to Luther, "are saying to me, O that he may remain steadfast! I always tell them Luther will be Luther." And when told by a letter from the Reformer's own hand that he is forbidden to preach, he bursts into tears, and feels for the time quite discouraged. It does not appear that he ever met Luther in person, but they frequently corresponded, and the young knight's letters, after he had conquered his first prejudice against the Augustine monk, were always full of respect and affection. The great Reformer professes also a friendly interest in his zealous young correspondent; still, the absence in him of religious earnestness, and his warlike views and his rash impulsiveness, readily explain why there is a certain degree of reticence on Luther's side. The two men differed widely in character and aim. Though now and then we find the man of the world quoting Scripture, when writing to the religious reformer, and expressing the hope "that Christ may bring us back to the light of his doctrine falsified by the Romish priests," it is quite clear that he wrote in a more accustomed, if not more honest vein, when

Digitized by Google

in another letter he says: "Our paths are different; as for me, I am influenced by purely human considerations; while you, more perfect than I, place everything in the hand of God."

It is to be regretted that the correspondence of Hutten and Sickingen was burnt at the castle of Sickingen, and that the precise nature of their political plans and aims is not so clearly defined as we could wish. It is, however, sufficiently plain from various passages in Hutten's published writings still extant, that both wished to unite the lesser nobles and the burgesses of the cities against the papal power, and that subsidiary to this design was the hope of weakening at the same time the power of the princes and of giving to the imperial rule increased supremacy. The task was difficult. The nobles looked with aristocratic contempt on the citizens, and the citizens had not forgotten how these had often leagued with the princes, ecclesiastical and lay, against their liberties, nor how the robber knights had plundered their merchants and attacked their cities. That the attempt failed does not detract from the merit of those who initiated it.

Hutten is usually spoken of as the great champion of the common people. If by this phrase is meant the peasant classes of his time, the claim is an exaggerated one. Though it was only a year after his death that the great Suabian peasant war broke out, and though this was heralded during many previous years by various popular movements and commotions in the same direction, there is no evidence that he had any fellowship with their leaders. It may be that his relations with Sickingen, a large landed proprietor, prevented him. It may be that, like Luther, he feared the effect of rash appeal to the ignorant and rude; or it may be that, mindful of the jealousy and hatred existing not only between noble and citizen, but between citizen and peasant, he began with the more elevated classes, hoping one day to extend to the lowest their rights and privileges. Whatever its interpretation, the fact remains.

How far was he qualified to conduct the movement which his hopes and plans contemplated? He had great ability as a writer, and the temperament which makes men courageous, fearless, and hopeful, as well as earnest. He was of a generous nature, a hater of injustice, and a true lover of his country.

Digitized by Google

In some respects he was more far-seeing than Luther or Melancthon. He took a larger view of the tendencies of the great intellectual movement of which the Reformation was only a part than did these great men. On the other hand, — to say nothing of his lack of religious earnestness and that irritable self-consciousness which made him fritter away energy, and in some cases reputation, in petty personal quarrels, — he lacked sound judgment, self-command, stability, and balance of character. Sickingen was in these respects better fitted than he to be a leader in the enterprise in which both were engaged. Hutten was one of that large class to which such men as Rienzi, Mirabeau, Rousseau, Lamartine, Mazzini, belong. Such men are unsuccessful, partly because their ideas are in advance of their age, and partly because circumstances are unpropitious; but partly, also, because the men themselves lack those personal qualities which invite confidence and co-operation. Like the great scholar of Rotterdam, "he outran his generation in thought," and, unlike him, did *not* "lag behind it in action"; nevertheless he resembles him in this also, that he was better fitted to lead the thought than to shape the action of men, — at least in his own time.

Ulric von Hutten was one of the heralds of the Reformation, and also an important ally of those whose aims were more exclusively religious than were his. His political ideas were not only in advance of those of his age, but of those of many centuries which followed, and they are now substantially the watchword of political progress in Germany. He shrank in their defence from no suffering or sacrifice, and died as he had lived, devoted to the great cause of German liberty. This is his chief honor. Was the life of such a man a failure, though his aims and plans seem to have utterly failed?

We left the brave knight in tears at the result of the Diet at Worms. The letters to Sickingen and Pirkheimer, which immediately followed, were more in keeping with his way of looking at things. In them he says, "The only way of putting down this Devil is with sword and musket." Erasmus, hearing of this remark, says to a friend, "He who speaks thus has of course an army at his beck." It looked at one time as if this might be, for a notice was posted up in the city

Digitized by Google

that four hundred knights had pledged their arms to the support of Luther. But here the matter ended.

Other stirring events are at hand, destined to lead to like disappointment and failure. Sickingen, who had just been unsuccessful as a general of the imperial forces, became, in the year 1522, involved in a feud with the Bishop of Treves, and, being worsted, retired to his castle, which was forthwith besieged by the enemy. Hutten, whose waning health began to alarm his friends, was persuaded to leave the castle which he was too weak to help defend, and, in company with his friends Bucer and Œcolampadius, went towards Switzerland. It is remarkable that he should have received just then an offer from the Emperor of a place at court, with a liberal salary; the only explanation is, that it was probably made with the intent of purchasing his silence. He was very poor, and this notwithstanding his father had recently died, who had the credit of owning a large estate. But probably the old knight left little or nothing to his heirs. Living on serf labor in the sixteenth century was fast becoming (like living on slave labor in the nineteenth century) less profitable than it had been in the good old times. But whatever the reason, Hutten's fortunes were now at the lowest ebb. Broken in body and estate, though not in mind, he had to meet still another affliction,—the death of Sickingen, who had been mortally wounded and taken prisoner, ending thus his attempt, as he himself expressed it, "to bring the people out from the harsh, unchristian yoke of the priesthood to Christian light and freedom." Hutten, accompanied by his friends, travelled on to Basel, and was received in so flattering a manner by the magistracy that he concluded to take up his residence there.

But Erasmus was there also, and, to Ulrich's great surprise and wrath, refused to receive a visit from him. This gave rise to an angry controversy, afterwards published. Portions of it show that the now prosperous man, who loved quiet, and hated fanatical, to say nothing of unpopular people, was simply averse to intercourse with one with whom he had little in common, and therefore did not wish to see him. His efforts, which were successful, to persuade the magistracy to banish Ulrich as a dangerous man from the city, can only be

Digitized by Google

traced to fear of compromising himself with powerful men in Germany. It is to be hoped that he did not know how forlorn and pitiable was the state of the poor fugitive.

From Basel, hardly able to walk, but still able to write bitter complaints of Erasmus, and to answer the attacks made upon him by the other in his "Spongia," quick to resent injury even to the last, Ulrich went to Zürich. Here he was the guest of Zwingli, and the object of his unremitting and tender care during the few remaining weeks of his life. By his advice and at his expense the invalid went to Pfeffer's baths, but without benefit; and when the Zürich magistrates forbade him to remain in their city, the same kind hand procured him a safe asylum in a monastery on the island of Ufenau, in the Lake of Zürich. Here, receiving every attention from the abbot of the small fraternity of monks, he lived only a few weeks, closing, in the beginning of the autumn of 1523, his stormy and checkered life, at the age of thirty-six. The monks, though friendly, have not preserved the record of the closing scenes of the life of the heretic. For a year no stone marked the place of his burial. A French knight, in the following year, set up a stone bearing this inscription: —

"Hic eques auratus jacet oratorque disertus
Huttenus vates carmine et ense potens."

In the course of a few years this memorial disappeared, and now the place where he lies, in the pleasant and quiet island of Ufenau, has been long forgotten.

Digitized by Google

ART. III. — HENRY TAYLOR.

1. *Philip van Artevelde. A Dramatic Romance. In Two Parts.* By HENRY TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.
2. *Edwin the Fair; an Historical Drama.* And *Isaac Comnenus; a Play.* By HENRY TAYLOR. Second Edition. London: Edward Moxon. 1845.
3. *The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems.* By HENRY TAYLOR. London: Edward Moxon. 1847.
4. *The Statesman.* By HENRY TAYLOR, ESQ. London: Longmans. 1836.
5. *Notes from Life, in Seven Essays.* By HENRY TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853.
6. *Notes from Books, in Four Essays.* By HENRY TAYLOR. London. Edward Moxon. 1849.
7. *The Virgin Widow.* By HENRY TAYLOR. London: Edward Moxon. 1850.
8. *St. Clement's Eve: a Play.* By HENRY TAYLOR. London: Chapman and Hall. 1862.

THERE are few names in English literature less known to general readers, or more fondly cherished by a select few, than that of Henry Taylor. His reputation is not wide; even professed scholars are often ignorant of his writings, and you search for them in vain at the bookstore; but they occupy a niche in many carefully selected libraries, and among college students and thoughtful readers they bid fair to outlive the reputation of many modern writers.

The life of Taylor is even less known than his books. He does not reveal himself in his writings; he has no trace of Byronism; the rightful freedom of self-comment in preface and note is used sparingly. He was born in England in the early part of this century; while yet a young man, he entered the Colonial Office, in which he now holds the second senior clerkship. In 1827, he published "Isaac Comnenus," a dramatic poem, according to his own confession, "sent into the world naked, to shift for itself, without name, preface, or dedication." It was republished in 1845, partly rewritten, compressed, and mended into a passable play. In 1834 he published "Philip van Artevelde," a dramatic romance in two parts. This is

Digitized by Google

his chief poetical work. It has passed through six editions in England; been translated into German by Professor Hermann, and is now passing through the second edition in this country. He next came before the public in "The Statesman," in 1836, a work in which he sought to give, in a delicate vein of satire, and in the results of a long experience, the rules for success in the practical administration of affairs. The book has a Baconian look, and abounds in shrewd, homely, and wise opinions. To this succeeded "Edwin the Fair," an historical drama, in 1842; it reached a second edition in 1845. "The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems," appeared in 1847; and in the same year he published "Notes from Life," which has had three editions in England, and one here. In 1849 he reprinted four magazine articles, "Notes from Books"; in 1850 he came out with "The Virgin Widow," a dramatic play in five acts, which we have never seen. His last work, "St. Clement's Eve," was published in 1862. Here, then, is an authorship of nearly forty years, maintained, like Wordsworth's, amid unpopularity and neglect, but with a vigor and independence which we can hardly too highly value in these days. The author's clerkship has evidently been his support, and the writing of dramas his recreation. Like Charles Lamb, he has given his days to ledgers, his nights to the Muse. And few authors have ever more carefully improved their leisure. Every line he has written gives proof of leisurely carefulness. He rivals the Greeks *in labore limæ.* He is a student no less than a poet, and his prose works no less than his dramas show a wide and deep acquaintance with practical life. Hence there is a value in his writings which poetry does not always possess. They are all founded on a substantial basis of fact; experience or history enters into them all as an unvarying element.

There are those who will say, then, "he cannot be a poet who needs so much to lift his wings." Remember this: Shakespeare wrote historical plays, and no one of his dramas but had some legend or tradition on which his imagination rested; his brother dramatists drew largely from Italian romances for the substance of their plays; and we have yet to learn of the poet who has written enduring verses, without

Digitized by Google

being indebted largely to surrounding things, — either to observation of nature, or to history, or to romance, or to some of the countless circumstances which stir the imagination and captivate the fancy. We doubt if even Dante, picturing Beatrice in heaven, drew alone from the kindling ideal of his brain. Away, then, with this talk about denying a poet materials for his wit to work upon! He needs them as much as we need the common air, and if he dare do without them, we condemn him, as we do Shelley and Keats, for building with the cloudy fabrics of a vision. The very lyrics, which are a chief feature in modern poetry, throb with the keenest human emotions; and we prize them for this very human quality, which is nothing less than sticking close to a substantial basis of fact. Henry Taylor, then, is right, and the "Festus" Baileys are wrong. The one will live into the next century, the other will grow mouldy on the shelves of the Athenæum.

Our author belongs to no school; he is simply himself, — Henry Taylor. He has created his own style and manner. But it would be unjust here not to show the reader how he has been helped in the formation of his own models. There are happily, despite the modesty of Taylor, the materials for this. He made the acquaintance of Southey in 1824, — the year of Byron's death, with which event, curiously enough, their correspondence opens. It was a life-long friendship. Southey loved men of letters as brothers. "Dear H. T." was always the heading of his letters, and the stray glimpses into Taylor's own letters, and the following verses, show how he valued the ever-active Southey.

"They contain," he says, "an acknowledgment of intellectual obligations which I am unwilling to omit, and a tribute of respect and admiration which I confess that it is a pleasure to me to pay in public; and which is not improperly so paid, because the person spoken of is one with whom it cannot be said that the public have no concern."

"Two friends
Lent me a further light, whose equal hate
On all unwholesome sentiment attends,
Nor whom may genius charm where heart infirm offends.

"In all things else contrarious were these two:
The one, a man upon whose laurelled brow

Digitized by Google

Gray hairs were growing; glory ever new
Shall circle him in after years as now,
For spent detraction may not disavow
The world of knowledge with the wit combined,
The elastic force no burden e'er could bow,
The various talents and the single mind
Which gave him moral power and mastery o'er mankind.

"His sixty summers, — what are they in truth?
By Providence peculiarly blest,
With him the strong hilarity of youth
Abides, despite gray hairs, a constant guest;
His sun has veered a point toward the west,
But light as dawn his heart is glowing yet;
That heart, the simplest, gentlest, kindliest, best,
Where truth and manly tenderness are met
With faith and heavenward hope, the suns that never set."

They travelled together in Holland, and probably the first suggestions of "Philip van Artevelde," as the subject of a dramatic romance, came from their journeyings. Southey writes to Taylor with even a childish confidence. He lived to see him making way as an author, but his comments upon Taylor's works have been carefully omitted. These two men had more in common than appears upon the surface. Industry, careful finish, deep love of books, fondness for seclusion, and cultivated genius, each had; and if original powers of mind be named, Taylor is the superior man. His ability is not so varied, but reaches down deeper into our humanity. Each was deeply indebted to the other. And Southey helped to cultivate that finer skill by which "Philip van Artevelde" surpasses "Isaac Comnenus."

The other friend who lent him further light was Wordsworth. He became acquainted with him about 1830, and was a frequent visitor at Rydal Mount. His Preface to Philip shows how deeply he drank of poetic inspiration here. It is not copying, but rather the assimilating process which goes on in every original mind. To Wordsworth and Coleridge, as the expounders of a new poetic faith, he turned with eagerness; and his own principles in poetry are substantially theirs; yet his chosen walk is dramatic, while theirs, in poetry, was meditative and lyrical. He says, in a partially published proem to "Philip": —

Digitized by Google

> "Thus nurtured and thus disciplined in thought
> By kindred and associates, strange it were
> If work of mine, though faint, should not have caught
> Some color of transmitted light, some stir
> Of congruous emotion."

He freely confesses the helps which have entered into his poetic creed. He has taken, indeed, all the sound elements in the poetic criticism of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, but has combined them with his own independent studies into the literature of the seventeenth century. In his own essay on "The Life Poetic," he specially advises select reading in the literature of that strong age for the education of a poet of the present day. He says: —

"The diction and the movement of that literature, both in verse and in what Dryden calls 'that other harmony,' are, in my apprehension, far more fitted than the literature which has followed it to be used for the training of the mind to poetry. There was no writing public nor reading populace in that age. The age was the worse for that, but the written style of the age was the better. The writers were few and intellectual; and they addressed themselves to learned, or at least to studious and diligent readers. The structure of their language is in itself an evidence that they counted upon another frame of mind and a different pace and speed in reading from that which can alone be looked to by writers of these days. . . . . It was so constructed as to detain the reader over what was pregnant and profound, and compel him to that brooding and prolific posture of the mind by which, if he had wings, they might help him to some more genial and profitable employment than that of running like an ostrich through a desert. And hence those characteristics of diction by which these writers are made more fit than those who have followed them to train the ear and utterance of the poet. For if we look at the long-suspended sentences of those days, with all their convolutions and intertextures, — the many parts waiting for the ultimate wholeness, — we shall perceive that, without distinctive movement and rhythmical significance of a very high order, it would be impossible that they could be sustained in any sort of clearness. One of these writer's sentences is often in itself a work of art, having its strophes and antistrophes, its winding changes and recalls, by which the reader, though conscious of plural voices, and running divisions of thought, is not, however, permitted to dissociate them from their mutual concert and dependency, but required, on the contrary, to give them entrance into his mind, opening it wide enough for the purpose, as one

Digitized by Google

compacted and harmonious fabric. Sentences thus elaborately constructed, and complex though musical, are not easy to a remiss reader, but they are clear and delightful to an intent reader. . . . . The finer melodies of language will always be found in those compositions which deal with many considerations at once, — some principal, some subordinate, some exceptional, some gradational, some oppugnant; and deal with them compositely, by blending whilst they distinguish." *

This extract, made purposely long to show the author's own admirable way of making harmonious sentences, tells plainly the course of his own studies. There is nothing modern or caught-up in his pages. Everything has classical elegance and finish; not the light touch of Landor, but the easy facility of Southey's ripest days.

His position with reference to Byron and Shelley must not be omitted. He caught, like Percival, his earliest inspiration from them. His "Isaac Comnenus" even now bears traces of their influence, in its poverty of plot, and in its affectedly nervous language. But a truce to them thereafter. In the Preface to "Philip" he says: —

"My views have not, in truth, been founded upon any predisposition to depreciate the popular poetry of the times. It will always produce a powerful impression on very young readers, and I scarcely think that it can have been more admired than by myself, when I was included in that category. I have not ceased to admire this poetry in its degree; . . . . . but I am unable to concur in opinion with those who place it in the foremost ranks of art; nor does it seem to have been capable of sustaining itself quite firmly in the very high degree of public estimation in which it was held at its first appearance, and for some years afterwards."

His criticism upon Byron and Shelley is strikingly just and true; but yet as severe as ever one poet passed upon another. Quoting yet further from this Preface, which is very valuable, we find his poetic creed expressed thus: —

"The maxim that a poet should be 'of imagination all compact,' is not, I think, to be adopted thus literally. That predominance of the imaginative faculty, or of impassioned temperament, which is incompatible with the attributes of a sound understanding and a just judg-

* Notes from Life (Am. ed.), pp. 132 - 134.

Digitized by Google

ment, may make a rhapsodist, a melodist, or a visionary, each of whom may produce what may be admired for the particular talent and beauty belonging to it; but imagination and passion thus unsupported will never make a poet, in the largest and highest sense of the appellation:

> 'For Poetry is Reason's self sublimed;
> 'T is Reason's sovereignty, whereunto
> All properties of sense, all dues of wit,
> All fancies, images, perceptions, passions;
> All intellectual ordinance grown up
> From accident, necessity, or custom,
> Seen to be good, and after made authentic;
> All ordinance aforethought, that from science
> Doth prescience take, and from experience law;
> All lights and institutes of digested knowledge,
> Gifts and endowments of intelligence
> From sources living, from the dead bequests, —
> Subserve and minister.'"

Percival arrived by a more imaginative process to the same lofty ideal of poetry, when he wrote thus of "the one great principle of our intellectual and moral existence": "Philosophy, Religion, and Poetry sit enthroned as a spiritual Triunity in the shrine of man's highest nature. The perfect vision of all-embracing Truth, the vital feeling of all-blessing Good, and the living sense of all-gracing Beauty, — they form united the Divinity of Pure Reason." But he was weak, where Taylor is strong; he wanted knowledge of men to conform his ideals to facts.

We have thus arrived at a somewhat detailed exposition of our author's poetical views. He is the exponent of a pure, comprehensive, enduring style of poetry. He does not write for the age; but he stands, like a true poet, as the censor of that marketable stuff which the multitude read. If ever public taste does change for the better, it must yield to him, not he to it. He maintains a steady popularity with cultivated readers, and thus infuses a moral health into letters. He may be neglected; but as surely as even the few read him, his influence will be felt. The high-toned character of his writings is as refreshing as a classic. Whoever reads him is sure to be calmed down from feverish enthusiasm. The scholarly beauty, the chastened imagination, the harmonious flow of verse, the

Digitized by Google

rich thought conveyed in simplest words, the philosophy which veins his characters, the repose of reserved strength everywhere manifest, the willingness to let nature be nature, the verisimilitude, the truthfulness, the wise sagacity, the studied yet unstudied grace, the completeness of every part, — all these qualities, which enter into the composition of each of his works, combine to make a reputation which is as unique as it is self-centred and strong. He is too quiet for the multitude; he needs study and sympathy from the reader; but once you have entered the charmed circle of his influence, you shall have your tastes, your feelings, your thoughts, all quickened to purer, finer, higher issues. He holds his reader. His pages are fresher the second time reading than at the first; and, return to them as often as you please, you shall find the fewer faults, and the more graces of expression and excellences of thought. Next to Shakespeare, he will bear the most thorough study. His imagination is not so strong as that of the prince of dramatists; nor does he make you feel the power of his creations to your fingers' ends; but in "Philip" he only comes short of the highest attainable excellence in dramatic poetry. Landor and Browning are near him, but not his equals.

Here due allowance must be made for the present unpopularity of this species of writing. It requires that study which most readers are unwilling to give. We are glad to have such authors. They are like the trout in the well, to purify the waters. They are of all ages. They live and speak to one generation as well as to another. They ever purify and ennoble the intellect, and help to yet higher efforts and insights in their transmitted influence upon the human mind. In proof of this, Henry Taylor is as popular to-day as he was thirty years ago. Look into the writings of the best literary scholars, or the most select general readers, and you shall see him quoted with loving fondness as the highest critical authority. This position Henry Reed gave him, and he had a surpassingly pure and catholic literary taste; and in Southey's Correspondence and in his own writings you shall find hints which show his *dicta* to be respected and authoritative in some of the purest and highest English literary circles. Yet here

Digitized by Google

he is the unknown Henry Taylor, whose writings you inquire for in vain at the booksellers'. The same fortune attends him which waits upon all the highest intellectual exertions of gifted men. They labor on, self-possessed, unappreciated, silently, — great conceptions their chief companions; and even if so happy as to strike the common veins of thought which knit mankind into brotherhood, they only have that high reputation which consists chiefly in a name. But neither Henry Taylor, nor any other man comparatively unappreciated, need have any cause to complain. For it would be against the fixed condition of things, which to change were madness. Let him stand as a masterly prose-writer, as a judicious and careful and catholic critic, as a poet who only fails of the highest rank because he holds his critical and creative faculties so nicely balanced that he excels and does equally well in each department of intellectual effort.

It now remains to justify this somewhat choice and select position which we have given our author by an analysis of his chief writings. To do this we shall trace, as carefully as our limits will allow, the leading characters in each work, trying to exhibit the spirit and motive with which they act. And first we turn to "Isaac Comnenus," which, on its first appearance, the author says, "attracted so little notice that I may, perhaps, be justified in regarding it as having been rather unknown than unfavorably received." The time of the play is the year 1088. The scene is laid mainly in Constantinople. The historical material is found in the forty-eighth chapter of Gibbon's great work. The main actors are the family of the Comneni, the leading member of whom, Isaac, unpopular among the rabble, and rejecting the hand of Theodora, the Emperor's daughter, is finally drawn into open hostility to the Empire. The heads of the Church conspire with the Emperor to accuse him of sacrilege and bring him before the Holy Synod. An embassy, attended by the royal guards, waits upon him at a secret convivial party given to his followers; but he has been warned beforehand by the loving and disguised Theodora concerning the plans of "the powers that be," and, disarming the guard, places them within his own guard, and marches at dead of night into the assembled Synod. Ungird-

Digitized by Google

ing his sword, he flings it on the table, and after some pause, thus speaks: —

"What would ye have with it, that cannot use it?
My Lords, ye do but mock me: here am I,
Brought by your midnight summons from my house,
And ye have naught to say. Ye do but mock me.
"*Patriarch.* We mock thee not: 't is thou that mock'st high Heaven.
Thou 'rt summoned here on many an ugly count
Of sacrilege and heresy and schism, —
Which so thou answer not and clear thy fame,
We shall, in due acquittance of our trust,
Pronounce the interdict from fire and water,
And cut thee off from Christian fellowship.
"*Comnenus.* My Lords, or ere ye do inhibit me
From fire and water, have it you in charge
I cut not off yourselves from earth and air.
My Lords, this world is not so all your own
That ye can grant away the elements
Amongst your friends, and lock one moiety up
From them that like you not. Ye kneel and pray
That God will make you humble as the dust,
Then, rising, arrogate omnipotence,
And shake the ashes from your shaven crowns.
But I will teach you veriest lowliness.
"*Patriarch.* (*Holds up the cross and pronounces the adjuration,* '*Ecce crucem Domini! fugite partes adversæ!*')
A man possessed! — 't is Sathan speaks, not he!
The father of lies hath spoken by his mouth.
An exorcist for this demoniac straight
To disenchant his body of the fiend!
"*Comnenus.* Ye charge your own malignancy on me.
A demonocracy of unclean spirits
Hath governed long these Synods of your Church.
The Antichrist foretold: and I am he
Who, in the fulness of the approaching time,
Will exorcise you all. Expect my coming."

Act II. Scene III.

Comnenus escapes from the city and prepares for war. On the European shore of the Propontic he meets his long absent brother Alexius. Since they last met, Isaac has grown sharper in temper, more cynical in disposition, disappointed hopes and weighty cares having gnawed into his whole being. Alexius has yet the lightsome spirit of youth. The contrast between the brothers is finely brought out in the following lines. Quoth Comnenus: —

Digitized by Google

" My childhood 's past,
And I would not recall it.
" *Alexius.* Not recall it!
Canst thou stand here and say so? Canst thou look
On this soft-rolling, deep-embayed sea,
With yon blue beautiful ridge half compassed round,
Hear the low plash of wave o'erwhelming wave,
The loving lullaby of thy mother Ocean,
(We, like the Cretan, are not sons of earth,)
See the rocks stand like Nature's ruins round,
For man's were never so majestical,
The boundary forts of earth and ocean's empire,
Thy native, and thy father's native shores, —
Canst thou be so surrounded and speak thus?
Are they not lovely?
" *Comnenus.* It is not the eye
To which these things seem lovely, but the mind,
Which makes, unmakes, remodels, or rejects them.
" *Alexius.* And which doth thy mind?
" *Comnenus.* It hath done them all.
Alexius, I remember, when in Persia,
I oft would watch the sun go down; and there
He sets with such effulgency of red,
That the whole east, with the reflected glow,
Is crimsoned, as it may be here at dawn.
I would the youth of man did so decline;
But that still darkeneth to the cloudy close.
" *Alexius.* There is an after dawn.
" *Comnenus.* To that I look, —.
Wont to look onward still, and never backward."
Act III. Scene I.

Comnenus is in the neighborhood of his early home. He seeks the lonely churchyard where lies buried his life's young hope, Irene; and on her grave pours forth a soliloquy deep, passionate, revealing the very secret of his after life.

" When I last stood here
Disguised to see a lowly girl laid down
Into her early grave, there was such light
As now doth show it, but a bleaker air,
Being it was December. 'T is most strange;
I can remember now each circumstance
Which then I scarce was conscious of; *like words*
That leave upon the still susceptive sense
A message undelivered till the mind
Awakes to apprehensiveness and takes it.

Digitized by Google

. . . . . O Christ!
How that which was the life's life of our being
Can pass away, and we recall it thus!
Irene! if there 's aught of thee that lives,
Thou hast beholden me a suffering man;
Thou 'st seen the mind — its native strength how racked,
Thou seest the bodily frame how sorely shaken,
And thou wilt judge me, not as they do who live,
But gently as thou didst judge all the world,
When it was *thy* world."

Act III. Scene III.

Again he is in the gardens of the Convent of St. Conon's, where his cousin and sister, Anna and Eudoxia, have been placed with the right of sanctuary. He breaks into this finely meditative passage, which has the very spirit of such an hour: —

"Midnight is past; yon western rim of light
Is sunken and absorbed; yet darkness comes not.
The brow of Night is pale, — pale, but how lovely!
Quieter far than life, than death less dark;
A voiceless revelation of the things
Which lost their names when Eden was no more."

Act III. Scene IV.

Anna is meditating in another part of the same garden. How natural and how delicately contrasted are her feelings! She alludes to the hurried farewell of her brother when he sent her from the city: —

"He did not say farewell, — a word though sad
One would not have unspoken, — still a sweet sound,
Though, it may be, a sound that parts forever,
The dying cadence of a broken chord.
He did not say farewell, nor did he look it,
Nor kiss it, as he once, though not of late,
Was wont to do. I have outgrown the time
When all was unsuspected, unsuspicious:
And yet I would not be a child again.
How quiet is the night, — no breath afloat!
I hear the kine upon the far hillside
Tear up the long dank grass. And such a morn
Will break the rest of this so peaceful night!
Hark! What is that?"

Act III. Scene V.

Now follow the preparations for war. We glance at the

Digitized by Google

common people, at the superstitious devotion to religious rites, at the current thoughts of the soldiery; and amid the din of war Comnenus urges his cousin Anna to marry Alexius. By a feint of defeat, losing his shield and spear, he gains admittance within the gates of the city in disguise, and, with a few chosen followers, hoists the flag upon St. Sophia, the signal of victory. The monks oppose the populace; he finds the palace an easy prey. Isaac once secure in power, which indeed is his only security for life, gives over his crown to Alexius; the imprisoned Emperor dies by his own hand. Comnenus has forebodings which render him uneasy; he prophesies, and comments gloomily upon death; the disappointed Theodora enters the banqueting-hall a suppliant, and, under pretext of begging the body of her father, plunges a concealed dagger into the side of Comnenus. And here the curtain falls. Isaac, in the course of the play, speaks his own epitaph most justly.

> "Yet is he in sad truth a faulty man:
> In slavish, tyrannous, and turbulent times
> He drew his lot of life, and of the times
> Some deep and bloody stains have fallen upon him.
> But be it said he had this honesty,
> That, undesirous of a false renown,
> He ever wished to pass for what he was;
> One that swerved much and oft; but, being still
> Deliberately bent upon the right,
> Had kept it in the main; one that much loved
> Whate'er in man is worthy high respect,
> And in his soul devoutly did aspire
> To be it all; yet felt from time to time
> The littleness that clings to what is human,
> And suffered from the shame of having felt it."

We have lingered thus long upon Isaac Comnenus, because he presents in dim outline the hero of Taylor's next drama, Philip van Artevelde; and though the language above quoted shall be eclipsed by what now follows in purity and simplicity of diction, we have shown that his first work is by no means deficient in the careful adaptation of language to thought. The fault of Comnenus is its limited plot, and a certain sameness which deadens the interest. It needs the relief of a good clown.

Digitized by Google

"Philip van Artevelde" is the play by which the author is best known, and which in uniform and general excellence he will never surpass. It were well for the reader to hunt up his Froissart, and study carefully his geography of the Middle Age, before he begins the drama, for this play is a masterly study of the leading events in Europe in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and, unless you come in a sort prepared to sympathize with the movements of the age, you will close your eyes to the best things in it; you will also miss its spirit. Bruges and Ghent then carried on a commerce which rivalled the palmiest days of Venice; they were the centres of European industry. In these and similar towns, the workmen were divided into crafts and guilds, and the spirit of freedom was breaking out among all classes of the commonalty. All Europe looked to Flanders to see how the yoke of feudalism should be broken. Revolution was rumbling beneath the pavement of the populous city. With industry came freedom; with freedom, intelligence; with intelligence, the desire to act; and the desire was not long in breeding the power. Leaders were nursing their solitary thoughts, chafing like war-horses, impatient for the battle. But to the greater number it was "no arts, no letters, no society, — and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." It was not till the commonalty, going between the oppressed many and the elevated few, took sides with the former, that feudalism gave way. The industrious, manufacturing cities were the stepping-stone. It is in the very thick of this movement that the play opens, about the year 1385.

It will be impossible to give here any sketch of the whole play; we can only follow the fortunes of Artevelde, who indeed describes himself in his own ideal of true manhood.

> "All my life long
> I have beheld with most respect the man
> Who knew himself, and knew the ways before him,
> And from amongst them chose considerately,
> With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage,
> And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
> Pursued his purposes. I trained myself
> To take my place in high or low estate,

Digitized by Google

As one of that scant order of mankind.
Wherefore, though I indulge no more the dream
Of living, as I hoped I might have lived,
A life of temperate and thoughtful joy,
Yet I repine not, and from this time forth
Will cast no look behind."

Act I. Scene X.

It is evidently the author's purpose here to show how a meditative man may summon his powers to action, how he may be even better qualified for the severer duties of state by having to some degree known himself. Hence a great interest centres in the development of Artevelde's character. He comes upon the stage at a time when the White Hoods have been severely defeated in battle with the Earl of Flanders. A man is needed who has no past sins to own or disown, whose reputation is pure, in whom the city can confide. The leader of the White Hoods seeks out Artevelde.

"He saunters undisturbed along the Lis,
Forever angling as he used to do";

but a burden is on his mind, and he is considering his duty in these afflicted times. His intimate communion with Father John, an old monk, has not been in vain. Now they talk of woman's love, how it may be led away by military glory, to which Artevelde replies: —

"And wherefore so? Because the women's heaven
Is vanity, and that is over all.
What's finest still finds favor in their eyes;
What's noisiest keeps the entrance of their ears.
The noise and blaze of arms enchants them most;
Wit, too, and wisdom, that's admired of all,
They can admire, — the glory, not the thing.
An unreflected light did never yet
Dazzle the vision feminine. For me,
Nor noise nor blaze attend my peaceful path;
Nor, were it otherwise, should I desire
That noise and blaze of mine won any heart.
Wherefore it is that I would fain possess,
If any, that which David wept, — a love
Passing the love of women.
"*Father John.* Deem you not
There may be one who so transcends her sex
In loving, as to match the son of Saul?

Digitized by Google

"*Artevelde.* It may be I have deemed or dreamed of such.
But what know I? We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand:
For Thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And home-bound Fancy runs her bark ashore.

Act I. Scene V.

But sterner cares await him. Van den Bosch pleads with him to take the helm of state. He turns to the "doorstead of his father's house" and shows where once his father poured forth his blood to satisfy a turbulent populace, and tells how his mother nursed in his young heart the purpose of revenge,

"*which, like a prayer*
Repeated, to a rooted feeling grew,"

and then asks if he shall govern such a multitude as that. The men who slew him are yet living, but

"They cannot render back
The golden bowl that's broken at the fountain,
Or mend the wheel that's broken at the cistern,
Or twist again the silver cord that's loosed."

Yet with a noble indifference to self, he says:—

"And were I linked to earth no otherwise
But that my whole heart centred in myself,
I could have tossed you this poor life to play with,
Taking no second thought."

How natural to such a character is this soliloquy!

"Is it vainglory which thus whispers me
That 't is ignoble to have led my life
In idle meditations, — that the times
Demand me, echoing my father's name?
O what a fiery heart was his! such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages."

We should be glad to quote every word of the interview between Artevelde and Adriana, where ripe affection winds around duty and breathes an inspiration into the spirit of the hero. Nothing makes a man braver and stronger in action than the deep love of woman. Artevelde goes forth from this

Digitized by Google

meeting a new and better man. His duty lies plainly before him; he does it. Traitors are trying to foist a peace upon the efforts of the White Hoods. At this moment he is made Captain. In brief, straightforward commands, he begins his rule. "Obey or die," is the watchword. He shudders at the thought of spilling his first blood; he detects the traitors. Meeting in the Stadt-House, they reveal their plans, and the ringleaders are stabbed, one by Artevelde, the other by Van den Bosch. The faction is now dispersed; but Ghent is a famished city. Artevelde retires to the tower of St. Nicholas, and there at early daybreak he escapes from his new cares and dangers in this noble soliloquy: —

"There lies a sleeping city. God of dreams!
What an unreal and fantastic world
Is going on below!
Within the sweep of yon encircling wall
How many a large creation of the night,
Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and sea,
Peopled with busy transitory groups,
Finds room to rise, and never feels the crowd!
— If when the shows had left the dreamers' eyes
They should float upward visibly to mine,
How thick with apparitions were that void!
But now the blank and blind profundity
Turns my brain giddy with a sick aversion.
— I have not slept. I am to blame for that.
Long vigils, joined with scant and meagre food,
Must needs impair that promptitude of mind,
And cheerfulness of spirit, which in him
Who leads a multitude is past all price.
I think I could redeem an hour's repose
Out of the night that I have squandered, yet.
The breezes, launched upon their early voyage,
Play with a pleasing freshness on my face.
I will enfold my cloak about my limbs,
And lie where I shall front them; — here I think.

[*He lies down.*

If this were over — blessed be the calm
That comes to me at last! A friend in need
Is nature to us, that, when all is spent,
Brings slumber — bountifully — whereupon
We give her sleepy welcome — if all this
Were honorably over — Adriana —

[*Falls asleep, but starts up almost instantly.*

Digitized by Google

> I heard a hoof, a horse's hoof, I'll swear,
> Upon the road from Bruges, — or did I dream?
> No! 't is the gallop of a horse at speed."
>
> Act IV. Scene I.

Here is the character of Artevelde carefully drawn, the longing to be free from care, the anxiety, his love of Adriana, and the philosophical comments mingled with casual notice of nature. The sketch of the famine is given in a masterly manner. Artevelde conceives the plan of getting supplies from Bruges by a sudden surprise. He puts it into immediate execution; the citizens lend him all their aid; he succeeds; the city is saved from famine. Artevelde by this one bold stroke becomes Regent of Flanders. He rescues Adriana from those who had stolen her away from Ghent, and hangs the ringleaders. Thus closes the first part, in which his character has been developed, and in which he is shown to be fully capable of large discernment in affairs. We notice here the introduction of two new scenes in the latest edition to save abruptness. They are not much addition, and yet they serve to give us an insight into the feelings of the common people.

The second part will disappoint those who demand a successful hero. It has more stir and life of movement than the former, but it omits to set the hero upon the dazzling pinnacle which we instinctively claim for him. We must ask the reader to accept our yet further comments without the quotations; we have no room for them; but we are not quite sure if the second part is not better than the first. It takes Artevelde over a more difficult ground, and does not destroy our admiration of the man. Consider the position. He has subdued and holds undisputed nearly the whole of Flanders. He has the trappings of royalty. His wife, Adriana, is now dead; he has no heart into which he can pour what strong and meditative men feel much more deeply than weak ones, — the reserved energy of his life. There are plenty of warlike men; he can command, they perform; but the ear of love is closed; the one loved above all others has been snatched from mortal sight. What shall this man, whom not ambition, not avarice, not any of the baser passions can satisfy, do? A fair Italian, a disappointed lover, once the paramour of a

Digitized by Google

French Duke, was taken at Bruges. She meets that longing for gentle sympathy in Artevelde which no one but his dead wife could supply. He protects her from rudeness in the camp; suffers himself in the intervals of care to be won by the new fascination; and she becomes his mistress. He knows this thing is indefensible; he is made cruelly aware of the shame and the weakness it has brought him; and yet, we believe there is a good reason for the position in which Artevelde is placed. He is here true to his character, as a yearning, sensitive, and finely-moulded man, who, in the wreck of those times, finding a woman that loved him, if even with a sinful love, clasps her to himself, as a drowning man would a plank. Mark you here; the relation is not one of lust, but of sympathy. The love passages between them, in which Artevelde dwells with passionate fondness upon his sainted Adriana, have no impurity. And the gentle Elena shrinks with true womanly feeling from casting dishonor upon the Regent's name. Had the Church sanctioned the tie, it had all been well; but that age was not notorious for virtue; and both the age and the make of Artevelde's character say that he is true to the hero of that day as he is. Elena is faithful as a very wife; she relieves the tiresomeness of incessant care; and at the end, standing bravely over his dead body and slaying the coward who stabbed him, she too becomes a heroine; and there she dies by the side of him she loved with a love only second, as indeed was his, to the first she had known. The noble elements in his character stand out strongly in this second part, tried as they are by ever-thickening adversity. He releases Sir Fleureant when he is worthy of death; he protects and defends the honor of Elena; he bravely and generously allies himself with the oppressed poor, when England fails to come to his rescue against the king of France; he then rises to a hero when he says,

> "Let England play me false:
> The greater is my glory if the day
> Is won without her aid. *I stand alone;*
> And standing so against the mingled might
> Of Burgundy and France, to hold mine own
> Is special commendation; to prevail
> So far as victory were high renown;
> To be foredone no singular disgrace."

Digitized by Google

He takes the news of reverses calmly; town after town falls away, but he shows no concern to others; oppressed with continual failure, he recounts to Elena gloomy observations on the soul, the end of life, and his own troubled dreams. Indeed, a dream warns him of his death, and therein the spectral shade of Adriana revisits him. He is all the while outwardly the stern and intrepid commander, but inwardly his very philosophy of life is undergoing the test of its value in that hour which he feels to be fast approaching. He never despairs, though the latter portion of the play shows plainly enough how eagerly he clung to even the last hope of mending his shattered fortunes. The scene in which he sleeps and dreams of the battle going on, and in which the phantom fight is reported, is masterly; and indeed the whole of the second part, though crowded with figures, hurries you on with breathless speed to the final issue.

For other characters in the play, Sir Fleureant is an admirable villain; Lestovet has true cunning, and plays his cards well; Clara gives lightness and grace to the first, and Cecile to the second part; the celebration of a saint's day in Bruges, and the Friar in the cell of Sir Fleureant, could not be mended; while the whole play moves on in an orderly harmony, like a grand pageant of life four hundred years ago. The diction is more free, better under the author's control, than in "Isaac Comnenus"; there is a rich simplicity in every part; nothing is lugged in; and when you have exhausted your critical acumen in analyzing the play, you will find that the author has anticipated defects at every point. Though written for the closet, it is a complete dramatic poem. It breathes the gentle refinement of a chivalric age, but Artevelde is made to anticipate the many-sided views of our own in his prolific meditations. It throws a light upon history which old Froissart could never kindle, and sets forth the dawning of political liberty in Continental Europe. It is not a little singular that the ablest delineation of plantation life at the South should be given in a dramatic poem apparently patterned upon "Philip," — we refer to Mrs. Putnam's "Tragedy of Errors" and "Tragedy of Success."

"St. Clement's Eve" is, in a sense, the continuation of

Digitized by Google

"Philip." It is a play whose scenes are laid in France, in the maturity of Charles VI. It has the same object, — to delineate mediæval life; but is more tragic, and confined within a much smaller compass. While it shows the struggle going on between the people and their rulers, it also pictures the intense selfishness of the titled classes. The main interest of the play centres in Iolande, whom the Duke of Orleans rescues from outrage in the Convent of the Celestines, and afterwards himself falls in love with. He is rebuked by her when she discovers that he has a wife of his own,

> "Gentle, pure,
> Most loving and much injured."

She afterwards attempts to cure the madness of the king by some spell supposed to reside in a virtuous maiden. She fails, is condemned to death by a special law for her failure, and finally perishes by a stray arrow from the crowd. The Duke of Orleans is killed by an assassin, who is himself slain by a private enemy. The Duke of Burgundy is made a tool of, in order to carry out this design. Thus the play abounds in horrors which are hardly relieved by its lighter portions, though it everywhere shows the consummate grace of Taylor's finished touches.

"Edwin the Fair" stands next to "Philip" in rank of excellence. It belongs to the Anglo-Saxon period of English history, and relates to the middle of the tenth century. St. Dunstan is the central actor in the drama. The underlying question of the age is the subjection of the secular clergy to the yoke of celibacy. This ranged St. Dunstan and the bishops and the monks on one side, and the king and his nobles and the seculars on the other. The marriage of the king by a secular priest brought the question to the arbitrament of arms. In the war which followed, both the king and the queen were rescued from the power of Dunstan; but the gentler came to him in death, and the manlier died in his very presence. Meantime, the Danes had burst upon the coast, and the hostile armies were speedily fraternized to defeat a common foe. On this outline is built up a living history of the past, from which we quote, not more to show the character of Dunstan than to set forth the minute excellences in which the play abounds. A

Digitized by Google

swineherd recounts to a forester his troubles, and in so doing gives the first glimpse of Dunstan, together with the rustic's sensible opinion of him: —

"Last Tuesday week, the vigil of St. Swithin,
Up in the branches of an ancient tree
I perched myself for shade, and there the wind
Rocking the bough and snoring in my ears,
It so mishappened that I slid asleep.
When I awoke, my herd had wandered far,
And far had I to follow, till, God's love!
Belated in the dusky forest's verge
I found them much amazed, a furlong's length,
No more, from where the holy Dunstan dwells,
Scourging his wasted body half the night
And wrestling with the Evil One.
"*Forester.* Wish you well!
A tickle neighborhood was that.
"*Swineherd.* 'Out, swine,'
Quoth I, 'ye villains, will ye run to the pit,
And I to follow!' And with might and speed
I drave them back; but volleying behind
There came such howls as scared us to the heart,
And, to my humble thinking, since that hour
We have not had that stomach for our food,
That hearty hunger and that natural joy
In eating, that we wont to have.
"*Forester.* Such howls!
What howls? The Devil's were they, or were they Dunstan's?
"*Swineherd.* Sir, I have ears unskilful to discern
Betwixt the twain. They might have come from either.
For Dunstan his own back not less belabors
Than he belabors Satan." — Act I. Scene I.

The true cause of the war is touched on below. The marriage of his cousin, though prohibited by the Church, was only a pretext to have revenge, on the part of Dunstan and his party, upon the secular clergy: —

"Our monks of Malmesbury, those righteous men,
That ever were at work with book and bell
Praying and fasting, and with thong and scourge
Their flesh tormenting, have been rooted out,
And in their place vile seculars are planted,
A hunting, dancing, and carousing horde."

Earl Leolf shows the reputation of Dunstan among the courtly and cultivated classes: —

Digitized by Google

"Dunstan is not sane,
And madness that doth least declare itself
Endangers most and ever most infects
The unsound many. See where stands that man,
And where this people; then compute the peril
To one and all. When force and cunning meet
Upon the confine of one cloudy mind,
Where ignorance and knowledge halve the mass,
When night and day stand at an equinox,
Then storms are rife. Yet, once the king were crowned,
We could face Dunstan: which he knows too well,
And still by one thin pretext or another
Defers the coronation, and his will
The Primate follows."

Alone, the Satan-driving saint thus meditates in his forest retirement: —

"Spirit of speculation, rest, O rest!
And push not from her place the spirit of prayer!
God, thou 'st given unto me a troubled being:
So move upon the face thereof that light
May be, and be divided from the darkness!
Arm thou my soul that I may smite and chase
The spirit of that darkness, whom not I,
But Thou through me compellest."

His lofty pretensions to spiritual power, which, so far as Satan is concerned, were mainly owing to the satanic personations of his servant Gurmo, impose upon the queen-mother, who turns away from her son because he secretly marries, while the great personages of the realm are celebrating his coronation, his cousin Elgiva. This brings the opposite parties to a climax. The disturbance in the banqueting-hall is spiritedly rendered; so, too, is the scene in which Dunstan, with the Archbishop and an ever-thickening crowd, denounces the act of the king, and orders Elgiva to be taken to prison. Throughout the play this personation of ambitious priestcraft — with his papal excommunications, his cunning feints of Divine inspiration, his partly insane imprecations, and his attempts, as the head of the monastic party, to control the realm — commands a certain reverence and respect, if not awe. His insanity reminds us of Hamlet; but he knew far better than the moody Dane when it would serve his purpose to put his madness off. His long speech in the Synod, with the answering crucifix, is

Digitized by Google

masterly; and so, indeed, is the representation of the whole council. Taylor excels, perhaps, more in his minute arrangements of such dramatic action, than in a vivid, glowing conception of character. He is just the reverse of Byron, whose *dramatis personæ* are superficial and brilliant, but do not allow study. The king is imprisoned, by Dunstan's order, in the Tower, where he offers him the alternative of death, or renunciation of his marriage; out of which plight he is rescued by the unfaithfulness of Gurmo, and the unexpected presence of Athulf with the royal troops. After this, the play rapidly gathers to a close. Elgiva, imprisoned in a lonely tower, is rescued by Leolf, who had been her whilom lover, and whose disappointment because she married the king, though he bore it with knightly courage, is truthfully and beautifully portrayed. His soliloquy by the sea-shore, too long for quotation, is exquisitely natural and touching. Elgiva's escape gladdens, but the sudden news of her death both saddens and maddens the king. Dunstan's forces are scattered, part to repress the Danes, part to meet the king, — who, in his anger venturing too far in the fight before the walls of Malpas, is wounded and falls into the hands of Dunstan. The play closes with the following scene, in which the shades of feeling in the king's mind, and the monastic austerity of Dunstan, are keenly and finely delineated. The body of the queen has been placed on a bier in the transept of the cathedral, and chanting is heard at intervals from the side chapel.

"*Edwin.* Where art thou, my beloved? Come to me!
Art thou not here? They said so, but 't was false, —
Thou art not here, for if thou wert, I know
Thou 'dst fly to meet me. — Ha! I see thee now,
And yet thou mov'st not. What! in chains again?
Not so, Elgiva, — thou art free, my love, —
I smote them with the sword. O, come to me!
"*Dunstan.* Doctor, thou mad'st report
The fever had abated.
"*The Physician.* Had, my lord;
But rages now afresh.
"*Dunstan.* How came he hither?
"*Attendant.* He asked us if the queen were buried yet,
Or where the body lay; we told him, here;
And he commanded we should bring him.

Digitized by Google

"*Dunstan.* See!
"*Edwin.* Thy hand is very cold, — come, come, look up.
Hast not a word to say to so much love?
Well, as thou wilt, — but 't was not always thus.
So soon to be forgotten! O, so soon!
And I have loved so truly all this while!
I dream, — I do but dream, I think, — what 's here?
'T is not the dress that thou wert wont to wear.
This is a corpse! Attendance here! What, ho!
Who was so bold to bring a stone-cold corpse
Into the king's apartment? Stop, — be still, —
I know not that. Give me but time, my friends,
And I will tell you.
"*The Physician.* Draw him from the corpse:
This loss of blood that drains the fever off
Anon will bring him to himself.
"*A Monk.* My lord,
I hear a shout as of a multitude
In the north suburb.
"*Dunstan.* Bridferth, mount the tower,
And look abroad.
"*Edwin.* That was a voice I knew, —
It came from darkness and the pit, — but hark!
An angel's song. . . . 'T is Dunstan that I see!
Rebellious monk! I lay my body down
Here at thy feet to die, but not my soul,
Which goes to God. The cry of innocent blood
Is up against thee, and the Avenger's cry
Shall answer it. Support me, Sirs, I pray;
Be patient with me . . . there was something still . . .
I know not what . . . under your pardon . . . yes . . .
Touching my burial . . . did I not see but now
Another corpse . . . I pray you, Sirs, . . . there . . . there . . .
[*Dies.*
"*Bridferth* (*from the Tower*).
My Lord, my Lord, Harcarther flies; the Danes
Are pouring through the gate. Harcarther falls.
"*Dunstan.* Give me the crucifix. Bring out the relics.
Host of the Lord of Hosts, forth once again!"

Mark the contrast between the king's fond, endearing words and his sudden exclamation, "This is a corpse." That is true dramatic effect. There is a similar passage in "Philip," where Elena is standing by the dead body of Artevelde. Van Ryk says: —

"The enemy is near
In hot pursuit; we cannot take the body.
"*Elena. The body!*"

Digitized by Google

This is the forgetfulness of sudden grief; and the whole long passage just quoted aptly embodies the changefulness and intensity of this feeling.

But in analyzing the character of Dunstan, we must not lose sight of the lighter and more graceful portions of the play. Athulf is touched with tender feeling toward the princess, who "frankly with a pleasant laugh held out her arrowy hand."

> "*Sidroc.* What could she less? A hand
> To have and hold is something; but to hold
> And not to have — but end your tale — this hand!—
> "*Athulf.* I *thought* it trembled as it lay in mine,
> But yet her looks were clear, direct, and free,
> And said that she felt nothing.
> "*Sidroc.* What felt'st thou?
> "*Athulf.* A sort of swarming, curling, tremulous tumbling,
> As though there were an ant-hill in my bosom."
>
> Act I. Scene VI.

Again the king alone with Elgiva thus discourses: —

> "Beloved Elgiva,
> Thy beauty o'er the earth a passion breathes
> Which, softly sweeping through me, brings one tone
> From all this plural being, as the wind
> From yonder sycamore, whose thousand leaves
> With lavish play to one soft music moved
> Tremble and sigh together.
> "*Elgiva.* What a charm
> The neighboring grove to this lone chamber lends!
> I 've loved it from my childhood. How long since
> Is it, that standing in this compassed window
> The blackbird sang us forth; from yonder bough
> That hides the arbor, loud and full at first
> Warbling his invitations, then with pause
> And fraction fitfully as evening fell,
> The while the rooks, a spotty multitude,
> Far distant crept across the amber sky."
>
> Act I. Scene V.

The thoughtful Wulfstan discourses upon love with the gravity of a philosopher, with the beauty of a poet. This is a passage in which the author speaks through the drama, and throws into the meditative scholar of the tenth century the accumulated wisdom of the nineteenth: —

Digitized by Google

"Love changes with the changing life of man:
In its first youth, sufficient to itself,
Heedless of all beside, it reigns alone,
Revels or storms, and spends itself in passion.
In middle age, — a garden through whose soil
The roots of neighboring forest-trees have crept, —
It strikes on stringy customs bedded deep,
Perhaps on alien passions; still it grows
And lacks not force nor freshness; but this age
Shall aptly choose as answering best its own
A love that clings not nor is exigent,
Encumbers not the active purposes
Nor drains their source; but proffers with free grace
Pleasure at pleasure touched, at pleasure waived,
A washing of the weary traveller's feet,
A quenching of his thirst, a sweet repose
Alternate and preparative, in groves
Where, loving much the flower that loves the shade,
And loving much the shade that that flower loves,
He yet is unbewildered, unenslaved,
Thence starting light and pleasantly let go
When serious service calls."

"Edwin" is an excellent study; not so comprehensive as "Philip," but as carefully worked out, and having the comic portions more equably disposed. The brave Leolf, the gentle Elgiva, the satanic Dunstan, are finely idealized, while Wulfstan and Grimbald and Gurmo, and the very boors of the forest, have each the refinement or the roughness of those times. The play has the same general merits as "Philip"; but the position taken, that Dunstan was insane, hardly gives the dramatic power, no matter what history says, which might have been gained by showing him to have been more of a statesman and less of a Get-thee-behind-me-Satan.

"The Eve of the Conquest" is a narrative poem, delineating the events in King Harold's life which belonged to the invasion of the Normans. It is short, and the remainder of the volume is made up with poems more directly personal. They all have a quiet beauty; but they are toned down to a too uniform finish to impress the ordinary reader with the strength and depth of thought which their simple language conveys.

Taylor's chosen field is the historical drama, and here he is without a modern rival. He is too quiet for a lyric poet; and

Digitized by Google

the comic element in all his writings shows a painful effort oftentimes at being funny. He could no more create a Falstaff than he could a soul beneath the ribs of Death. His great and leading excellence is the thorough study and delineation of the subject he has in hand. Less study and more fire would please us better; but we have to take poets as we find them, or as God made them; they will not change for the critic's sake. He seems to need a truthful basis of history in order to quicken his imagination; but this granted, no historical dramatist has entered more deeply into the spirit of the olden time than he. His delineation is finer than Sir Walter's; his accuracy and care speak in every line; his historic liveliness imparts a singular truthfulness to his characters; every scene is full of the spirit of the age to which it belongs. He has painted in dramatic form that living image of mediæval life for which Hallam only contributed the dry skeleton. Here the student will find history, poetry, and romance harmoniously blended, — a series of works which grow in fascination and beauty as you enter more thoroughly into their spirit. And this, indeed, is the true test of excellence, the same which we apply to the old masters in literature, and by which we retest them from age to age.

His prose writings are not inferior to his dramas. "The Statesman" is perhaps the author's most thoughtful work. He has been almost the first to treat practically and "systematically of administrative government as it ought to be exercised in a free state." He enters into the details of statesmanship, into the secret fashioning of the statesman's character, beginning with his earliest education, and following him through every department till his retirement from office in old age. The volume is more generally (for what applies to statesmen applies also to every man in a public position) a carefully written treatise on the art of using men and making them respect you. It has a certain aphoristic character, and is full of sensible yet penetrating observations upon human nature and public life. It reaches the core of the subject. It covers what the author has seen and knows. It is not theory, but practical teaching. It is a book which every American citizen eligible to any office ought to have at his tongue's end, nay,

Digitized by Google

thoroughly digested into personal wisdom. Had this book been read and followed by our present race of statesmen, many provoking mistakes might have been avoided. A few passages will indicate the more general character of the work.

"For it is from individualities that we learn; and even the political character of an age will be best taught when it is thrown into the life and character of an individual. Thus, for example, Lord Strafford's despatches and the Clarendon state papers will be studied with more profit to a statesman than any history of the reign of Charles I." — p. 4.

"It should be the care of a statesman to keep his curiosity alive, by carrying with him into society a sense of the public wants to which it is his duty to administer, and considering the abilities of the available men whom he meets there, as the most precious portion of the public resources." — pp. 19, 20.

"It is of far greater importance to a statesman to make one friend who will hold out with him for twenty years, than to find twenty followers in one year, losing as many." — p. 23.

"Without imagination, indeed, there can be no just and comprehensive philosophy; and without this there can be no true wisdom in dealing with practical affairs of a wide and complex nature. The imaginative faculty is essential to the seeing of many things from one point of view, and to the bringing of many things to one conclusion. It is necessary to that fluency of the mind's operations which mainly contributes to its clearness. And, finally, it is necessary to bring about those manifold sympathies with various kinds of men in various conjunctures of circumstances, through which alone an active observation and living knowledge of mankind can be generated." — pp. 37, 38.

"Calmness is of the very essence of order." — p. 77.

These extracts have the pregnant wisdom of Dr. Walker's writings, and they are a real contribution to an accurate insight into human nature. "The Statesman" is a type of all Taylor's prose works. They are books to be read, studied, brooded over.

His "Notes from Life" — consisting of seven Essays, — "On Money," "Humility and Independence," "Wisdom," "Choice in Marriage," "Children," "The Life Poetic," "The Ways of the Rich and Great" — are the fruit of a more immediate observation and experience; but they have the same qualities which belong to his other writings, being rich in mellowed

Digitized by Google

thought, in shrewd suggestions, in deep and just and wise views of human life. The style has an ease, a naturalness, and a quiet strength which make the reading a source of genial and true enjoyment; and the quotable richness of his pages offers a tempting field to the essayist. "The Life Poetic" is perhaps more literary, and shows the author's matured convictions as to the formation and life of a great poet. "Choice in Marriage" abounds in timely suggestions; so does "The Ways of the Rich and Great"; but the essay upon "Children" has a wise thoughtfulness which we cannot too highly commend. Here is a passage which deserves the attention of every parent: —

"Great as is the importance of true religious doctrine, — which is, as it were, the body of religion, — it is, nevertheless, an importance subsidiary and derivative; it is derived from the efficacy of true religious doctrine to cherish and protect the growth of genuine religious feeling, which is the soul of religion. The opinions are the organic structure; the feelings are the vital principle. It is for the sake of the feelings that the organization is so important; and I think, therefore, that religious truths, or what the parent believes to be religious truths, should be presented to children through the conveyance of the feelings for implicit adoption, and not as matters to be wrought out in the understanding. For the primary object, which is to fix the feeling, will be in some measure frustrated, — the feeling will be in some measure abated or supplanted, — if more thought be called up than the feeling of its own mere motion will naturally generate."

The "Notes from Books" are simply literary essays, treating in part of Wordsworth's, in part of De Vere's poetry, and, besides these, discussing largely the different elements which enter into the composition of verse. They show the thoroughly informed critic and artist. The hints which he has supplied to the reader in these fugitive pages cannot be too highly prized for the guidance of his literary tastes.

These prose writings, together with the dramas, ought all to be republished in this country. There is some demand for them, and there would be more if the books could be had. They have always been popular with Southern readers, and there is no reason, save the absence of puffing, why they should not be popular among all cultivated people. They

Digitized by Google

together constitute a rare claim for prominence in English literature. Our chief object will be gained, if in these pages we have said enough to draw fresh students to explore the mine for themselves. We assure them that they will never come away unrewarded for their toil. They will not find huge ingots, as in John Foster's writings, but rather precious jewels,

> "That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle forever."

In conclusion, we have only to say, that for years we have found Taylor a wise friend, a poet whose writings only ripen with age, a critic whose taste is almost unerring, a judicious counsellor in many of the minor perplexities of life, a companion, indeed, who sticketh closer and closer, like a very brother, with every lustrum.

Art. IV. — SOME NEW ATTEMPTS AT CONFORMITY.

The Result tested; a Review of the Proceedings of a Council at Georgetown, Mass., in August, 1863. By Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D., and Rev. Charles Beecher. Boston: Wright and Potter.

The pamphlet whose title we cite by way of introduction to the topic on which we shall offer a few words, is of the nature of an appeal to the tribunal of public opinion from the judgment of an ecclesiastical tribunal; which judgment, it is claimed, was both wrong in substance and irregular in form, — since not a judicial verdict, but a friendly conference of opinion, was the purpose for which the council had been called. We shall by no means attempt ever so brief a review of the case. Its merits depend on a variety of personal considerations, which can be but imperfectly understood outside a limited circle. In such a case the general sympathy of the public is sure to go with the defendant. He is at least understood to be the champion of some sort of intellectual liberty, as against a forced and artificial religious unity or conformity. And when an appeal is made of this nature, it is the accuser or

Digitized by Google

the court that is forced into the attitude of defence. The instinctive judgment of the majority, in a community like ours, is always in favor of that side which has ever so small a claim to represent the larger liberty.

In the present instance, that disposition is confirmed by the traditional interest attaching to the name of the defendant, by what we imperfectly gather touching the fervor and power of the ministrations by which censure was invited, and by the interest that still lingers in the bold and singular protest made a few years ago by his brother and joint advocate against the common Orthodox interpretation of the Fall and Original Sin. We do not imagine that any considerable portion of the public either understood or cared for Dr. Edward Beecher's argument respecting evil spirits and the fall of man in a pre-existent state. But all who knew anything about the matter did respect the deep sincerity, the strong religious earnestness, and the mental heroism with which that extraordinary argument was put forth. To the uninitiated, it was not easy to see that such a theory helped the matter, either of human accountability, or Divine justice, or the veracity of Orthodox creeds. But it was clear to see that a brave, able, and faithful man thought so; and while the theory might be forgotten, the man retained his hold on our respect.

The interest we find in the pamphlet that lies before us is, first, the curious illustration it affords of the condition of religious speculation in the churches called Evangelical and Orthodox. The points in which the Rev. Charles Beecher is charged to differ from his brethren are points of pure and simple Gnosticism, — using that word in its general sense, as signifying a belief resting on arbitrary speculation or assumption. That the belief connects itself with very intense and real earnestness of conviction or emotion, is of the nature of all religious belief held by a certain order of temperament, and does not alter its essentially Gnostic character. The points condemned are these two; — first, the "Divine Sorrow," signifying that the Infinite God is veritably grieved and pained at the sins of his children, and so (say the council) can enjoy but a broken and imperfect blessedness; and, secondly, "Pre-existence," by which it is meant that the present

Digitized by Google

system of things is not the origin of sin, but a system adapted to remedy sin already existing, committed (it is inferred) by the soul in some previous state of being. Nothing that we could possibly say on these two topics, considered as matters not of emotion but of opinion, would take from them their purely transcendental and speculative character. Neither of them appeals to any proof which can come under any category of the human understanding, or be tried by any known criterion of true or false. The only evidence for them is the pious feeling which craves some such semblance of external support; the only evidence against them, so far as appears, is a similar pious feeling, which is shocked at their violent hostility to customary notions and ideas. That points so wholly abstract and ideal should make the matter of serious controversy at this day, might well have been deemed impossible. The verdict of the council, and the arguments against it, strike us equally with amazement, as symptoms of a stage of theological speculation which we had supposed outgrown by about three hundred years.

So far the interest is transient, and a matter of curiosity merely. But there is another aspect, in which it is genuine and abiding. Every such event as that which we have briefly noted is a distinct step in that process of education by which not only larger mental liberty is secured, but Protestantism itself is advancing towards a grander unity than Rome sought vainly to enforce. The personal aspects of the controversy fade and disappear. Its deeper religious lesson remains. Weary and futile are these endeavors, renewed in such variety of ways, to compel conformity among ever so small a school of thinkers. Yet no such endeavor, measured by the spirit roused to repel it, is quite in vain. One of the last lessons to learn, though it seems so easy to teach, is to distinguish harmony of faith from identity of creed. One of the last fallacies to unlearn, though it seems so transparently weak and absurd, is that which confuses sincerity of conviction with infallibility of doctrine. The first Protestant sects never once entertained the suspicion that their respective creeds, so scrupulously vouched by Scripture phrase and argument, might possibly be untrue. The task they set themselves about with such pitiless,

Digitized by Google

such pathetic persistency, was mainly the task of purging other creeds from error. Yet at best with what doubtful result. For religious faith so depends on the native vitality, the instinctive wants and energy of the soul, that in many cases it cannot so much as survive the process of disentangling it from error. It is a wonder that sectaries do not sometimes think of this. Yet here we find them, as in this Georgetown council, wrangling about inaccuracies in holding the most transcendent, mystical, and unintelligible doctrines, as if salvation itself were staked, not on the positive faith a man has, but on his exemption from mistakes in his way of stating it.

Of course it is not the harmfulness of error that is denied. Error is a disease, — the more thoroughly it can be eradicated, the better. It is a disease; but as such it is subject to conditions; it invades a vital organism; it must be dealt with in strict regard to the previous conditions of life itself. It is among the frightful exploits of an exaggerated and fanatic science, when surgery, in its zeal to strike at the roots of the malady, will strike at the very seat of life. One of Hawthorne's little tales, "The Birth-Mark," tells the moral of this most frequent and lamentable mistake. It is related of a French surgeon, that he satisfied himself by no less than six distinct experiments, that a particular way of amputation is certainly fatal, — which all the books had held before; but his rage for theory must be appeased. In the sphere of morals, of religion, of intellectual health and power, not six, but ten thousand experiments are constantly making, on principles which we may be sure beforehand must be fatal. It takes a large stock of vital force, a great amount of reserved power in the bodily constitution, to survive the measures which may become necessary in the crisis of a desperate malady. As a proper regimen, then, will give its chief attention to building up the firm structure of bodily health, rather than dose and drug every chance ailment, so a true religious method will not spend itself in the tasks of criticism and the refutation of errors, but in building up health of soul.

We trust we shall be pardoned in adding a few words on that religious problem which our friends at Georgetown have thus unskilfully tried to solve.

Digitized by Google

It is one of the conditions of every revolution in religious thought, — one of the dangers attending all progress in religious ideas, — that intellect gets in some measure divorced from faith. The faith has become hopelessly tangled up with error, and so an honest mind must protest against it; or it has grown arrogant and dogmatic, and so compels the hostility and defiance of that intelligence whose law is liberty. Then must come a period of protest, of criticism, of theological reform. The religious sense must be sacrificed in some degree to the better intellectual conditions which the time requires. But it is always with pain that the better-minded and the tender-hearted see the sacrifice. And presently a change comes. The controversy becomes obsolete, and its interest declines. Either there is spiritual indifference and decay, or there is a disposition to have back the old fellowship and fervor, at the expense even, it may be, of a little honesty; or else a new vein opens, and the latent religious confidence and zeal flow in another channel. It would be impossible to revive a genuine enthusiasm to refute or defend a doctrine that no longer directly blocks the way of intellectual advance. The impulses and habits that came from the elder culture by degrees lose their force. The antique spirit becomes diluted in the wide waters of modern thought. The natural reaction from theological controversy is religious indifferentism.

If we have not described the symptoms, we have at least pointed out the tendencies, of which religious reformers and critics ought to be aware. In the particular case before us, the censorious temper on both sides, the absence of anything like fraternity of feeling, or the wish to do mutual justice, is painfully apparent. To us it is not so much matter of blame or wonder, as it is symptomatic in the religious temper of the day. We have given — or the generation immediately before us has given — an undue preponderance to matters of intellectual curiosity or criticism. We, or they, have sundered dear fellowships and sacred associations, in the name of the Intellect, as judge of the Faith. And, as long as our first object is to keep off error, instead of building up the religious life, this course of things will certainly continue. Where individual culture so immensely predominates over sectarian loyalty, the

Digitized by Google

dangers to which we have referred in the needful phase of criticism will threaten all the more, until, with some, the question comes up in this form, — whether Christianity itself shall continue to act upon mankind as a living influence, or gradually spend its force, like a spent ball, and die away. And what some more vaguely apprehend, as to all the grand religious beliefs and structures of the past, comes near to others in a far more practical way, as to those particular associations and influences which make the religious atmosphere of their own life.

It is trite to say, that Christianity, to be true to us, must be to us not a theory of the Divine government merely or mainly, but a method of the Divine life. A theoretical union, such as church councils universally seem to crave, — a fellowship based on creeds, — cannot possibly be anything else but a treacherous and imperfect compromise. What is a creed, in fact, but a compromise of stifled individualisms? While the Trinitarian dogma was getting under way, the Church swarmed with compromise creeds, — the more hair-splitting and technical the more obstinately wrangled for; and when they were already involved in subtilties of distinction which cannot be stated in English, or indeed in any other tongue but the original Greek, one of these creeds had appended, as Gieseler recounts, no less than twenty-seven anathemas for as many delicate shadings of dissent. The Eastern Church split itself to pieces on these sharp points, and became, what it is to this day, a piece of mere state machinery. The Latin Church, which was blessed with inferior speculative genius, and was brought square to the task of converting the barbarians, on pain of being swept away by them among the other wrecks and fragments of the ancient world, had the good sense to take a creed for its practical uses. It chose the strongest, as being most serviceable, and excommunicated all the rest; and so Orthodoxy, by dint of the excellent service it wrought, has come down to us.

Since then the world has learned a lesson of large tolerance, and the danger of an overbearing creed is hardly the chief danger now. The danger rather is, lest, along with the implacable positiveness, we should lose the clearness, vigor,

Digitized by Google

and strength of religious thought itself, and sunder the sacred alliances which sustain the religious life. It is in the name of a true religious unity, quite as much as in the name of intellectual liberty, that we protest against any attempt to fetter the mind and conscience. As regards the very end for which such attempts are made, — the visible fellowship of believers, — it is mere folly and waste to take any other attitude than that of men who honor one another's integrity of thought, who understand and respect those delicate boundaries which have been drawn about each human intellect and heart, defining the sphere of each man's proper individuality. This struggle of three hundred years for personal independence and liberty of thinking has not been all in vain; and we are not going to take those steps backward which have already been trodden so painfully. As soon as we begin to do it, our coherence, such as it is, falls to pieces. What we want, in the name of Christian unity, is fellowship in aim, principle, feeling, — in moral conviction and religious endeavor, — such as will enable us to do precisely that work which Providence has marked out for us. The true strength of Mr. Beecher's argument in the pamphlet before us is where he calls the Lord's work itself to witness, which has prospered in his hands. Not that outward unity is of no account, but that a free alliance is a more earnest or real thing than a forced conformity, makes the true plea for religious liberty; for the message of *mere* individualism is a very brief one, and speedily despatched.

Doubtless the utmost range and license of speculation have their uses, and can be justly put under no other restraints than those of simple and absolute sincerity in thinking. The army of truth needs its pickets and scouts in regions which it has not yet occupied or explored. The mind's health, as well as the body's, depends on the active process of appropriation. Nutrition, or change of material, is the very first characteristic of a living organism. But of practical teaching, the first task and the hardest is to convince men of the truth *they know already*. And how is this done? By a logical process? No; by a vital one. Reason about a natural conscience and the eternal distinction of right and wrong, and at best you will only make a tame theorist or a neat casuist. Throw a man of honest

Digitized by Google

impulses into a scene of danger, or show him the actual doing of any enormity, and away go his theories to the winds; he feels and acts as a man. So labor to convince men of the speculative truths of religion, — stopping with that, — and you cannot do much more than breed up a generation of quibblers and sceptics. But one goes into a conventicle, or is surprised by a sudden peril, or some unexpected word of religious sympathy melts him, — and he BELIEVES; — not the mere point that was touched, but all that lay latent in his mind is kindled, as when an electric spark leaps from point to point, making a device or a picture of vivid light. True or false, the latent creed in him bursts into vitality; and a mere accident, as it were, has made him, from a sceptic, a believer in as many articles as would make the longest creed. Without a particle of new evidence, he believes in the popular vision of heaven and hell, which was only a horrid dream to him before; he believes in the Trinity and Atonement, which were abhorrent and false to him before; he believes in the absolute authority of Scripture, which seemed foolishness to him before. We are relating the every-day experience of what is technically called "conversion." As an intellectual process, it is worthless; as a vital one, it may involve the most momentous moral consequences, and be, what it is generally called, the regeneration of the man.

So subtile and perplexing are the laws of belief in our mental constitution. We did not make them; we cannot unmake them; we have only to respect them. Their springs are not touched by a logical process. That, in general, only trims and pares down the spontaneous growth of faith; — the main danger is of paring it too deep, so as to maim the life. It is by sympathy, by reverence, by the kindling of affection, that men believe; then their faith seizes and appropriates such intellectual elements as it finds at hand. As vehement a religionist, as imperious a dogmatist in his way as any, was Auguste Comte, who by some such process had vitalized his consummate scheme of scientific "positivism," and who spent his last years with a self-devotion almost unparalleled, and mental ability rarely surpassed, to found a "religion of Humanity," without a God, a Christ, or a future. It was simply that,

Digitized by Google

when the crisis of a moral regeneration came to him, it found no other intellectual material to work on, save his vague reminiscences of his early Catholic belief; and with singular intensity of conviction and a pathetic simplicity of good faith, he died, anticipating from his scientific creed the revival of true religion and the salvation of the world.

Most men, of any Christian training at all, have probably got truth enough, so far as regards the mere furnishing of mental material. The need with them is to feel it, and understand it, and apply it. Most men's convictions are most lively and effectual when narrowed to a single point. Paul hinged everything on justification by faith, and was determined to "know nothing but Christ and him crucified." John had nothing of that, but preached the simple love of God, and his "word made flesh abiding with us." Yet, from these opposite poles, each comprehended the whole sphere of the Gospel truth. Two eminent men of the last generation were born within a month of each other, and died not far apart, — Chalmers and Channing. One took the gospel of grace, and the other the gospel of humanity; each did his work, one which the other could not possibly have done; and the world well understands that from the religion of this nineteenth century neither could be spared. Every Christian sect, every honest and earnest man, carries the germ of what in its full ripeness should be the salvation of the world. It is only when Protestantism has had its perfect work, when each has followed out his own method, in entire freedom and absolute sincerity, that the conditions are secured of that higher religious unity, for which Protestantism, these three hundred years, has sought and sighed in vain.

Digitized by Google

Art. V. — WENDELL PHILLIPS AS AN ORATOR.

Speeches, Lectures, and Letters. By Wendell Phillips. Boston: James Redpath. Seventh Edition. 1863.

Were there to be an Oration for the Crown of an international character, England and America putting forth rival claimants, probably few men in our country would fail to name as the representative of our own land Wendell Phillips. It is but recently that his most cherished opinions were shared only by a handful of men, while the vast majority were intensely imbittered against him; even now the majority look upon him with doubtful, even though with admiring eyes, while a large minority, to say the least, deem him utterly pestiferous, and would be quite as glad to abolish him as he to abolish slavery. Yet those who hate and denounce him most would hold up both hands to secure his election, were the palm of oratory to be disputed as we have supposed, — that is, if they wished America to triumph. By common consent, by the equal acknowledgment of those who rejoice in, and of those who deplore the fact, he is the first forensic orator of our land at the present day; *nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.* Or if there be one who possesses rival powers, he is a man of that race in whose behalf Mr. Phillips has labored, the slave-born Frederick Douglass.

We do not forget others. Mr. Sumner is learned, exhaustive, ponderously eloquent. Mr. Beecher is a discourser of incomparable vividness, fertility, and picturesqueness. Mr. Everett is a master in what one may call literary oratory, graceful, lucid, classic, elegant, impressive; but for the forum, *orator parum vehemens, dulcis tamen, ut Theophrasti discipulum possis agnoscere.* Many others might be named with high praise, especially were pulpit eloquence, strictly speaking, to be brought into the account; for our country is fertile far beyond all others in modern times in oratorical gifts. But when all others are accredited with their proper excellence, Mr. Phillips, in a candid estimation, must, we think, be named as pre-eminent in forensic power.

Digitized by Google

The degree to which he is a native oratorical force may be suggested by the fact that, notwithstanding his pre-eminence, no one thinks of comparing him to any preceding orator. Almost every other man of literary eminence in America has been referred to some original in other lands and times. Irving was complimented by being named "the American Addison," Cooper "the American Scott," Dana "the American Coleridge" (*sic*); nay, it is incredibly affirmed by some that Nature has amused herself with the production of critics who could style Emerson an imitator of Carlyle; but the sportive Dame, we think, has never hatched a goose to cackle discovery of a foreign original for Wendell Phillips.

His speeches suggest no other speeches. We forget to ask what orator is his favorite, what one he has chiefly studied, whether Demosthenes, Cicero, Mirabeau, or Burke. Highly cultivated as he is, no man's eloquence, not that of Patrick Henry, nor of Jefferson's Indian chief Logan, ever sprang more from his own bosom, less from books. And this, we think, chiefly because it is no part of his aim to achieve eloquence for its own sake. He is saturated with unselfish purpose. He is intent on beneficent effects. He is eloquent partly because he does not try to be eloquent. He opens his heart to you as the spring buds do theirs; and you never think of asking from whom he learned how to do so.

It is the function of the orator as such distinctively to persuade men to honorable action, or enkindle them to noble sentiment, on the basis of their *national* life. This element of nationality must always be more or less, directly or indirectly, present, and is of the very gist and essence of the orator's inspiration. *Eloquence* there may be in books, in parlors, wherever men speak or write; but *oratory* belongs above all to the forum; it stands in close connection with patriotism; its principal purpose is to induce national truth, justice, courage, discretion, or honorable pride, to connect political or judicial action with the reason and heart of man.

The aim of the preacher is to induce depth and rectitude of *personal* life. He appeals to the sense of personal responsibility; he aims to upbuild personal character; he enters to the privacies of the soul; he takes up each individual

Digitized by Google

auditor to the summit of Sinai, and stands with him in the sole presence of the Highest; he strives to enhance those forces by which spiritual architectures are carried on, and to diminish those by which these are threatened. If the individual has duties toward the state, the preacher not only may, but in the just discharge of his own duty must, counsel their faithful and righteous fulfilment. He cannot urge all highest fidelities on the man, and countenance all infidelities in the citizen. He must follow the man into every stated department of his action, domestic, economical, political, social, and seek that in each he may acquit himself as a precious and immortal nature. It may happen, therefore, that the preacher and the forensic orator agree in the quality of their counsels; yet there will always be a difference in tone, because there is a difference in point of view. The orator is looking primarily to national justice and welfare; the preacher is looking primarily to private rectitude, to the spiritual prosperity of persons as such.

We may discriminate the position of a third speaker, namely, the lecturer. His chief aim is to induce intellectual and moral enlargement. Before all things else, he labors for the expansion of the human spirit, — to place things in broader and more subtile relations, to enkindle new and widening sympathies, to awaken elevating interests, to confer upon the common life of men the dignity of knowledge, of appreciation, and of thought.

The lecturer, therefore, addresses man as a mind; the preacher addresses him as a soul; the orator addresses him as a definite and corporate social reality. The first would make him universal by thought; the second would give his being infinitude by placing it in purest vital connection with the Divine; the third would have him connect the higher contents of his being with his corporate social life.

Great orators belong more particularly to periods of change or of crisis in the destiny of nations, as the instances of Mirabeau, Cicero, and Demosthenes suggest. Properly, too, the orator is *conservative*. He appeals to men in behalf of old and established principles. This position is requisite for the highest oratorical effect; for if the speaker must establish

Digitized by Google

principles, he at once falls into the attitude of the lecturer, and assumes it as his task rather to elucidate than to warm and persuade. Just in proportion, therefore, as the orator must propound anything new, he is cut off from the higher effects of his art. His position accordingly supposes in his audience a pre-existing community of faith, a pre-existing wealth of affection for certain ideas and institutions.

Hence there is no eloquence among a degenerate, degraded, and spiritually impoverished people. They do not supply the conditions under which oratory can flourish. Demosthenes, in later times, would not have been Demosthenes, but would have gone to his grave with the stammer of his youth. Scepticism slays eloquence. The soul of all powerful oratory is belief. Without intense and able believing, the orator can only bewitch, not inspire. Without genuine, hearty believing among the people, he can only smoulder, not blaze.

Therefore the substratum of all great forensic eloquence must be certain *assumptions* common to speaker and hearer. Assumption rules the world. Nothing else possesses the utmost power. And just in proportion to the depth, breadth, and richness of this body or soul of assumed principle in the bosom of a people, are they in a condition to vitalize the orator by their presence. And when, still further, against this deep-grounded, unquestioning faith there has come in some alien, insidious, invading element, persuasive by its appeal to fear, to avarice, to the love of indolent pleasure, just then is supplied to the orator that foothold and that occasion which he requires.

Let us see, now, to what degree these conditions have been supplied in the case of Mr. Phillips.

Our nation had assumed as its basis a doctrine of rights inhering in human beings simply as human. We built our national edifice on assumed principles of universal justice. We baptized these principles in the blood of battle; and having been victorious, we came forth from the crimson consecration to represent these principles before the world, and to perfect their application in our interior politics. And the nation was at the outset warm, hearty, intrepid in the faith it professed.

On the other hand, here was the alien element, slavery, for-

Digitized by Google

eign from our faith, antagonistic to our principles, odious to our feeling, but well nested among our institutions and traditions, having that possession which is "nine points of the law"; having the prestige of wealth, of power, of proud manners; having means to bribe commerce, to bribe place-hunting ambition, to bribe partisanship; having means equally to overawe timidity, to win the lovers of peace and ease, and to war against assault. Greedy, encroaching, insidious, and utterly subversive of the whole spirit and significance of our national life, — lured by the prospect of a virgin continent upon which to spread itself, and of a power that should overtop the world and dazzle the eye or silence the tongue of criticism, — it furnished occasion for patriotic alarm, such as history never has surpassed, and perhaps never may surpass.

Here, then, were both the substratum and the occasion for the orator's action and influence. On the one hand, we have the warm national faith, — the faith, too, of a resolute, energetic, brave people, potentialized by a quick flow of social sympathy; on the other hand, here is the innovating, unsettling element, apparently sure of victory, nay, seeming to be already victorious.

Into the arena thus prepared our orator steps forth, with room and verge for whatever patriotic devotion may glow in his bosom, and whatever persuasion may dwell in his tongue.

And here we call attention to the fact that his position is *strictly* conservative. That of Demosthenes was not more so. Terms have got strangely misapplied in our country; so that even the most enlightened of those who stood by the fundamental ideas of our polity have conceded to their opponents the title of conservative, while these opponents, though the partisans of a radical and subversive innovation, have appropriated the title without a moment's question of its fitness. But it was slavery that was alien and innovating; and its supporters in our country are radicals, in the odious and illegitimate sense of that word, — that is, they are eradicators of central faiths in behalf of superficial interests. Mr. Phillips has himself tossed the word *conservatism* from his lips with scorn; but if those are not conservative who sustain the ground ideas of the national life, pray, to whom can the term apply?

Digitized by Google

He occupies, then, so far, the typical position of the orator. He holds to those faiths which give the nation a distinctive character, and he holds them as against innovation of the most sweeping and destructive kind.

But now come in certain peculiarities of his position, some favoring and some disputing his influence.

In the first place, he has had one conspicuous advantage. The fundamental principles of our nationality, so far as he is concerned with them, coincide with the principles of universal justice, and with the instinctive sentiments of all humane hearts. Never had forensic eloquence a broader or more open appeal to the souls of men. "No pent-up Utica contracts his powers"; he is universal in being national, he is a philanthropist in being a patriot; and he makes his plea, not to any partial sentiment, but to the totality of man's spiritual nature. So far he stands, perhaps, in a more advantageous position than any one of the classic names in oratory.

On the other hand, he has in one respect a position peculiarly unfavorable to those effects for which he labors. Our nation is young; the principles of our national life have had small time to take historical root, to become traditions and customs of thought; one may almost say that they are still in dispute. Many have been attracted by their breadth and boldness; many have given them a thoughtless or half-thinking verbal enunciation; few have meditated upon them profoundly, weighed their worth, found their rightful limits, and pledged to them a considerate and resolute fealty. But there are never many who adopt broad principles from *thought*. That is the special distinction of philosophical intellect. The greater number, much the greater number, must come to them by instinctive attraction, which custom and tradition alone will fully and finally confirm. Any great national or social principle has still, in general, a loose and wavering hold on masses of men until it has been rocked in the cradles of several generations. The faith in principles of freedom and equal justice — of justice to *all* men and races of men — had not among us this depth of historical root; and when the winds of mercenary interest, of personal ambition, of partisan passion, began to blow fiercely upon it, the shallow hold it had upon many

Digitized by Google

hearts proved insufficient, and their faith lay prostrate in their souls.

It were easy to wonder at and blame this overmuch. It was doubtless disgraceful to us, but not unaccountably, nor perhaps inexcusably so. In truth, our great controversy represents, in some degree, a pure piece of historical advance. Hitherto there has been in the world little of *international conscience*. Nations have not charged themselves with the duty of justice toward each other. England, assuming to stand, and perhaps really standing, at the head of European civilization, robs Denmark, robs Spain, robs China, has robbed, indeed, right and left, whenever she could do so safely and to advantage. She may lift her hands in astonished reprobation of Napoleon's recent doings in Mexico; but the Emperor will hardly be able to better the instruction which her own example has afforded him. Peace in Europe has been maintained, not on any principle of international honor and justice, but confessedly on that of the balance of power. That is to say, England or France must forbear to "gobble up" the smaller and weaker states, not at all because nations owe justice to each other, but simply for the reason that, having done so, she would be more able to devour some larger neighbor. Balance of power meant balance of selfishness. Peace was established, not on a basis of conscience, but of distrust.

But if this be so in civilized Europe, how could we suppose that civilized states and races would exhibit much conscience toward those which are uncivilized? No, the very conception of applying the acknowledged principles of justice to the relations maintained with weaker and less cultivated races, the very conception of regarding them otherwise than as a prey, is new in the history of man, — new, we mean, as an element of politics, and on a scale of national importance.

It must be added also, that, even in the minds of thoughtful men, the duties of civilization in this connection are not *perfectly* defined. It is easy to push the matter to a sentimental excess. We are not of those who think that the Pilgrim Fathers should have remained on board the Mayflower until a vote of the aborigines permitted them to land, — or perhaps should not have decided to come hither at all, until they

Digitized by Google

had sent a deputation to this continent, and bargained for the privilege of becoming a portion of its inhabitants. That they might have considered the Indians more, that they might have managed to live with them more amicably, may be, and doubtless is, true; but that they were bound to regard the savages as lawful possessors and owners of this continent, we by no means consider true. The final title to possession is use. In God's court of claims, he is the owner of a piece of property who can make it most serviceable to the being of man. We have, we must have, and therefore it is every way proper that we should have, our conventional arrangements with regard to private property. There can be no civilization without such, nor without a due respect for them. Yet property is forever stealing away, and by the law of the universe must steal away, from the hands of those who abridge, to the hands of those who enlarge its uses.

But while we will not concede to savages, above all to inveterate and incurable savages, the right of monopolizing a continent, if they choose to do so, yet it remains true, that this idea of a duty on the part of civilized toward uncivilized peoples is one as noble and necessary as it is new. No excess of application can belittle, nor in the end endanger it. History is about to make this piece of progress; and whoever opposes her will go under her advancing feet, and be crushed to powder.

History is not nice and delicate in her discriminations, nor in her procedure. She is rude and wholesale. The Himalayas and Andes were not weighed out in an apothecary's balance, and heaped up with a teaspoon; the heart of the planet has not been raised to a "comfortable" heat, like a warm bath, by thermometer; nevertheless here is, at last, the green and serviceable earth, with motherly hospitalities for her inhabitants. History, like the planet on which it appears, has its own fiery, uncontrollable impulse and evolution, not observing precisely the boundaries we prescribe in our studies, yet surely reaching good ends. Mohammedanism sweeps over idolatrous lands amid a multitudinous trampling of hoofs and flashing of scymitars; Protestantism foams into temples, and breaks over art, and decorum, and ancient remembrance, like the waves of an ocean storm over a stranded ship; Puritanism

Digitized by Google

banishes beauty and hilarity and sport, and a thousand sweet amenities, from England; and Democracy in like manner goes surging irresistibly, rudely, over the face of the modern world, sure to have its course, though Carlyle rage and Napoleon imagine a vain thing. Crude, partial, extravagant, putting suffrages into the hands of imps and idiots, taking sides with irredeemable savagery against Puritan civilization, ill-disciplined, noisy, self-asserting, expectorating, it nevertheless carries with it the present significance of human history; and its claim of justice for all men, — its claim that the doors of civilization shall remain forever open to the feet of aspiration, that all who come shall enter, not to be pillaged, but to be protected, and that even those who remain without shall be honorably considered, — this grand claim has got to be fairly answered before the present turmoil of transition shall subside, and Peace unfold her white banner to the airs of a new morning in the world.

These opening purposes it is that our orator would advance by his personal effort. A child of the epoch, he is among the noblest and ablest of its servants. An orator, not a philosopher, born rather for the forum than for the school, he does not always make the discriminations we should desiderate, but he always does meet, in an admirable degree, the demands of his native position and chosen service.

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!"

The youth of those principles which are fundamental in our nationality has made our national faith in them unstable and shallow. Hence one great difficulty with which our orator has had to contend. If he attempted the great leaps of persuasion, the ground grew soft, and gave way under his feet. He must needs, therefore, begin laboring at foundations. He must indoctrinate the people at the same time that he would lead them to action. He must stand with one foot in the forum and the other in the lecture-room. Now it is ill standing in a door and speaking to audiences on both sides, — above all, if the audiences represent different modes of thought and feeling. But this is the position which Mr. Phillips has been compelled to occupy. It was not so with Demosthenes. The

Digitized by Google

faith and wishes of the Athenians were all assured, congruous, and unquestionable; the difference was only on questions of daring and expediency. Every one must see at a glance how favorable to eloquence was the simplicity and singleness of an orator's attitude then, compared with that of one addressing a people whose faith and wishes are ill-assured, inconstant, many doubting and some affirming that the fundamental principles of the national life are but "glittering generalities," not solid truth. The former is like a man who stands firmly on the earth, and has free use of both hands; the latter, like one who must use one hand to support his weight, while he labors with the other.

The result of this position has been the development of a new type of forensic eloquence, — an eloquence more laden with doctrine, more intellectual, than has been heard in the open air before. At the same time, we affirm that no great orator of former times came into the forum for so majestic an advocacy, none represented an historical movement of equal grandeur. The orators of classic antiquity were seeking preservation of the national *form;* he has been aiming to preserve the *soul* of our nation, and that, too, not merely because it is ours, but from absolute devotion to justice and truth. A position of more dignity has seldom been held by man.

It must be conceded, also, that he has proved himself worthy of his vocation. More of intrepidity and persistency, a devotion more entire and unflinching, cannot be demanded. Bold, chivalrous, straightforward, unhesitating, unequivocal, he has feared no danger, he has spared no cost; he has put his whole heart into a work to which only the nobility of his own spirit called him; he has lavished his life in an heroic labor, for which his immediate outward reward was to be only the same that from time immemorial has awaited those who have proffered themselves to be champions of the weak against the strong, and of the despised few against the reputable many. His spirit has been equal alike to his gifts and his position: what need to say more? We are not required to praise him: history will do that sufficiently.

But has he made no mistakes? In our judgment, he has sometimes been in error, both as to the special objects of his

Digitized by Google

advocacy, and as to the mode of his working. We shall name two instances of what we deem such error, one of which has already become obsolete.

His proper position, as we have shown, was that of a patriot, a friend and preserver of his country. Slavery was foreign, intrusive, destructive. Nothing can be more deadly to any government than that which subverts its fundamental ideas. It is superfluous to argue this point now, for the fact itself is blazing before every man's eyes and thundering at every man's ears. By the flames of war, and in the red letters of its carnage, even the blind must see that slavery was poisonous to the republic, and that the only hope of public safety lay in purging away this venom. Whoever, therefore, labored for these medicinal effects was a true friend and physician of the republic, and should have assumed that position openly and held it persistently.

By making his position and purpose clear in this respect, he might hope to enlist in the labors of reform that sentiment of instinctive, half-blind patriotism, which in a people that has power and promise of continuance is sure to be a force of immense importance. Few men are reasoners to any predominating extent; few have rational conscience in such degree as to sway and control their natures. The action of multitudes must be in great part instinctive, and if free reason and conscience come in at all, they must enter as the allies of instinct, not as its enemies. The national orator, therefore, who would nobly and usefully persuade the people, will act on a vantage-ground of incalculable value, if he appear so distinctly under the banners, and as the exponent, of patriotism, as to draw the instinctive love of country to his side.

Mr. Phillips did otherwise. He threw away this vast advantage. He chose to assault the fortress from without, rather than to defend it from within. He appeared as the foe of national institutions. Because the alien and innovating element of slavery had obtained some dubious foothold in the organic law of the land, and because it had stained the statute-book and usurped administration, this bold and chivalrous spirit, in company with a few others equally intrepid and devoted, declared enmity against the very institutions which had been thus wronged.

Digitized by Google

It was, we deem, an act of impatience, — the impatience, indeed, of brave and self-forgetful souls, an impatience lustrous with all noble feeling and energy, but nevertheless, by comparison with those highest possibilities of action which these men themselves suggest, an infirmity. It was the assumption of a greater task, instead of a less; for the men of the North could have been persuaded to extinguish slavery far more easily than to break up the Union. It was an attempt to conquer a kingdom with an army of officers only, — that is, of those in whom intellectual and moral conviction can be the controlling element, leaving out the rank and file, — those, namely, who are governed chiefly by honorable instinct, though in obedience to this they can equal any devotion or valor of which the chief of men are capable.

Perhaps it will be said that this was with him and his compeers no matter of choice. Most surely not of *wilful* choice. Undoubtedly they were impelled to it by the sincerest conviction. But that is the misfortune we are speaking of. The conviction itself is the calamity. In our judgment, it was due to a vehemence of recoil from the things they abhorred, not *purely* to a necessity in the case itself. So far, indeed, as it operated to keep them out of party politics, and hold them to the merits of the case, it was undoubtedly beneficial; nevertheless, in identifying the disease with the body affected by it, and in assuming, by consequence, the attitude, not of reform, but of revolution, we judge that they enhanced their difficulties, weakened their forces, led thousands of honest men to mistake their fundamental purposes, and hindered the cause for which they were sacrificing ease, fortune, repute, place, all that selfishness can covet, and much that social feeling may honorably desire, and in comparison with whose prosperity they counted their heart's blood but as water.

But this is past. Tested by events, they proved themselves candid as they had ever been courageous; and the clarion note of our orator rang out in behalf of Union for the sake of justice and freedom.

But it may also be alleged against Mr. Phillips, that he uses personal criticism and invective in excess. We think the charge not wholly without foundation. Let us be under-

Digitized by Google

stood. If he be accused of native bitterness or acridity, we think the accusation misses its mark most notably. In truth, it is the *absence* of acrid elements in his composition, the total and singular want of malign feeling, which has enabled him to use such severity without becoming suspicious of himself. A little base hatred in his bosom would have checked his tongue, for it would have given his invective a reactive sting, and brought it into collision with conscience. In truth, he is one of the most genial and friendly of human beings, strictly incapable of a malign emotion.

His severities of censure are partly the product of pure moral indignation, and so far belong to the legitimate resources of the orator; and partly they are bred from a special theory of action, and so far we visit them with some blame. He has a theory that personal criticism is a more efficient agent in reform than any other; and though it brings upon himself hatred and opprobrium, yet for its efficiency he will use it, be the cost to himself what it may. His adoption of this instrumentality is part and parcel of his uncompromising, unselfish, chivalrous devotion to the grand objects of his life; yet we think it erroneous. But how did he arrive at this theory?

When the Abolitionists began their great enterprise, the multitude of men who esteemed them pernicious sought at first to crush and extinguish them, by means of mobs, halters, social exclusions, opprobriums, — in fine, by a general chorus of hiss and menace. The attempt failed. One plain man, who had a genius for being sure of his own will, said, "I will speak; I will be heard." Something in the tone shook the confidence of assault. Then Respectability had a bright thought. It said, smiling, "Speak, then, if you will; but as for being heard, that is another matter; your tongue is your own, but our ears are ours." Antislavery was to be ignored. Its orators might orate to one another till their ears were deafened and their tongues outworn: who cared?

Then it was that antislavery oratory began experimenting at cures for deafness. We must admit that it experimented to purpose. It made the "greatest medical discovery of the age." It caused the ears of men to drag their unwilling

Digitized by Google

owners within the sound of hated voices. It quickened their auditory powers till they could hear through walls of any thickness. And it did this by resorting to stinging personal criticism. Twang went the bow, the barbed arrow flew, and the callous ear suddenly awoke into astonishing powers of apprehension.

Audience was obtained. Now let there be a change of tone. Now let these people learn that we resorted to severities unwillingly; that our permanent purpose is not to wound, but to guide.

Alas! no, the temporary expedient had taken root and become a system of action. Honestly adopted, gallantly and unselfishly pursued, it is in our judgment mistaken, nevertheless. Give us the minimum of denunciation. Necessary it is at times; let necessity alone call it forth. Be as brave and persistent to assume candor in men, as to pierce their uncandor or to encounter their wrath.

We think Mr. Phillips not sufficiently sparing and considerate in the use of personal invective. We think him sometimes blamably hasty in his judgments. We think him subject to the influence of moods and occasions to a degree that diminishes his authority. We do not believe it quite feasible for any man to become a platform Rhadamanthus. But we know that even his mistakes have a noble origin; and now that the action of our government is to be mainly coincident with his purposes, and there is opening for him a broad field of happy activity, we look to see him even more lustrous in alliance with the state than he has been in resisting it. And while we could wish the special manners of the opposition cast aside, we can, with respect to the purposes he shall cherish, and the powers he shall employ, wish him nothing better than that he may continue to be himself.

Digitized by Google

Art. VI. — MODERN ROME.

1. *The Church and the Churches; or, The Papacy and the Temporal Power. An Historical and Political Review.* By Dr. Döllinger. Translated, with the Author's permission, by William Bernard MacCabe. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.
2. *Cathedra Petri: a Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate.* By Thomas Greenwood, M. A. Camb. and Durh., F. R. S. L., Barrister at Law. [4 vols.] London: Thickbroom Brothers. [1856 – 61.]
3. *Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie, ou Guelfes et Gibelins.* Par J. Ferrari. [4 vols.] Paris: Didier et C^ie^, Libraires-Editeurs. 1858.

In a former number* we undertook to sketch the outline and report the substance of the two lectures delivered in Munich, in 1861, by Dr. Döllinger, upon the temporal power of the Pope, which excited so much apprehension, and provoked so many controversies. From those lectures has arisen the work the title of which we have given above. It is a very full exposition, from the Catholic point of view, of the tendency and condition of the churches which contrive to do without the Pope. As an indication and a result of the progress of liberal opinions in the Roman Church, it has a significance and an interest which neither its false statements nor its feeble theories can wholly extinguish.

The first three volumes of Mr. Greenwood's very learned history have been noticed in our pages as they appeared.† The brilliant work of Ferrari, as eloquent as it is exhaustive, well deserves the applause it has received. In its method and its style the concluding part, upon modern Italy, is a masterpiece of philosophical narrative. Upon the problems these books suggest — upon that strange condition of the world they indicate, upon that history so full of sadness, if never wanting in promise, which they rehearse — it cannot but be wholesome for us at times to dwell.

Amidst the silence and the gloom of ages, — amidst the

* See Christian Examiner for September, 1862, p. 286.

† Christian Examiner for September, 1857, and January, 1862.

Digitized by Google

shadows and the wrecks of empire, — over the very pavement that rang once with the tramp of armies reeling home from a conquered world, — you may pass along the Appian Way, by the tombs of the Scipios and the palaces of the Cæsars, under the Arch of Constantine, to the Colosseum and the Roman Forum and the Capitol Hill. And the new Rome which lies beyond, crowded with temples and palaces, sombre and sad, is but the creation of the old Rome you have traversed, repeating at once its aspirations and its decay. Wherever you walk, — in the galleries of the Vatican, by the column of Trajan or the tomb of Hadrian, among the violets of the Campagna or the ilexes of the Ludovici Gardens, — this double character of the Roman world, this mysterious continuity of the Roman life, impresses the mind as at once the striking characteristic and the solemn lesson of Rome.

Christian Rome is but a repetition in another form of the pagan Rome it supplanted. The primitive Christianity was a reaction against the desolation of a worn-out world; its simplicity and its purity were in themselves a revelation to the jaded minds and the disordered conscience of men. As Eusebius said, it lighted the earth like a sunbeam. But when the novelty of its freshness was gone, the lower tendencies of men asserted themselves. The old world came back, with its superstitions and its ceremonies, with its worship of form and its craving for symbols. The Popes succeeded to the Cæsars, and the world-wide dominion of the Church followed that of the Empire. It was through the Papacy that for many centuries the religion of the world was controlled. Thus the modern civilization has taken its color, in part, from the paganism of ancient Rome.

The struggle of the Protestant mind with the Catholic Church has been but the old effort of the free will and the pure thought to throw off the impurities of superstition which tend to gather about the civilization they corrode. The progress of the world has come through reaction as often as through revolution. The will of man seldom keeps pace with his convictions; and at no period have the convictions of men embraced the whole of life. Thus a progress absorbing, violent, in one direction, excluding all other elements, and con-

Digitized by Google

tradicting all former experience, soon comes to an end. The inevitable law of reaction begins to operate; the tide-floods and the old evils come surging back. But no truth is ever lost, no ground ever permanently yielded. Over the turbulent waves of change the world passes on to its better life. That disintegrating process in philosophy which characterized the last age is still carried on in religion in this; the old superstitions are decaying, the old idols falling. But over all the earth, tyrannical, corrupting, the paganism of the past still confronts the civilization of the future. And the strongholds of that paganism are to-day, as they have been for ages, on the banks of the Tiber, within the walls of Rome.

In contemplating the history of the Church, it is a striking fact that, out of the eighteen centuries of its existence in Rome, there have not been much more than three in which the Popes have wielded the temporal power they abused. For seven centuries, indeed, the Church could show no territorial possessions at all. It was only at a later period — in that darkness which came over the earth upon the fall of the Roman Empire — that the minds of men, timorous and feeble, were guided by all the inspiration of the age to the only source of its power in the visible Church, with its supreme priest and its material hierarchy. It ill becomes us now, reaping the fruits of its piety and its toil, to misunderstand its character, or to undervalue its aims, in the earlier stages of its history. There is a beauty and a splendor in the work it did, which lift it above the glories of the Greeks or the achievements of the Cæsars. It was a spiritual empire, wielded with faith and courage and hope, however debased by ignorance, or clouded by superstition, — a saving element in the confusion and turbulence of a decaying civilization and a distracted world. To an exultant empire it threatened ruin, to a ruined empire it promised peace. The inspiration of its power was in the solace it breathed. For the first time since, breaking off from the primeval stock, they had occupied and redeemed the peninsula of Italy, the religious feelings of the Latin races were profoundly moved. A certain degree of intellectual progress was the condition of the Christian culture. The nations that received and diffused it could be European only.

Digitized by Google

But to be educated to a full comprehension of its truth, there was still another condition necessary, — the monotonous materialism of the Empire. As the permanent assurance of virtue is found in the reaction against vice, so, in the progress of the race, the spiritual elements in our nature are most active and most beneficent when the material tendencies of men have driven them into that condition of desolation and despair which precedes the breaking up of civilization.

But, however firmly established was the spiritual supremacy of the Popes, their temporal power could not but be affected by the turbulent condition of the age it sought to control. During the whole of the twelfth century the Popes had no fixed territory of their own in Italy. Previous to Innocent III., says Dr. Döllinger, "no Pope can be named who actually reigned over a large territory." The Popes had long had possessions, indeed, to which feudal services were attached, and from which incomes were derived, but no state which they governed. When Innocent entered upon his pontificate, in 1198, the territories of the Church were all in the hands of strangers. It was his task to bring together the scattered possessions of the Church, to obtain for the authority of the Popes the reverence it claimed. Then followed the strifes with the heads of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans. By its very nature the Papacy was aggressive. It sent its agents into all countries; it interfered in all disputes; the consciences of men were in its keeping; political relations, not less than personal acts, were the subjects of its scrutiny and its censure; and it pursued throughout a certain steady line of policy. A grasping, monopolizing power, ever intent on its plans, watching and waiting, it could not but excite distrust and provoke opposition. Hence the incessant interference of foreign nations in Italian affairs, hence the dissensions and the hostilities of Italian states.

The influence of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions was felt in every state, in almost every family, in Italy. The Guelphs, everywhere the democratic party, by asserting their right to interfere in the political relations of the state, threatened the success of the very cause they protected. With the Ghibellines sided the nobles and the great families, eager to secure

Digitized by Google

their independence and advance their interests by the aid of the Imperialists. Thus nearly all the sovereign rights of the Popes were usurped and exercised by cities and nobles, by monasteries and bishops. Restless, suspicious, and hostile, the inhabitants of Rome inclined to the Ghibelline party, looking upon themselves as the heirs of the great empire of Rome, and entitled to dictate the election of the Emperor who claimed to perpetuate its name.

But the election of the house of Anjou to the throne of Sicily changed the condition of Italy. The Guelphs, ceasing to be a national, became a French party, — that bastard Guelphdom which provoked the bitter hatred of Dante. For seventy years the Papacy was in the hands of France at Avignon. Already, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the free states of Italy were in decay. The tribune Rienzi revived for a moment, by the promise of a well-ordered republic, the remembrance of the ancient glories of Rome. But, unfortunately for Italy, he knew neither how to fight nor how to rule.

That tendency to disintegration, so characteristic of Italy, seemed at the close of the fifteenth century to have seized even the Popes themselves. The aggrandizement of their nephews and sons was their chief anxiety and effort; and this nepotism of theirs combined with the rankest elements of disorder to check the growth of the papal power. But the genius of Julius II. saved it from the ruin to which it was hastening. His skilful measures and his strong will restored its vigor and extended its sphere. It is from him, its third founder, that the Papacy dates one of its most brilliant periods.

In all the ruling nationalities which had been developed in the bosom of the Church, in all parts of Europe, there was observable, toward the close of the fifteenth century, a gradual change from the manners of the mediæval time. And when the transition took place to the modern, the work of the Papacy was done. From that moment it has been, in spite of its fluctuating successes and its apparent bloom, in inevitable decay. The great commonwealth of Europe could have arisen only under the spiritual supremacy of a universal Church. But when the various races which compose it had taken the form of nations, centralized and distinct, emulous each of the other,

Digitized by Google

while they retained the consciousness, which the Church had implanted, of belonging to one family, they rejected the doctrine of submission to one power, whether ecclesiastical or political. The councils of the Church ceased to be the congresses of nations. Rome followed the centralizing tendencies of the age. By the middle of the sixteenth century the Papal States were wholly subjugated to the Popes, while the actual government of the state was given over to ecclesiastics. Now arose that system of *prelati* which is still the standing abuse of Rome, — a system of absolutism with the Pontiff at its head, — the College of Cardinals being but a passive corporation, charged only with the duty of listening to the allocutions of the Popes it elects. The history of the world does not present a time, says Ranke, in which the clergy were more powerful than at the end of the sixteenth century. Fresh in its strength, untouched by the changes and reckless of the movement of the world, the Church of Rome vigorously and at once took advantage of the declining opposition, of the indifference and the weariness of men, to extend and deepen and perpetuate its power. Thus arose that monstrous spectacle of the return of Catholicism to countries from which it had been banished, of the intellectual enslavement and the moral degradation of Southern Europe.

But it is partly in the character of modern Protestantism also, that an explanation of this calamitous reaction is to be found. In the tyranny of its dogmas and the vindictiveness of its temper Protestantism rivalled the ancient Judaism it replaced. Inexorable, fanatical, the truth it had wrenched from a corrupt theology and a shameless priesthood was to know no alteration, — was to be the one saving element of the world forever. Timorous, distrustful, it was easy for the follower of the Church to fall away from the conclusions of his reason in order to satisfy the cravings of his heart.

Meanwhile, ceaseless, if often silent, the rebellion of European science and culture goes on against the bigotry of the mediæval superstition and the barbarism of the feudal age. There is not a riot or a battle or a treaty, as a late French writer remarks, which is not a proof or an accident of this pitiless war between theological dogmas and philosophical justice.

Digitized by Google

The French Revolution,— the worship of Reason inaugurated in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame, what is it but philosophy in action, — the *Encyclopédie* in the *Moniteur?* The age rejects authority. The progress of the world has not been religious, but scientific; not creative, but revolutionary.

And it is for that very reason that Catholicism still lingers, — still exhibits a strength out of all proportion to the enlightenment of the age. If the question of the Papacy were a religious one, the first tumult in the streets of Rome would put an end to it forever. It is, on the contrary, wholly a political question. Parliaments and priests alike treat it as such. In vain does Passaglia protest that it is not ancient but modern, not of heaven but of earth, not spiritual but carnal, — this doctrine that the majesty of the pontiff is allied with the majesty of the prince, that ecclesiastical depends upon political independence. The Popes, and the sovereigns who rely on the Popes to support and sanctify their despotism, know better. They know, that, if the papal chair be once overturned in Rome, the Papacy, as an agent of modern tyranny, is gone forever; that the superstition in which it finds its strength and its assurance is the last relic of that reverence of the pagan world for Rome which the Church has for so many ages inherited and fostered.

It is in the ignorance which breeds superstition, and in the fear of revolution which torments the soul, that the Church finds its allies and its hope. In periods of turbulent change, there is a craving among men for refuge and for rest. It is in the Church they find it. Outside of the Church, the religious experience of the age is tentative, uncertain, diverse. There is something in the enduring elements of Catholicism to inspire the confidence it claims. It comes down in an unbroken line of tradition from those who were taught of Christ. With singular skill, it has in all ages adapted itself to the religious cravings of men. It is the first to receive the newborn child, the last to leave the dying man; it is ever ready to listen to the cry of remorse, or to consecrate the prayer of penitence. Its promises are of pardon and peace and hope. Its unchanging nature was the cause alike of its success and its decay. The dogmas it proclaimed, like the charities it

Digitized by Google

established, were for all time, as for all men. And it is as if in mockery of its pretensions, that, obedient to the fates it defied, like all things earthly it is passing away among the shadows.

But while the spiritual government of the Church was dignified and stable, reposing in traditions, the temporal government was fluctuating and uncertain, changing with every new Pope, anxious to alter or improve the work of his predecessor. The pontificates were short, averaging not more than nine years. As a rule, the Popes were distinguished for piety or learning or ability, but unpractised in the affairs of state, often on the brink of the grave, old, sickly, obstinate. Like modern sovereigns, from the time of Sixtus V. (1585–90) they have left nothing to their successors but debts. The conflict ever going on between the ideas of the people and the doctrines of the Church — between constitutional government and absolute power — at last put an end forever to their political aspirations. To maintain themselves in their own possessions, and to exhibit to the world the graceful servitude of a people ruled over by priests, was henceforth their ambition and their aim. But "if the Catholic Church is to be governed by Rome, it will require Rome to be a true image of Catholicism." As, when Rome became mistress of the world, the world absorbed Rome, so Catholicism will absorb the Papacy, which, no longer Italian, will become European and universal. Such is the dream of the devout in the midst of the *doctrinaires* of progress.

Meanwhile, by virtue of that paganism which still clings to her soil, Italy has remained a stranger to Protestantism, philosophy, revolution, — those three phases of modern progress. In her mediæval as in her modern history, the ancient life is ever reappearing, — the life of cities, with their spectacles and eloquence and art. The Italian republics repeated the glories as well as the abuses of those of Greece. The principalities of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries revived the remembrance, while they rivalled the atrocities, of the tyrannies of Sicily. In its antipathy to centralization, Italy has remained faithful to the municipal spirit of antiquity. While the freedom and the simplicity of the Italian republics remained, the ancient ideas guided their life and moulded their

Digitized by Google

art. But when that fatal change which resulted from the decay of the municipal spirit came over the intellectual condition of Italy, the genial flow of the Italian life was checked, its vitality destroyed. Its inheritance of antiquity lost, there was no power in the intellect or the will of Italy to find another path to another civilization. The Gothic art, with its deep sentiment of the Infinite, could neither be imitated nor understood in Italy. While the Italian organized and enjoyed the republican life, the German developed the chivalry of the Middle Age. The Italian loved his city and his country; his pride was in its success, its wealth, its art. The German adopted an idea, and lived for the knighthood he founded.

The republics of Italy were freer even than the Cantons of Switzerland; but in this very freedom was the vice of their ancient descent. It was not the security of the individual, but the sovereignty of the state, at which they aimed; not to protect the citizen against the government, but, by its complete representation of the people, to strengthen the government against the citizen. In the permanence of its political forms, for centuries after the spirit was gone and the life exhaled, Italy exhibits, more than in any other feature of its character, the influence of the ancient life it has survived.

It was not till Napoleon descended from the Alps, to waste and conquer her soil, that the old condition of Italy was finally terminated, — that republics as ancient as the Consuls, and families which had lived through the fires and tumults of a thousand years, ceased to have an existence or a name. In one day were swept away eighteen centuries of history. The old oracles became silent, says Ferrari; the blood of St. Januarius obeyed the orders of a French general; Italian cathedrals served as stables for French dragoons; and the Goddess of Reason trampled under her feet the altar of Christ and the throne of the Cæsars. The inexorable law of progress, always avaricious of victims, may demand the life-blood of Italy for years to come, as it has for centuries past; but with it goes also, it must be remembered, the superstition which has blasted the earth.

The glory of modern Rome finds its culmination and its type in the age of Leo X. It was an age of marvellous fer-

Digitized by Google

tility as of unrivalled genius. Breaking away from the narrowness and the gloom of the Middle Age, the minds of men caught the inspiration of the new ideas which floated, as it were in the air, from land to land. The knowledge of the past dispersed the superstition of the present. The study of the old art kindled the new. For a time, indeed, it seemed as if with the forms the religion of antiquity would be revived. True to its instincts, the Italian life displayed again the beauty, the coldness also, of paganism. The reaction from the asceticism and the bigotry of a distorted faith threatened to sweep the world back into that very license of sensualism and mockery from which it had escaped. In a picture painted by Pinturicchio for Alexander VI., the beautiful Giulia Farnese appears as the Virgin, and Alexander himself as the Pontiff who adores her. More than the genius of the artist, the picture illustrates the condition and tendency of the age. From the hypocrisies and the juggleries of ecclesiastics, from the superstitions they had exalted, from the idolatry they had defended, the higher classes were inevitably and forever turning away. On the other side of the Alps, the Reformation filled up the intellectual void, while it supplied the moral wants which followed the destruction of the influence of the Church. But in Italy there was no reformation possible. In the bosom of the Church, which shielded and enriched them, the priests of Rome might laugh at the pomps by which the Church amused the people it enslaved; but the consciousness of their impotence to alter or destroy the system they despised, left them no resource in the religion they professed. The genial theism of the philosophers and wits, the contemplation of the ancient art, the imitation of the ancient models, the gentler delights or the baser vices of life, were all to which they could resort to task their activity or to relieve their idleness.

Brilliant as was the age of Leo X., its circle was a small one, and was compassed swiftly. The amenities of philosophy will not make up for the want of religion. An age which rests in the one and rejects the other, however fertile its genius or grand its aim or vast its achievements, falls rapidly away from all: its work is done, its vital forces are exhausted. Wearied with its glittering pomps and its vain successes, the new pro-

Digitized by Google

gress of the world rejects the ideal of unity and uniformity which it was the office of the mediæval Church to proclaim. Once again the world has left the old temples, to embrace a new idea. The spiritual sovereignty it seeks for now has nothing to gain from the recognition of a Constantine or the donations of a Charlemagne. In that broad domain of pure thought into which it is passing from the darkness of materialism and the corruptions of superstition, earthly symbols will no longer displace or extinguish divine realities. Leaving to the law its force, to the temporal power its traditional rights, the true papacy will no longer be of the Church, but of the individual.

In its decay and its gloom Rome symbolizes to-day the change which is going on in the religion it claims to guide. Its temporal power was not essence, but accident, — beginning late and ending as soon as the development of civilization in Europe set it in antagonism with the political pretensions of the Church. Its spiritual power will share the same fate, when the enlightenment of Europe has redeemed it from its superstitions. Already, as you walk the streets of Rome, it is as if there flitted by you the ghosts of the buried ages, — the shadows of the lost empire of the Cæsars and the Popes. In the basilicas, still upheld by the ancient columns and decked with the ancient marbles, the ceremonies of the Church repeat the rites of the temple. The gorgeous tiara of the Pope still glitters on *Corpus Domini*, as in the days when, at the wave of the papal hand, the Catholic world from the Alps to the Andes sank in awe upon its knees. Still, at the elevation of the Host, the vast crowds in St. Peter's sway and bend, and the halberds of the guards come ringing upon the pavement as when Michel Angelo looked upon the pageant for which he designed the costumes. Still, as in the prosperous days of Leo X., the cardinals, in gold embroideries and broad red hats, are driven in their gilded carriages, and bishops walk in processions in cloth of silver, with mitres on their heads. Harlequin lackeys in scarlet and purple and black, and brown-cowled Franciscans, and white Carmelites, and belted Capuchins, with the veiled figures of the penitent *sacconi*, and the midnight torches and crosses crowned with golden ivy; the acolytes wafting incense; the great Madonna figures; the pilgrims with their long staffs

Digitized by Google

and rosaries; the Carnival, with its tumultuous tossing of flowers and its flashing *maccoletti*, with its mad races and its quaint masquerades; the myriad lights streaming from St. Peter's dome at the going out of Lent, — they come and go as in a dream, to confuse the memory they sadden of that city of Rome which still sitteth upon her seven hills and still looketh out upon the ends of the earth.

Celui que Dieu a touché est toujours un être à part, says Renan. Silent and solitary in his island home, Garibaldi watches and waits for the sounding of the hour in which he is to break the chains of Rome. Silent and solitary also, apart from the tumult of the world it controls, intent to destroy the superstition of which through so many centuries Rome has been the symbol and the centre, watches and works the *spirit of the age*, — with its purer thought and its vaster activity, with its humbler faith and its sweeter rest, — with its vision of the infinite transfiguring the earth.

ART. VII. — CAMBRIDGE AND KINGSLEY ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

1. *Two Years Ago.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY.
2. *The London Times.*

AMERICA has never yet found time to do full justice to the great tide of feeling which swept over England, when the arrival of Lincoln's Proclamation of January 1st, 1863, convinced millions of Englishmen that the North was sincere in its opposition to slavery, — a fact which before was very seriously doubted. Americans have yet to learn with what deep sympathy their cause is regarded by the *majority* of Englishmen. No one who was present at the great Exeter Hall meeting (January 29, 1863) would speak of *England* as hostile or unsympathizing. Any such censures must be confined to the individuals or classes that really deserve them. It is safe to say that no such demonstration has been made on either side of the Atlantic. Sympathy is not the word. It was a tremendous,

Digitized by Google

an overwhelming burst of enthusiasm, the like of which has perhaps never been witnessed on an equally imposing scale, or for an equally august cause. The testimony of that meeting, with other testimony which we hope to present hereafter, is enough to justify the broad assertion, that, if the votes *of all classes of Englishmen* were taken to-day, there would be more than three to one in favor of the North.

America should judge England, not from an English standpoint, but from her own; and, very quietly ignoring the self-elected class-exponents of British opinion, should insist on calling the verdict of the people of England the true voice of the English nation. For that verdict she may confidently wait.

It is perfectly true, nevertheless, that an American might easily travel over England, and come to the conclusion that a large majority was against the North. If he would just obey the simple direction of following the Times newspaper everywhere, he could not fail to come to such a conclusion.

In large cities he would find its influence greatly neutralized by various causes; but if he be pursued into country-house after country-house by the inevitable sheet, he will be able to understand pretty accurately both where and how much of what is called English public opinion is manufactured.

It is right to say, however, that, upon the whole, the great influence of the "Times" has been well earned, not only by its general ability, its almost incredible liberality to its contributors and correspondents, and the unheard-of prices it pays for important intelligence; but also by its fearless exposure of wrongs perpetrated by persons high in station or authority, its steadfast opposition to all sinecures and shams, and its inflexible determination to ventilate every subject; — a habit, which it cannot utterly get rid of, even on the American question: witness the masterly letters of "Historicus," which have done such good service on both sides of the water.

Thus much in excuse for those who accepted its verdict on the American crisis. We presume that its influence is nowhere greater than in the Universities. Let us endeavor to account for this overmastering influence, to combat which would require more originality and independence than most persons possess.

Digitized by Google

In the "Union Debating Society" of Cambridge, the only one in the University, sixteen copies of the "Times" are taken in. These contain sixteen leading articles, running down everything in the United States; sixteen money articles, detailing the financial collapse in that unhappy country; sixteen letters from "Our Own Correspondent," giving a lamentable picture of the "distracted and despairing multitude," which courtesy alone would name a nation; and occasionally, sixteen letters from "Our Special Correspondent," giving a vivid picture of the scrupulous adherence to constitutional obligation, and the tender-hearted and chivalrous humanity, which are so universal in the Confederate States.

Now when we consider that students read that paper almost exclusively, and read it too, in some instances, with such care that they can discourse on American men and things quite as fluently, and possibly with quite as much real knowledge of the subject, as "our own correspondent" himself, — when we consider all this, can we be surprised if the tide of public sentiment runs so strongly in that seat of learning, that even a Professor of Modern History himself might find it easier and pleasanter to float down it than to stem it? Seeing that these things were so, a friend of ours endeavored to stem the tide, by proposing a debate at the Union on the following subject: "That the cause of the North is the cause of humanity and progress; and that the wide-spread sympathy for the South is the result of ignorance and misrepresentation."

We have only time to notice one thing which seemed to us very characteristic in the two consecutive nights of debate that followed. Not one speaker attempted to defend slavery. The object of all on the Southern side was to prove that slavery had nothing to do with Secession; that the South had seceded because of protective tariffs; that the negro was hated more and treated worse in the North than in the South; that the North were fighting to keep slavery *in* the Union, while the South were fighting to take it *out;* that thus, philanthropically speaking, there was not a pin to choose between the two, except, indeed, that the triumph of the South would render emancipation much more probable than it would be in any other event. On the whole, then, as the Southerners

Digitized by Google

were gallantly fighting for their independence, and as they were the weaker side, English sympathies should go for the South.

This was the opinion of the majority of the house; the vote taken being one hundred and seventeen to thirty-eight against the motion. It was a somewhat curious coincidence, that, just ten years before, the opener had taken part in a debate in this very Union, which decided, by an overwhelming majority, that the "immediate abolition of slavery in the United States is right, practicable, and politic." He was then one of the opposition, who contended (and it required some moral courage to go even so far as this), that just a little time might be granted for education, &c., the final result being agreed upon by all hands!

Disappointed and surprised at the prevailing tone of undergraduate sentiment, we turned, with well-founded hope, to the lecture-room, as no less a man than Charles Kingsley fills the chair of Modern History. He was just then engaged in the delivery of a course of lectures on the History of the United States down to the present hour, with considerable vaticination as to the future of that unique country. It is a very unusual thing to select a subject immediately connected with contemporaneous and exciting events; but it seemed all the more a timely and manly thing, that Mr. Kingsley should attempt to stem the prevailing current in the University, and set Young England right, by showing it the direction in which a true man's sympathies should be thrown. His position was peculiar. He had thoroughly committed himself, with the most noble *abandon*, to sympathy with the Republican party, and in his "Two Years Ago" had inserted a splendid episode, having nothing whatever to do with the main plot of the story, wherein he gave eloquent utterance to that sympathy. A very brief sketch of this episode will help us, further on, to illustrate and account for Mr. Kingsley's present position.

Marie Lavington is a beautiful slave-girl, whom Tom Thurnall, the hero of the book, has rescued in obedience to the dying prayer of a friend, and conveyed safe to Canada. Full of fire and genius, she becomes an actress, and, under an

Digitized by Google

Italian name, electrifies New York. Stangrave, a New York *millionnaire*, falls desperately in love with her, and follows her to London. She avows her settled purpose to marry, not a dawdler and *dilettante* fine gentleman, but a hero, — one who, like Sir Galahad, will vow a life-long search for the Holy Grail; and gives him plainly to understand that, for all true Americans, the Holy Grail means justice to the slave. (Chapter IX.) Stangrave hangs back.

"To be called on to act in the slavery question, the one on which he knew — as all sensible Americans do — that the life and death of his country depended, and which, for that very reason, he had carefully ignored till a more convenient season, finding in its very difficulty and danger an excuse for leaving it to solve itself, — to have this thrust on him, and by her, as the price of the thing which he must have or die! If she had asked him for his right hand, he would have given it sooner."

Half distracted, haunted, moreover, with a terrible suspicion that she has negro blood in her veins, he rushes off to the Continent, and comes at length to Ehrenbreitstein. Here, standing on the "broad stone of honor," and in full view of the dread panoply of war in "the greatest fortress of the world," he at last makes up his mind once and forever.

"Yes, Marie was right. Life is meant for work, and not for ease. To labor, in danger and in dread; to do a little good, ere the night comes when no man can work, — this, and not luxurious Broadway, — this, and not the comfortable New England village, — is the type of human life: and this is the model city! Armed industry, which tills the corn and vine among the cannon's mouths, — which never forgets their need, though it may mask and beautify their terror, but knows that, as long as cruelty and wrong exist on earth, man's destiny is to do and to suffer, and, if it must be so, to die."

Two years later the Preface finds him an ardent worker with the Republican party. The loss in 1856 is gain. In 1860 the wisest Englishmen shall no longer have any just cause to complain that the Republican platform is merely negative. A *cordon sanitaire* shall be drawn round the tainted States, and slavery must die.

No one can read "Two Years Ago" without seeing that Stangrave is the mouthpiece of Mr. Kingsley's thought on

Digitized by Google

the American question, and that he considered that the course taken by the Republican party was the wisest and best possible, notwithstanding that he foresaw clearly the danger of that course. One must read over again the book itself before he can either completely realize the grand, prophetic tone of the whole, or fully appreciate the feeling toward Charles Kingsley himself with which we entered the lecture-room at Cambridge. Was it really Charles Kingsley who stood there, recanting, amid "much applause," every manly word he had ever uttered on the American question? We will endeavor to give a sample of the spirit of what we heard. We do not vouch for the exact words; we give the sense and substance and spirit of the whole.

"The North herself ought to have broken up the Union in 1850, at the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law." From that moment, the lecturer seemed to imply, nothing but submission was possible; any resistance, any effort even to recover the lost ground, was positively wrong. From that time, his business was to show that the North had been perpetually irritating the South by interference, — interference, it should seem, quite gratuitous and unwarrantable. The hearer found his sympathies going out gradually toward the South, until the climax of secession was reached, concerning which, "though the constitutional right was an open question, yet the moral right was undoubted"! This, of course, was the clinching statement. If the South had a "moral right" to secede, then it was clearly a "moral wrong" on the part of the North to try to prevent it, and from that moment, of course, the whole guilt of the struggle rested upon the North. Even for the interests of the negro himself, it was better to yield, as there was at least a chance of rescuing some of the Territories from slavery by peaceful emigration, while the country and humanity would alike have been spared all these torrents of blood!

"The only men in the United States whose principles he had respected were the Abolitionists. But they had put themselves completely out of court by going headlong into the war, instead of opposing it with all their might."

"War was a worse evil than all the slavery which ever existed since the world began."

Digitized by Google

The novelist thought otherwise: —

"What if the most necessary art, next to the art of agriculture, be, after all, the art of war? We have forgotten that the history of the world has as yet been written in blood, that the story of the human race is the story of its heroes and martyrs, the slayers and the slain." *

Charles Kingsley, the preacher, shall also give his testimony. In his "Sermons for the Times," (sermon on Providence,) this passage occurs, in reference to the Crimean war.

"I do not complain of the war. I honor the war. I am none of those who think war sinful. I cannot do so, for I swore at my baptism to fight manfully under Christ's banner against the world, the flesh, and the Devil; and, if we cannot reach the Devil and his works by other means, we must reach them, as we are doing now, by sharp shot and cold steel."

That such dread alternative was only too possible in America, the novelist almost prophetically foresees.

"Stangrave," says Claude Mellot, "can any moderation on your part ward it off? Where there is crime, there is vengeance; and without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

The novelist, one sees, could well understand why men who had spoken manful words on behalf of a good cause so long should be the first to fight for it, when the time for fighting came. It appears to be the lecturer's duty to show, by his own example, how a man may rouse and urge others to make a stand against a giant wrong, and then ingloriously retreat when action, and, if need be, sacrifice, are demanded.

Mr. Kingsley seemed to consider the determination of the slaveholders to force the Missouri Compromise in 1820 perfectly natural, and their determination to break it in 1850 equally so. The "balance of power" imperiously demanded both measures. "Perfectly natural" that Slavery and Freedom should just balance, that God should just hold his own against the Devil! In "Two Years Ago," this had been one of the reasons why Stangrave took no part in American politics.

"To gain place and power on the side of the majority was to lend himself to that fatal policy, which, ever since the Missouri Compromise

* Vol. II. Chap. IX., Tauchnitz edition.

Digitized by Google

of 1820, has been gradually making the Northern States more and more the tools of the Southern ones." (!)

The lecturer proceeds: —

"With regard to the history of the Kansas troubles, he thought that the question of right and wrong was pretty evenly balanced. There were many acts of violence committed on both sides. Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Governor, had, it is true, written a book in which there were many severe statements. But we must bear in mind, that as yet we had heard nothing from the other side."

Now we in New England had known that it was an heroic thing for peaceable men, who had never used a weapon in their lives, to go down to Kansas from homes in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, for the avowed purpose of consecrating that soil forever to freedom. These men went in what we know was a holy cause, — went accompanied by the prayers and blessings of all the friends of liberty and humanity. And now the chair of History pronounces that their character and conduct was about on a par with that of the border ruffians of Missouri! But let the novelist answer the Professor: —

"The system [slavery] will die a natural death, if it be prevented from enlarging its field. None know this better than the Southerners themselves. What makes them ready just now to risk honor, justice, even the common law of nations and humanity, in the struggle for new slave territory? What but the consciousness that without virgin soil, which will yield rapid and enormous profit to slave labor, they and their institution will be ruined?"

Again: —

"With regard to the knocking down of Mr. Sumner, while he could not justify the act, yet, in palliation thereof, he must say that the speech of Mr. Sumner was one of the most outrageously insulting he ever read."

The Charles Kingsley of other days would, we think, have remembered at least this, — that it required high moral courage to make that speech at all, uttered as it was in the teeth of a determined and reckless majority of men pledged to the support of the slaveholding interest. The cruel wrongs inflicted on Kansas were fresh in his mind, and he felt that a woe was on him, if, in the presence of its sworn and passionate defend-

Digitized by Google

ers, he did not proclaim aloud the "barbarism of slavery." In "Two Years Ago" we read: —

"They [the slaveholders] do need pity, if any sinners do; for slavery seems to be — to judge from Mr. Brooks's triumph — a greater moral curse and a heavier degradation to the slaveholder himself than it ever can be to the slave."

"No wonder, while such men [the Calvinists] have the teaching of the people, that it is necessary still in the nineteenth century, amid some human beings, for such a man as Mr. Sumner to rebut, in sober earnest, the argument that the negro was the descendant of Canaan, doomed to eternal slavery by Noah's curse!"

And again: —

"Several States had passed Personal Liberty Bills, in direct antagonism with the Fugitive Slave Law."

It must be confessed that the North, law-abiding as it was, did detest the Fugitive Slave Law, carried it out with surly reluctance, and even opposed and thwarted it in every possible way. But could Charles Kingsley find nothing to say in behalf of men who grieved over the sad truth, that a legal right was founded on a moral wrong, — who felt that, though the Fugitive Slave Law was the law of the land, there was a higher law of God above it, which ought to be obeyed before it? Could the author of "Two Years Ago" draw no distinction between men who went so far as even to violate the Constitution in the interests of humanity, and men who violated it a thousand times more grossly in the interests of oppression?

"The last instance of the antagonistic and unconciliating spirit of the North was their refusal to accept the Crittenden Compromise, which might have settled the matter without bloodshed."

How strangely does the verdict of the impartial Chair of History reverse that which men pass upon themselves! Even when war lowered as the certain consequence, men here thanked God that the sorely tempted Congress had stood firm in rejecting it. To accept that compromise would have been to betray their principles, and would have undone all that the grand political triumph had assured, — namely, the consecration of the Territories of the United States forever to freedom.

"Undoubtedly Floyd, who was then Secretary of War, carefully re-

Digitized by Google

moved the garrisons from the various forts of the United States, situated in Confederate territory. But he did this in the interests of humanity, to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. Secession was inevitable. It was therefore better to keep clear from collision as far as possible." (!)

Fancy Lord Palmerston sending one hundred and fifty thousand muskets, in the interests of humanity, to an Irish rebellion; and, to avoid bloodshed, removing every soldier from Cork to Dublin!

According to Mr. Kingsley, the uprising of the North, after the fall of Sumter, was "certainly the most unreasonable and unaccountable ebullition of popular feeling" ever heard of.

"The flag of the United States had already been fired at, and the authority of the government openly repudiated, and yet no such manifestation was made. Why, then, any more after Sumter?"

O shameful travesty of the long-suffering patience of a great people! Never was a nation driven to war with such utter reluctance as the United States. The North hoped against hope, that the sober second-thought of the South would arrest it even at the very edge of the gulf of ruin. Secession ordinances were passed, armies levied, batteries raised, and the United States flag insulted and buried with ignominy; even a shot was fired across the bow of a steamer bearing that flag, and yet the North hoped on. But when Sumter fell, all men with a shudder felt that the die was cast, and awful fratricidal war begun.

"As the descendant of slaveholders himself, he eloquently pleaded for a fair judgment, an impartial hearing, on behalf of the slaveholders in the South."

It seemed to one listener, at least, that such an appeal was not strictly needed by the audience actually before him. Those who repeatedly cheered every word he uttered in favor of the Confederates were already in a perfectly pious and charitable state of mind toward those much-abused individuals. The author of "Two Years Ago" asked for justice to the slaveholder, too, but in a spirit how different from that of the lecturer!

"I cannot hate those slaveholders," says Stangrave. "I cannot deny that they are no worse men than I; that I should have done what they

Digitized by Google

are doing, have said what they are saying, had I been bred up as they have been, with irresponsible power over the souls and bodies of human beings. God! I shudder at the fancy! The brute that I might have been, that I should have been!"

Again, in the Preface: —

"What man among us Northerners can feel, as I do, what these hapless men may have deserved? I who have day and night before me the brand of their cruelty, filling my heart with fire? I need all my strength, all my reason, at times to say to myself, as I say to others, Are not these slaveholders men of like passions with yourself? what have they done which you would not have done in their place?"

The lecturer concluded his appeal by stating that the applause of the world was ready for the Confederates, if they would commence the work of emancipation. They had already taken a step in the right direction, by solemnly prohibiting the reopening of the slave-trade at the very commencement of their political existence!

But finally: —

"Slavery is a thing with which the Southerners alone have anything to do." "It is their business, and must be left to them."

Then we suppose that the African slave-trade is a thing with which African slave-traders alone have anything to do. But if this be so, why, in the name of everything sane, has England hounded on the Northern States for twenty years to do something in the matter? If so, why was "Two Years Ago" ever written? If so, how shamefully did the novelist behave to Stangrave! Here was a man already occupied in doing his duty as hard as he could, — namely, in "letting the South alone," and "leaving slavery to the slaveholders themselves"! — and so unusually fortunate as to find that duty and inclination went pleasantly hand in hand, both alike bidding him lounge round Europe at his ease, amid pictures, music, and statues, and leave the dirty politics at home to take care of themselves. Putting the plain dictates of duty out of the question, he "had no wish to be threatened in Congress with having his Northerner's 'ears nailed to the counter, like his own base coin,' or to be informed that he, with the 17,000,000 of the North, were the 'white slaves' of a South-

Digitized by Google

ern aristocracy of 350,000 slaveholders." Thus he passed a happy life, his taste gratified, culture advancing, conscience at rest. And yet the novelist coarsely calls this "cynicism," "Epicureanism." Art is his "idol," and "cultivation his substitute for the plain duty of patriotism"! And the "plain duty of patriotism" is — heavens! — to refuse to "let the South alone"; to do the exact opposite of "leaving slavery to the slaveholders themselves," — namely, himself "to be useful to the negro"; to make "abolition the Sangreal in the quest of which he is to go forth"; to do it, too, peaceably if he can, forcibly if he must!

Hear with what soliloquies the novelist stirs up his hero: —

"We boast of our nobleness; better to take the only opportunity of showing it which we have ever had since we have become a nation! Heaped with every blessing which God could give; beyond the reach of sorrow, a check, or even an interference; shut out from all the world in God's new Eden, — God only laid on us one duty, one command, to right one simple, confessed, conscious wrong.

"And what have we done, what have even I done? We have steadily, deliberately cringed at the feet of the wrong-doer, even while we boasted our superiority to him at every point, and at last, for our own selfish ease, helped him to forge new chains for his victims, and received as our only reward fresh insults."

After all this, it may be interesting to record the final vatication with which the lecturer wound up his course: —

"I seem to see, not two, but four, great empires. First. The Southern Confederacy will inevitably be declared independent. Second. The agricultural interests of the great West will separate her from the East, and Illinois, Iowa, &c. will set up for themselves. Third. California, now left alone, will assert her independence. Fourth. A somewhat singular destiny awaits the industrious, intelligent, and enterprising community of Puritan New England. They will" (we substitute here the American way of putting it for the more euphemistic phrase of the Professor) be "left out in the cold"!

This was the Professor's parting prophecy. He then brought the whole course to a fitting close with the following fresh and striking words: —

"I shall have accomplished all I have wished, if these lectures have

Digitized by Google

brought home to one young man this vital truth: 'Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man'!"

But enough, and more than enough, of this really sickening business. What malignant fate urged Kingsley to open his lips in this perfectly gratuitous way, — when common decency and self-respect imperiously demanded of him at least to be silent, — and thus give the lie to a noble past, we cannot even conjecture. It remains only to add, that, the very day after we first heard him, we beheld the author of "Two Years Ago" at a great dinner, seated, as a compliment, next at table to the author of the "Fugitive Slave Bill"! The compliment was fitly paid!

Have we been unjust? We fear not. True, the lecturer asked his audience to pity the North a little, remembering how natural it was for men to be exceedingly sore at the sure prospect of losing forever an empire that once had promised to be so colossal! But not one word was uttered which could have led a man to dream that, five years before, Charles Kingsley had led the van among English sympathizers for the cause of freedom in America.

Charles Kingsley! you well knew that to resist the advance of American slavery was no child's play. You, at least, were not blind to the awful consequences which might result from the triumph of the Republican party. And yet to this result no English writer contributed more than you. You did all you could to urge us on to this; and now you desert us at the very moment when we are carrying out what you so vehemently desired, bringing it about in the very way you so ably advocated. You, least of all Englishmen, cannot plead ignorance. You have studied American history. You saw this crisis from afar; you knew that it was inevitable, and feared that it might be bloody; and yet your cry was, Onward! It was you who drew the type of the American hero. With your burning words you stung him into manhood; with your own hands you knighted him, and bade the fairest of the oppressed race herself buckle on his sword, and send him forth in search of the Holy Grail, — her love his guerdon, and his watchword, God and Liberty. And now it seems his sacred quest was but a fool's errand; he was only a poor busybody, meddling with

Digitized by Google

other people's business; for oppression is a matter that concerns no one but the oppressors themselves!

ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν
χωροῦσι παγαί,
*καὶ δίκα καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.**

Charles Kingsley! there is scarce an English writer living whose works have been more widely, more affectionately read in America, than yours. "Yeast" and "Hypatia" have at least as many ardent admirers here as they have in England. And when in "Two Years Ago" you went out of your way to deliver manly testimony on behalf of what then seemed a feeble and suffering cause, — the cause of the American slave, — spoiling a good novel to make a better protest, men felt that they could have prophesied beforehand what side the self-elected champion of the weak and oppressed everywhere would and must take.

When, therefore, the great conflict which you seemed so clearly to foresee actually burst forth in all its fury, there was scarce a man in England whose sympathy was more surely counted on than yours; and when the unwelcome news of the utter alienation of these sympathies began slowly to find its way to America, it was received at first with an incredulity which proof positive converted into simple astonishment and grief.

What is it, then, we ask of you? Simply this: Do not publish your Cambridge Lectures. We ask this, not for America's sake, but for your own. Their publication will not harm her, but will damage you; and will wound and alienate ten thousand hearts who fain would love you yet. Consign them at once to the oblivion which they ought never to have quitted. Then, in happier times, when America's day of agony is over, she may be able to forget that you stood aloof from her, when one word of cheer from your lips would have been most precious, and remember only the Charles Kingsley that she loved, for the sake of the noble stand he once took on the side of suffering humanity.

---

* Euripides, Medea, v. 411.

Digitized by Google

Art. VIII. — ENGLISH EXPOSITIONS OF NEUTRALITY.

1. *Neutral Relations of England and the United States.* By Charles G. Loring. Boston: William V. Spencer.
2. *Our Foreign Relations. Speech of* Hon. Charles Sumner *before the Citizens of New York, Sept.* 10, 1863. Boston: William V. Spencer.

These two publications contain — one in the calm style of legal exposition, the other tersely and keenly, as befits a popular address — perhaps the most painful and discreditable chapter in the history of our national trouble. We have purposely refrained from saying much, hitherto, on a topic so full of exasperation and bitterness as the practical interpretation which England has given of the theory and duties of "neutrality." It was impossible to speak of it without seeming desirous to fan the animosity which we deplored as a serious calamity; or else, at the expense of good faith, to palliate that "disdainful indifference, if not settled hostility," which (in Mr. Loring's words) has characterized the present Ministry of Great Britain. "The civilized world," he adds, "is already looking upon the spectacle with indignation, and the honest-hearted English people, when once aroused to a comprehension of the truth, will behold with grief and shame the indelible page thus written in their country's history."

That page will tell how, from the first moment of this nation's struggle, it was eagerly assumed by the governing classes in England that the struggle must be hopeless; that, acting on this indecent assumption, the British Ministry subjected our Ambassador, on the very morning of his arrival, to the singular affront of finding in the newspapers that a proclamation of "neutrality" had been issued, and the prestige of "belligerent rights" had been accorded to the Southern rebellion, for which struggling Greece waited six years, which independent Hungary besought in vain, and heroic Poland has fought these nine months without obtaining; that every subsequent interpretation of that "neutrality" and those "belligerent rights" has been strained to favor the insurrection and to dishearten and paralyze the nation; that, when possible inter-

Digitized by Google

vention has been spoken of, it has always been assumed that it must be in the interest of Secession, and against the life of the Republic; that when our government sought to avert some of the worst atrocities of war by accepting the convention which abolished privateering, it was suffered to conduct negotiations to that end for nearly three months, and then, at the moment before the final formalities of signature, was notified that the "belligerent right" of the seceded States to prey on our commerce was already conceded, and could not be infringed upon; that when a storm of popular fury, threatening instant war, had arisen out of what proved to be a pure misunderstanding, the same Ministry suppressed for a month the easy explanation which would have made all calm and clear; that, having thus uttered or permitted the most deadly threats for an unintended trespass on neutral privileges, it afterwards permitted, without remonstrance, the wholesale destruction at sea of British property in American ships, by privateers fitted out in their own ports, manned with their own subjects, armed with their own guns, and illegally using the British flag to decoy our friendly commerce, lest perchance some "belligerent" privilege of doing us damage might be diminished; that, having suffered the "Alabama," through the sloth of one officer and the indisposition of another, to get clear on its piratical voyage, it claimed merit by the additional mockery of warning her off from Queenstown and Nassau, leaving her free to recruit at Kingston, Trinidad, and Cape Town, and to burn her prizes in the British waters of St. Simon's Bay; and, finally, that all this has been done under loud professions of "neutrality," amid great assumptions of merit for not showing us open hostility, and with the applause, not only of politicians and speculators in piracy, but of men of letters, who bend lame law, loose logic, false facts, and cheap casuistry to the task of convincing us that we ought to be sincerely grateful for these expositions of neutrality.

And, in a measure, we are grateful for them. Things might surely have been worse. Mr. Forster, M. P., who has said many noble words for us, and who urges that, "as far as the action of the country is concerned, the Americans have little or no reason to find fault," testifies that "he has felt, when he advocated a neutral policy, that he had not got the feeling of the

Digitized by Google

House on his side"; and says that the "Government has resisted the notoriously strong pressure on the part of France to depart from strict neutrality, and recognize the South." * It is some comfort to know that the Rebel envoy, for whose arrest on board the "Trent" the British nation, less than two years ago, were ready to fly into war, has found it desirable to withdraw to Paris. It is still more satisfactory to know that his departure was hastened by the course of the English Cabinet in refraining from the further crime and infamy of permitting the "steam rams" to sail from Liverpool, — not, as the "Times" is careful to urge, that such permission would be either a dishonor, or an offence to true neutrality, but that it would be likely to have inconvenient consequences, since Great Britain may hereafter be in the position of a belligerent, and other powers would be likely to take note of such occurrences. Possibly a prudent respect to Russia, possibly a jealousy of France, — which last is strongly indicated in Mr. Forster's speech just quoted, — may have something to do with the reviving sense of the duties of neutrality. Possibly the hints of a new Catholic league under the auspices of the third Napoleon, and of "the rehabilitation of the Latin races" in a desperate crusade against the North, may have stirred some dim reminiscence of a feeling, so strong five years ago, that England and America are natural allies, and their destinies, for weal or woe, cannot be long separate; and possibly may prepare the way for that restoration of good feeling which we have never looked on as quite impossible. To the noble augury of it in that manifestation of feeling, last winter, which proved that, after two years of miserable misunderstanding and reproach, the great heart of the English people was with us in our struggle, we gave a brief but cordial recognition some months ago.† It is our hope shortly to present the testimony — full, direct, and personal — which may do fair justice to that grand display of popular sentiment. At present, and in introduction to it, we desire to say a few words on the circumstances which helped to bring about the great and all but fatal misunderstanding. At this distance of time, and

* Speech at Leeds, of September 21.

† See Christian Examiner for March, 1863.

Digitized by Google

with the better hope of the future now existing, we can view them patiently; and a review of them may be an aid, not only in explaining the mistakes of the past, but in accepting the duties which the coming time may bring.

It is well for us to remember, then, that, at the first outbreak of the rebellion, the English public were taken by surprise. All the great industrial interests were startled, and the leading statesmen felt uneasy. The threats of the South had been regarded as the ebullition of excited partisanship, or the old game of Southern intimidation. Even after Charleston had thrown down the gauntlet, and South Carolina had defied the Federal authority, English writers did not look to actual disunion. The sages at Printing-House Square thought the Southerners "in time would cool down from the bluster so profusely used in electioneering," and told their readers it was impossible the Southern States should maintain, in the face of the world, so strong a position as they now held as members of the great American confederacy; the wise and cool heads of the South "would think better of it, and turn their activity into the more practical currents of providing Mr. Lincoln with a Democratic successor in 1864." But the hot haste of the Cotton States precipitated events, and both the British press and statesmen were confronted with the fact of threatened war. Then public opinion ripened very fast. The leaders, almost at a single bound, jumped to the conclusion that the separation would be lasting. As early as April 9th, 1861, Mr. Dallas writes to Mr. Seward that "English opinion tends rather, I apprehend, to the theory that a peaceful separation may work beneficently for both groups of States, and not injuriously affect the world." The leading British statesmen regarded separation as a foregone conclusion, and the policy of the government was shaped in anticipation of that event. And Sir John Bowring writes to an American friend, November 7th, 1861: "I never knew a question in which there was so much unanimity of views among our wise and good men as this. We want you, as freemen, as philosophers, as statesmen, as Christians, to settle in peace what war will never settle."

A dispassionate observer is not surprised at the difficulties which beset an English statesman when he tries to understand

Digitized by Google

the real principles that underlie the American struggle. Accustomed to shape his foreign policy on the basis of European precedents, familiar with a continent on which rival nations exist side by side, and constantly pressed with the question of balance of power in arranging foreign treaties, it is natural he should regard rather with complacency than alarm the prospect of half a dozen petty confederacies developing into so many independent nationalities. Speak to him of the settled conviction of the North respecting the Union, — a conviction wrought into the minds of millions by the most sacred ties of tradition, national pride, personal ambition, the dictates of self-interest, and the inspirations of patriotism, — speak to him of the intensity with which this exists, having all the features of an abiding passion, and he ridicules it. Tell him that the swarming millions who are now reducing the virgin prairies, and making of the great central American valley one of the chief granaries of the world, will give to another nation the control of the mouth of the Mississippi only "when the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, which form the eastern and western walls of the imperial valley, shall sink to the level of the sea, and the Missouri and Mississippi shall flow back to their fountains," he may accept your rhetoric and smile at your earnestness, while he quietly points to the Danube and the Rhine as touching several powerful empires. Hence, when the news of the universal uprising reached Printing-House Square and Downing Street, editors and politicians were astounded. "How absurd," they exclaimed, "to pour out so much blood and waste millions on an abstraction!"

Then, again, American opinion in Europe strongly drifted in the currents of Secession. Southern politicians had taken care to have the chief consulates in the hands of their friends. Lord Lyons mingled in circles at Washington where treason was openly avowed. The statesmen whom he had been accustomed to see at the heads of department, or in Congress, shaping the legislation of the country, — the politicians who moulded parties and wielded the executive patronage, — these were either avowed Secessionists or coquetted with the South; Mr. Buchanan parleyed with the Confederate Commissioners, and gave signs of weakness; — these facts and the unofficial

Digitized by Google

conversations with men who, yet retaining office, were plotting the destruction of the government, were the materials of which he wove his despatches to Downing Street. Beside all this, the policy of the incoming administration was uncertain. Even after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration the press teemed with rumors that the Washington Cabinet was discussing the policy of withdrawing the Federal forces from Charleston. It was uncertain how far the Northern Democracy would go in support of the government. The Secession leaders counted to a large extent on their sympathy and friendly co-operation. Mayor Wood had the audacity to suggest the secession of New York city from the State. The "Herald" was trimming sail, ready to shift North or South, just as the popular breeze blew most powerfully. Mr. Russell wrote to the "Times," that men had lost faith in republican institutions, that New York cared for nothing but the dollar, and its merchants were more eager for a profitable trade with the South than zealous to uphold the nation. All these events were regarded in England as unmistakable signs of the breaking up of the great Republic of the West. It was a picture which the aristocracy could gaze on without reluctance. Calling to mind the triumphant air with which Mr. Bright, in advocating an enlargement of the ballot, had pointed to the prosperity and wonderful growth of the United States as an illustration of the benefits reaped by a more extended suffrage, the Tory press saw, in the tumbling of the democratic fabric, the refutation of his argument and the falsehood of his prophecy. "See," they cried, "the failure of republican institutions!" And we cannot deny that such words seemed but too plausible then.

Moreover, the interests of trade took alarm the moment an appeal to arms was probable. "The terrible reality of the civil war in America flushes up," so that the Times tells its readers that they must "lay aside their sympathies," and, on account "of the enormous interests at stake, remember that charity begins at home." While deploring the catastrophe, "our first thought must necessarily be given to its commercial effects." At Liverpool, men asked, What can Lancashire do without Charleston? The passage of the "Morrill Tariff" added to the wide-spread consternation. By this act twenty

Digitized by Google

millions sterling of British products were in danger of exclusion from Northern ports. What would be done with the nearly four millions' worth of cutlery useless at Birmingham? Sheffield, South Staffordshire, and Wolverhampton were in dismay. How shall we find work for the four millions of cotton operatives? When we remember the extent and magnitude of the interests at stake, we see at a glance that the passage of the new tariff bill must have been regarded in England with great disfavor. The free-traders were enraged. On the other hand, the Southern emissaries promised to open their ports to English products in exchange for cotton. Mr. Yancey, stoutly denying that he had advocated the reopening of the foreign slave-trade, adroitly tried to make Liverpool think that the real question at issue was tariff and free-trade. The Times, now the partisan of the South, shouted, "The North has manacled the country with the fetters of protection." The old anti-tariff speeches of Southern free-traders were brought forward, and the slaveholders in London maintained that the real aim of the North was to coerce the South, and grow rich by a monopoly of trade. England was at that time in a mood to be powerfully influenced by these considerations, and to jump at hasty conclusions concerning the real questions in the controversy.

Then, again, the antislavery party in England occupied at first the position which Garrison and Phillips had assumed before the war was actually begun. They remembered that Abolitionists had been mobbed at the North, — that the prejudice against the negro was as intense and wide-spread as it was unjust and ungenerous. They pointed to the emphatic declaration of Mr. Lincoln, that he would enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, and scrupulously guard the constitutional rights of slavery. They saw the resolves of Congress, and knew the evident disposition of a majority to buy back the South, by additional guaranties to the safety of "the peculiar institution." All this sapped their faith in the sincerity and genuine love of freedom of the North. The Foreign Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared in Parliament, and repeated in public speeches, that the contest was for independence on the one hand and empire on the other. Lord Brougham, whose

Digitized by Google

stirring words in the antislavery cause will live as specimens of British eloquence, unmindful of the principles underlying this struggle, also ignored the question of slavery, and joined in friendly but earnest entreaties to his American friends to put an end to this "unnatural and miserable war."

This neutral temper, verging on unfriendliness, was confirmed by the tone of the American press. When the proclamation of neutrality reached this country, the people were in the full glow of patriotic fervor. The universal uprising of the North awakened the most ardent confidence. The rebellion, it was thought, would soon be crushed. The public pulse beat with high expectation. When it was announced that the English government had extended a *quasi* recognition to the South, the American press replied in angry and defiant words. Foolish things were said about our ability to "encounter a world in arms." New York journals speculated on the value of Quebec and Montreal to the United States. At once the Rebel agents fanned the flame. They spread the reckless and boastful threats of the newspapers before the British public, as an indication of the prevalent feeling at the North. In turn they sent back rumors of the intention of England to break the blockade. The unofficial meeting of Mr. Yancey and his colleagues with the Foreign Secretary was interpreted as a sign of speedy recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Subsequently, at the defeat of Bull Run, came the sharp and irritating criticism of a portion of the British press. Hot words went to and fro; calm and thoughtful men feared we were on the verge of a foreign war. Mr. Seward's circular to the Governors, recommending the defence of the coast and northern border, was read in London as a threat, and his somewhat sharp correspondence with Lord Lyons increased, instead of allaying, the soreness. Thus opinion in England was ripe for an outbreak, when the report of the detention of the Trent and forcible seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell was received. At once the suspicion arose that the act was an intentional insult. The seizure, it was said, was prearranged in Washington, and Mr. Seward was represented as desirous to pick a quarrel with England, that he might have an excuse for abandoning a struggle he saw to be hope-

Digitized by Google

less, and letting the South go. The government fell in with the universal current of popular passion. The national armories and dock-yards resounded with the din of preparation. Troops and military stores were despatched to Canada, and the people who, a short time before, were so shocked at the idea that a young, proud, and powerful republic should pour out its best blood for its very existence, were ready, for a supposed insult to their flag, to cry out for war. But this saturnalia of excitement was brief, and the affair, on the whole, ended in a decided advantage to the North. Many fallacies were stripped from the popular mind. This period may be regarded as the culmination of anti-American feeling. The tide changed. Mr. Adams writes to Mr. Seward, that "the mind of the government of Great Britain and the nation is somewhat disabused of the very unjust idea that this government entertains sentiments of hostility towards them." He also adds: "I have reason to believe that the *casus belli* in the Trent affair has proved a most serious obstacle in the way of all the calculations made by the party disposed to sow dissensions between the two countries."

We have thus traced, very briefly, the course of events that led to so deep and bitter alienation of feeling between two great and kindred nations. We have no disposition to conceal that there was fault on both sides; and are as ready frankly to acknowledge what was wrong here, as calmly to allow for whatever may excuse or at least account for the wrong on the other side. The circumstances we have mentioned show how natural it was for the English nation to think our contest was a hopeless one, and even to wish it so. They help us see how the tone of impatience and irritation was hardly to be avoided, in view of the surprise, the inconvenience, the obscure dread of the future, which such a war carried with it. They justify, probably, the attitude of the most scrupulous neutrality, so far as that means withholding any actual help, by word or act, to either party in the contest, — one in which the pride of the nation, whose fortunes were at stake in it, so strongly resents the meddling of any foreign umpire. But they do not justify the tone of discourtesy and disdain which was suffered to infect the language of diplomacy. They do not justify the

Digitized by Google

wilful disparagement and misunderstanding of the struggle, so marked in the prevalent style of English criticism, and so admirably answered in the clear and intelligent statement of the points at issue made from the first by such men as Professor Newman and Mr. Mill. They do not justify the eager abandonment of the old faith in liberty, and the ostentatious avowal of new sympathies and defences for human slavery. Still less do they justify the strange and unfriendly interpretation which the English nation has chosen to give of its chosen attitude of neutrality. For its exposition of the rights of neutrals, England has left on record the case of the Trent; for its exposition of the duties of neutrals, the case of the Alabama. She had not the magnanimity to seize the critical time, and by a wise and generous course make fast friends of a strong nation in its trial: she had not the bold and frank wickedness to strike a blow where she might have done it with some show of cause, and so crippled the right arm of our strength perhaps for generations. Like the Samnite commander at the Caudine Forks, she chose the middle course, — to irritate without disarming, and to insult where she would not kill. But we remember in her favor the noble words of some of her foremost men, and the pathetic fidelity of her suffering multitudes to their faith in liberty and their good-will to the cause of the Republic. In Earl Russell's late speech at Blairgowrie, we are glad to recognize a voice truer and friendlier than we have been accustomed of late to hear from places of authority in Great Britain; we accept, in preference to Mr. Lindsey's denial, his assurance that the great majority of Englishmen are for us, and not against us; and, with the passing away of that last most irritating suspicion of bad faith in the matter of Laird's steam-rams, we will hope that the time of a better mutual understanding is already come.

Earl Russell's speech is an ingenious vindication of the attitude and policy of the Cabinet in which his own part has been so prominent. In some points it is a clear and forcible statement of those rights and duties of neutrality which England has seemed in especial danger of forgetting. It is very timely and skilful, as an address to prepare the public mind for a policy at once more friendly and more resolute than we

Digitized by Google

have looked for hitherto. In some respects it is not quite worthy of the occasion or the man. It was not for Earl Russell — a man trained in the politics of the last fifty years — to speak of the Secession conspiracy as "the uprising of a community of five million people." Considering the circumstances of the case, it was hardly for him to apologize for "the mere fact of rebellion" by historical precedents that suggest a lurking sympathy with its cause. With the whole later history of the Alabama, the Florida, the Georgia, and the Nashville, as the world knows it, the real complaint — that British ports are still suffered to be the naval base of operations against a friendly power, and that captured ships, without the sentence of any prize court, are suffered without remonstrance to be burnt on the open sea — is pitifully evaded by the admission, that "we allowed a ship to leave the port of Liverpool which afterwards committed depredations on their commerce." And surely the minister who was party to the singular mixture of violence and concealment that characterized the Trent diplomacy has little right to attack the warning speech of Mr. Sumner as "tending to the bloody end of war between these two nations." We also censure Mr. Sumner's rhetoric; but we fear his real offence is in his facts. Let these facts, if possible, be explained, or fit reparation made through friendly negotiation; at least, it is neither wise nor right that they should be forgotten. Meanwhile, we accept the motive and temper of Earl Russell's speech as ominous of good. And we respond cordially and frankly to such sentences as these, which we are glad at this time to copy from such a source: —

"Let us recollect that we are descended from the same ancestors; that we have the same inheritance of freedom; that many of our institutions are identical; that thus united, having the same spirit of law, having the same spirit of literature, having the same spirit of freedom, we ought, when this unhappy contest is over, to embrace one another as friends; and that we in the Old World, and they in the New, ought to be the lights to promote the civilization of mankind."

Digitized by Google

Art. IX. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

It is well said by Mr. Gillett, in the Introduction to his voluminous history,* that the earlier Reformation in Bohemia has been unduly obscured in the splendor of interest and achievement belonging to the religious revolutions of the sixteenth century. But his words imply too much, if they mean that the world has been indifferent to the name or fate of him who has, perhaps, the purest as well as most tragic fame of all the great Reformers. The noblest historical picture that has been seen in this country — we are almost ready to add, or in Europe either — simply concentrates and renders vivid what we suppose to be as widely felt an interest as is apt to be felt in any actor on a scene so remote. And though the details of that story have not till now been spread before us on a scale proportionate to those of Luther or of Orange, yet we have to look back to the fifty pages of Milman, or the brief outline usually accorded to the Council of Constance, to realize how much was needed to bring our knowledge up to the scale of our sympathy and our understanding. All students of that premature but heroic effort to put the claims of conscience above the authority of the visible Church, have occasion to thank the author of these volumes for his faithful and painstaking labor.

For a book of popular interest, Mr. Gillett has made his work too large. An historical student of those times requires the documentary evidence in full for the sake of the facts, and the philosophical student needs them for the light they throw on the laws of opinion and the motives of human conduct. Such will not only pardon, but be grateful for, the length at which the points brought before the Council are set forth, and for the patience with which the earlier movements of thought in Bohemia are exhibited. But we do not find, as in the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," that the book is its own justification. It is far from having the nerve, the fire, the easy handling and vivid presenting of the mass of details that go to make the history, which require and vindicate so voluminous a work. It would do better service, probably, with half the bulk. And, with the majority of readers, this is a serious evil. It seems to us, also, that it errs by disproportion of parts; giving too much space to the details which interest the biographer, or more specially the theologian, and too little to the historical movement at large, and to the episodes which mark that cruel and devastating revolution wrought in Bohemia. Still, it is better to accept than criticise the plan which a diligent and zealous author has had in view. The interest of the main subject makes the partial mistake of less account.

Among the points which will attract the general reader, we would mention the striking sketch which is given of Bohemia in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and of its noble capital, Prague, as one of the

* The Life and Times of John Huss; or, The Bohemian Reformation of the Fifteenth Century. By E. H. Gillett. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 8vo. 2 vols.

Digitized by Google

chief centres of European art and culture, with the wise munificence of the Emperor Charles IV., to whom it was the chief imperial seat; the early incidents in the life of Huss, showing how a certain ascetic temper, and a sympathy almost morbid with the spirit of the early martyrs, prepared him for the singular part he was to play in the great revolution of religious thought; the details of the trial, as showing the topics and style of his fearless charges on ecclesiastical corruption; and the clear though too rapid survey which is made of the events of nearly two and a half centuries, closing with the great desolations inflicted in the Thirty Years' War. The martyrdom of Huss himself, and of his companion, Jerome of Prague, extend a considerable space into the second volume.

Hardly any period of human history, in the general view taken of it, has seemed one of tragedy so unrelieved as that noble effort at religious independence in the fifteenth century, which sprang out of the corruption and division of the Church, and was crushed by the remorseless spirit of that corruption, and the efforts at compromise to bridge over that division. But the unscrupulous betrayal of Huss to his persecutors was a crime that not only avenged itself in the storm of war which burst upon Bohemia, but rankled in the conscience of Germany for more than a century, and had its full share in nerving the great spirits of the Reformation to their task. Not only, by its seeming impunity and triumph, it encouraged that lewd and insolent temper in the Papacy which proved at length its ruin, but by the spirit of pathetic and noble fidelity it displayed, and the singular interest that clung to the story, it persuaded the hearts of men, both that the overthrow of spiritual tyranny was needed, and that the work was service and sacrifice to the God of truth. And the writer of the work before us deserves the gratitude of the public, by his attempt to place that earlier Reformation, with the points of great religious interest contained in it, in as clear and full a light as we have been accustomed to in those more famous events which were needed to develop its true importance.

Mr. Beecher does not appear to his best advantage in a printed volume. With some of the very highest merits as platform oratory, his style has some of its worst defects, — being turgid, diffuse, and manneristic to a degree quite unpardonable for the reader who only sees him in the coolness of the blood. The splendid rhetorical gifts, the voice and presence, the histrionic skill, the infinite and changeful vitality, the keen appreciation of the temper of an audience, the ready wit to take advantage of it, above all, the magnetism of the real occasion itself, are all wanting. Paper and type tell less than half; and that, far the less brilliant and impressive part.

The new volume of sermons,* caught many of them hastily as they were uttered, and printed in the next morning's newspaper, or else taken from a series published at the rate of two a week for months or even years together, have, naturally, only such literary merit as belongs to the chance words of a bold, able, and popular religious orator; and

* Freedom and War: Discourses on Topics suggested by the Times. By Henry Ward Beecher. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Digitized by Google

such other merit as comes from the events into which they are poured. The sermon style, with the textual matter that makes the preface of most of them, are simply an encumbrance. We do not go to a volume on "Freedom and War" for our pious reading or our Scripture exegesis. The reader skims half the bulk of matter as he can, to come at the pith and marrow. One thing he seeks in the book, and one thing he finds, — the phase of the public events of the last four years that struck and was reflected successively in the speaker's mind. In this single view the book has an undoubted value. There is also something more, which is implied in this, — fruitful hints and glimpses as to points of public policy, and a manly, patriotic, Christian manner of speech in dealing with them. Any well-thought system of public policy — even consistency of opinion in treating such as do occur — it would be unreasonable to look for and unjust to demand. As a specimen of the style, we copy the following from the Discourse entitled "The Battle set in Array," preached April 14, 1861: —

"There has been a spirit of patriotism in the North; but never, within my memory, in the South. I never heard a man from the South speak of himself as an American. Men from the South always speak of themselves as Southerners. When I was abroad, I never spoke of myself as a Northerner, but always as a citizen of the United States. I love our country; and it is a love of the country, and not a love of the North alone, that pervades the people of the North. There has never been witnessed such patience, such self-denial, such magnanimity, such true patriotism, under such circumstances as that which has been manifested in the North. And in the South the feeling has been sectional, local. The people there have been proud, not that they belong to the nation, but that they were born where the sun burns. They are hot, narrow, and boastful, — for out of China there is not so much conceit as exists among them. They have been devoid of that large spirit which takes in the race, and the nation, and its institutions and its history, and that which its history prophesies, — the prerogative of carrying the banner of Liberty to the Pacific from the Atlantic." — pp. 93, 94.

It is a principle of collectors and relic-hunters, that every scrap of a great man's writing is intrinsically precious. Only on this principle can the volume of Voltaire's hitherto unpublished letters, which the Junior Coquerel * has so carefully prepared and edited, be regarded as valuable. Of the one hundred and twenty-eight letters in this volume, not one would have any special worth, if written by anybody else. Nearly all are mere slight notes, confined to matters of fact, neither wise nor witty. Most of them are occupied with the affair of the Calas family, which has already been abundantly treated by M. Coquerel in a previous volume. There is no discussion of "Toleration," and the title in this regard is quite misapplied. Only in a few of the letters does the sceptical and mocking spirit of the great foe of the Church appear, and there is a singular absence of his peculiar sarcasm. In the thirty-ninth letter he pleasantly says that he knows that the Protestants will "all be

* Voltaire. Lettres Inédites sur la Tolerance. Publiées avec une Introduction et des Notes par Athanase Coquerel Fils, Auteur de Jean Calas et sa Famille. Paris: J. Cherbuliez. 1863. 12mo. pp. xii. and 308.

Digitized by Google

damned in the next world, but that it is not just that they should be persecuted in this world"; and in the fifty-first letter he remarks, that one may insult the *human race* without any risk, since no one will take the insult to himself, but that it is not safe to attack any particular sect. Two or three such observations as these are all that redeem the volume from dulness.

As a "justifying" Appendix to his story of John Calas, M. Coquerel has, perhaps, done well in publishing this volume. It proves conclusively that the interest taken by the philosopher of Ferney in the fortunes of the martyr of Toulouse was not feigned and not selfish; that the vindication of the memory of Calas, and the restoration of the family to their rights, were mainly owing to the exertions of this unexpected friend. In no circumstance of his life does Voltaire appear to more advantage than in the zeal, the skill, and the persistence which he brought to this obscure matter. One new character, however, the volume introduces to notice, — the Protestant minister Paul Moultou, upon whom the Biographical Dictionaries, even in their latest editions, are strangely silent. A remarkable article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of March, 1862, by Saint-René Taillandier, had excited our curiosity to learn more of this hitherto unknown friend of religious freedom. In this volume we find that Paul Moultou was prized by Voltaire for a long series of years as a philosopher, a scholar, a noble man, and a true friend. He is addressed always with more than politeness, — with affection, respect, and admiration. Though not a rationalist in the modern sense, and retaining to the end his Evangelical faith, he becomes in these revelations of Voltaire (and, we may add, of Rousseau), a prominent pioneer of the liberal theology of the nineteenth century.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

To collate the manuscripts of Petronius was a fitting task for the scholar who has determined for us the age in which he lived. All that the libraries of Europe afford in the way of material for the restoration of the text of Petronius — so long obscure and corrupt — has been brought together and arranged by Dr. Beck, with that careful research and that masterly skill which have placed him among the best scholars of the age. And though there may be but few competent to appreciate his work, it becomes us all in the interest of letters to applaud it. For it is only thus, by scientific investigation, by unwearied effort, not by flippant criticism or dogmatic assertion, that any advance is to be made in knowledge, — any new ground won from that great sea of oblivion which forever threatens all earthly things. It remains for Dr. Beck but to finish and crown his labors by an edition of Petronius which shall embody at once the results of his researches and his criticism. In all the Roman literature there is no work like the *Satyricon* of Petronius. With the exception of the *Metamorphoses* of Apulejus, — not for a mo-

* The Manuscripts of the Satryicon of Petronius Arbiter described and collated, By Charles Beck. Cambridge, Mass., U. S. Printed at the Riverside Press. 1863.

Digitized by Google

ment to be compared with it, — it is the only prose fiction — that is, the only novel, in our sense of the word — which has come down to us from Rome. And a novel it is, very ingenious and very able, running over with wit and humor, — a vivid picture of the ancient life, a startling proof of the corruption of the ancient morals. "In its silver Latinity it reminds me of Seneca," says Bernhardy; while in its mingling of the many varieties of character which made up the Roman life it is unique in Roman literature. No work that has survived to us so blends the polished talk of Rome with the vulgar dialect of the people, or contains so many words drawn, not from the schools, but from nature.

From their early and frequent intercourse with the East, with that great Oriental world, so mysterious and so ancient, at once a fascination to them and a terror, the Greeks must have learned to invent, — must have caught the passion to relate. Prose novels, we know indeed, existed among the Ionians, and, we may reasonably suppose, were not uncommon among the other Greeks. But the Roman mind was slow, uninventive. A novel is a work of art, and the Roman was not an artist. There were poets, indeed, and historians and philosophers, but the creative mind was wanting to the Roman people. There was a love of letters, a delight in art; but it was to be found among those who had studied in the schools of Athens and were imbued with a taste for the literature of Greece. It is, therefore, as a Latin novel, a picture, as Dr. Beck felicitously remarks, "of the manners and life of his time, painted with unrivalled fidelity and skill," that the Satyricon of Petronius will ever interest or instruct us. As Pope has written of him, —

> "Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
> The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease."

But the more vivid the picture, the more deeply do we regret the want of all knowledge of the master hand that painted it.

Of the man Petronius, and of the period in which he lived, we know nothing whatever, except what may be gathered from the character of his work or from scattered allusions in it. There is indeed a passage in the Annals of Tacitus (XVI. c. 16 – 20) which describes admirably such a person as we may suppose our author to have been, — Petronius also by name, — a finished Epicurean such as no civilization but the ancient could produce and no city but Rome exhibit, expensive in his tastes, yet not wasteful of his resources, polished in his manners and speech, with a turn for trifles, yet never frivolous, passing his days in sleep and his nights in pleasure, yet when stirred to a display of energy governing a province with the best of them, and then relapsing into his old habits of luxury and ease, with a sneer, we may fancy, at his own success or the emptiness of human ambition. A favorite at court, this accomplished Epicurean, admitted by all to be the *arbiter* * of taste and elegance, became the companion of Nero in his most private and most depraved hours. "Without the sanction of Petronius," says Tacitus, "nothing was exquisite, nothing rare or delicious."

* Whence the appellation Petronius Arbiter.

Digitized by Google

But the smiles of imperial favor were at Rome too often found only to gild the way to ruin. A rival, — a false accusation, — and the gayest courtier fell a victim to the fury or the jealousy of the despot. With graceful unconcern, conversing with his wonted ease, Petronius opened his veins, and in his last moments, with gay effrontery, sent to the Emperor a short satirical romance, in which, under the fictitious names of certain profligate men and women, he described the debauchery of Nero and his new modes of vice, — a narrative which has been maintained by the majority of scholars to be the work which we now possess.

But the best criticism has finally rejected the identity of the Petronius of Tacitus and the author of the Satyricon. The uncertainty, however, in which we have thus been left, has been a fruitful source of speculation and controversy. By some writers our author has been assigned to the age of Augustus, by others condemned to that of Constantine, — a range of three hundred years. Misled by an inscription found at Rome, Niebuhr, in the intoxication, as Bernhardy remarks, of a poetic conception, will deposit him in the age of Severus, not later than A. D. 250. But the very careful and erudite inquiry which has been instituted by Dr. Beck, without prejudice and without a theory, in the fairest spirit of critical research, guided by a method as severe as it is exhaustive, may be considered to have put at rest the question of the age of Petronius, — to have settled, as far as such a difficult point can be settled, not beyond doubt, but with a high degree of probability, that the Satyricon of Petronius was written between the years A. D. 6 and A. D. 34; that is, during the last eight years of the reign of Augustus or the first twenty-one of that of Tiberius. The historical evidence points distinctly to that period as the time in which Petronius lived and wrote, and the great body of linguistic evidence strongly corroborates the historical. As we now possess it, the work is very incomplete: both the end and the beginning are wanting. The part left, according to Dr. Beck, is probably not more than one tenth of the whole work. How the loss of so much of it occurred is unknown, but that it happened at a very late period — probably between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries — there can be little doubt. A fragment of the work discovered at Tragurium in Dalmatia in 1663 served in part to repair the loss. And various efforts have been made since to supply us with the whole work. A French officer by the name of Nodot published in 1693, at Rotterdam, a pretended Petronius complete, which he said had been found at Belgrade, and the fraud imposed for a time upon the Academies of Nîmes and Arles. In 1800, also, a Spaniard by the name of Marchena attempted to divert himself with the invention of a fragment which he pretended to have found in the library of St. Gall.

As to the literary merits of Petronius there can hardly be a diversity of opinion, whatever weight we may allow to the severe criticism of Schlosser upon the moral character of his work. The favorite alike of courtiers and monks, of scholars and statesmen and wits, its genial humor, its careless Epicurean graces, its delicate irony, its jests never

Digitized by Google

uninstructive, its wisdom never serious, have conspired to charm also, if in an unconscious way, that grosser multitude that is drawn to it only by the spectacle of the vices it ridicules. In other nations and in other ages, but always at periods of great corruption, there have appeared writers like Petronius, not so offensive it may be in language, but not less ingenious in painting the depravity they despised or shared. In the best days of Italy in art, which were, perhaps, her worst in morals, we are reminded by Schlosser of Pietro Aretino. With the excesses of an overgrown despotism and the license of a reckless scepticism, there came in France the sharp satire of Voltaire and the putrid materialism of Diderot. But to judge rightly of another age, to estimate the strength of the forces which made it what it was, to detect those subtile currents of evil which poisoned the minds and polluted the morals of men, is a task the difficulty of which it needs little study of history and little knowledge of the world to understand. No man could have known better than Petronius the frightful abasement of the age he lived in. None knew better than Voltaire how far short the Pucelle — infamous as it is — was to the reality he gave his life to scourge. In all men, upon whatever age they may happen to fall, — instructed by study or experience in that larger philosophy of life which, in taking in all its limitations, teaches rather that one should not despair than that he should hope, — there is observable a certain resemblance of sadness or contempt or scorn for the vices they witness, for the world they cannot explain. The loud laughter of Petronius, the coarse buffoonery, the ludicrous details of bestial crimes, while they indicate the corruption of the age, prove more than anything the genius of the writer. As an artist he was to be true to nature, to the life about him, however abandoned or diseased. But to all living, however bad, there is an unseen side which only the poet can explain or represent, not as an abstraction, but as the mingling of many elements.

Petronius was not a reformer, — doubtless would have felt hurt to have been called a teacher; yet there were few in his age who, in an earthly way, taught it more than he did when he mocked at the life he exhibited. His obscenity is appalling, — but the age was shameless. The very plot of his novel reveals a sort of life too repulsive to be alluded to; but it was the every-day life of men. And if he refused to pay to decency so much as a tribute of contempt by drawing a veil, however thin, over the unnatural excesses he ridicules, it was because the manhood of Rome was lost in that wasting flood of evils which came of conquest and slavery and empire, of rapine and cruelty and lust. Not without significance is it, then, that the most exhaustive criticism which has ever been brought to bear upon the subject should have assigned authoritatively and finally to the period between the birth and the death of Christ, the origin of the work which best reveals to us in all its nakedness the depravity of the age which He came to redeem. Vast and brilliant as was the civilization of the Roman world, — its greatest material tirumphs still unachieved, its pathway still full of promise, still gilded with glory, — mankind had touched its lowest depth of degradation. The fire which burned up Sodom was not more a retribution

Digitized by Google

than that which, trailing now along the Via Sacra, darted its envenomed flame into all the avenues of the Roman life, and after centuries of struggle swept it at last from the face of the earth forever.

We welcome with much satisfaction a new and revised edition of Mr. Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature," * not only on account of the great and universally acknowledged merits of the work, but also because its appearance at the present time shows that there is still a popular demand for works of permanent interest and worth. When the History was first published, it was made the subject of a thorough and careful review in our pages,† and to that article we must refer our readers for a sufficient analysis of the work, and a general estimate of its character. But in the interval which has since elapsed Mr. Ticknor has gathered, both at home and abroad, much new and important information in respect to some of the most distinguished Spanish writers, — Garcilasso de la Vega, Luis de Leon, Cervantes, and others, — and also to some of lesser note, of whom no mention was made in his first edition. Of this new matter, the rich fruit of more than ten years of additional study of his subject, he has made excellent use in the beautiful volumes now before us. As we learn from his Preface, and from a careful collation of the successive editions of the History, there is scarcely a page which does not bear the marks of revision, to a greater or lesser extent. Several of the more important lives have been rewritten and considerably enlarged; about two hundred new notes have been added, and new historical and biographical details have been incorporated with many of the earlier notes; a new Appendix on "Recent Publications" has been inserted, and important additions have been made to two other of the Appendices; the Index has been much enlarged; and side-notes have also been added to facilitate reference. By these various additions and improvements — for we regard every one of his changes as an improvement — Mr. Ticknor has largely increased the value of a work which was already the most thorough and elaborate production of its class in our language. Methodical in arrangement, candid and judicious in criticism, polished and dignified in style, and everywhere bearing the marks of the most diligent and faithful study of his subject, it must always be regarded as one of the noblest monuments of American scholarship. In the new edition we have, as Mr. Ticknor intimates in his Preface, his final corrections. His revision, as we have shown, has been minute and thorough, and must evidently have been to the author an easy and pleasant task. It leaves the work so complete and perfect in all its parts, that probably no gleaner in the same field will ever find anything of importance to add to its copious details of the rise, growth, and decline of Spanish literature, or any sufficient ground for modifying its critical judgments.

---

* History of Spanish Literature. By George Ticknor. Third American Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. 3 vols. Small 8vo.

† See Christian Examiner, January, 1850, Art. VI.

Digitized by Google

ALMOST simultaneously with the appearance of Mr. Ticknor's volumes, we have a new American edition of Mr. Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries,"* the only work in our language which is worthy of a comparison with the "History of Spanish Literature." Like that work, Mr. Hallam's "Introduction" was written in the maturity of its author's powers; and considerable improvements were made in each new edition published during his life, so that the last English edition — of which we have an exact transcript in the elegant volumes now before us — was much superior to either of those that preceded it. From the comprehensiveness of Mr. Hallam's plan, it was impossible for his work to have the same symmetry as Mr. Ticknor's less extended survey; but, in spite of some inequality in execution, and an occasional failure to reach the real heart of the matter in his critical analyses, it is a most admirable production, with which every student of English or Continental literature ought to be thoroughly conversant. It is characterized throughout by that exactness and copiousness of information, that impartiality and candor of statement, and that dignity of style, which are found in all of the author's writings, and which have given him a foremost place among English historians. With the literature of his own country he was intimately acquainted, and he was scarcely less familiar with the languages of several of the Continental nations, while his early studies had led him over much of the ground covered in his latest work. Indeed, the "Introduction" was at first designed merely to supplement the "Middle Ages," and to correct some errors in that work. The two works are inseparably connected; and no one can be said to have studied thoroughly the intellectual progress of Europe since the fall of the Roman empire who is not familiar with both. In the earlier work, we have a picture — elsewhere unequalled in our language — of the general condition of Europe, social, intellectual, and political, down to the close of the fifteenth century; in the first three chapters of the later work, which fill about half of the first volume, Mr. Hallam resurveys a portion of the ground already partially examined in the "Middle Ages," adding many new and important facts, while in the remaining chapters he carries his account of European literature over one of the most momentous periods of modern history.

The volumes now before us form the last instalment of the very beautiful and convenient reprint of Hallam's works commenced a few years ago; and we cannot close this notice without expressing our sense of the obligation which the publishers have laid on the great community of readers and students, by furnishing at so cheap a price so excellent an edition of works which are absolutely essential in every well-selected library. No better service could have been rendered to them.

---

* Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By HENRY HALLAM, Foreign Associate of the French Academy. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: W. Veazie. 1863. 4 vols. Small 8vo.

Digitized by Google

ESSAYS, ETC.

ALPHONSE GRÜN is an instance of a writer whose fine poetic sense has not yielded to prosaic occupation or waned in the infirmities of growing age. His studies have concerned him chiefly in questions of politics and social economy. Yet, in all the distracting cares of business calls and editorial hurry, he has kept and recorded an interior life of meditation and spiritual thought. The most beautiful part of his "Pensées"* is reproduced from a smaller volume published in 1847. Very little of that volume has been suppressed from the present issue, and nothing has been changed. It is a satisfaction to the author to be able to say that the last fifteen years of his life have only confirmed the mature opinions of his manhood, and that his philosophy and his faith are what they were in the days of constitutional monarchy, and before the new theological excitement. He claims to write as a thinker "at once religious and liberal, progressive and conservative." He asks the audience only of candid and moderate minds, and he expects from these to find sympathy. In the "spring-time of old age," he offers his counsel to a younger generation, to aid, if he may, their love of beauty, of justice, and of sacred truth. He would hold back, so far as his earnest words can, the destructive tendencies of the time, and distinguish false reform from true and vital growth.

The volume fully justifies his claim. It is one of the most charming, noble, and suggestive books of its kind that have ever come under our notice. There is not a low sentiment or a coarse expression, hardly even an infelicity of style, on any of its pages. The dress is as chaste as the thought is pure and quickening. Short as are the separate essays, and various as are the themes, from the most external to the most profound, a thread of unity runs through them all, and the changing views are entirely consistent. The religion of the volume is ethical; love to man is the practical creed; and man's improvement and elevation here are to be preferred to all technical methods of salvation. Alphonse Grün is no friend to revolutions. He believes that more of liberty is realized under a wisely balanced monarchy than under a fierce democracy, and that the loss of security and peace is not compensated by the gain of some imaginary rights. His spirit is at once reverent and tolerant, and he has no word of bitterness even for the abuses that he would remove. He writes with equal wisdom about affairs of state and of domestic life, about care for the body and the destiny of the soul. Even common thoughts become original in his way of uttering them, and, beneath all the flow of this sentiment, there is a deep pathos, a spirit of subdued resignation, which seems to tell of trials borne and of faith wrought out by suffering. We can recommend this book as alike fascinating in its literary finish and quickening by its spiritual thought.

OF Mr. Hawthorne's new volume † we have not the space for much

* Pensées des Divers Ages de la Vie. Une Heure de Solitude. Extraits d'une Correspondence. Les Dernières Années. Par ALPHONSE GRÜN. Paris: Didier et C^ie^. 1863. 12mo. pp. iv. and 352.

† Our Old Home. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Digitized by Google

remark. All but the first paper has appeared before in pages where it is likely to have met with more general perusal than it will gain in its more permanent form. The papers have all the peculiarities of style which first attracted and will always command the admiration of every reader, and of which a perfect example may be found in the beginning of the paper relating to Miss Bacon. The style is indeed nothing less than fascinating, and is made in some of these pages to conceal, with great success, a poverty of thought which is common enough in the books of former writers who have described a residence or travel in England, and which is seldom wanting in such papers when written for the peremptory pages of a magazine.

What is less pardonable, however, than poverty of thought, is a certain cynicism and coldness of tone which have always been more or less apparent in Mr. Hawthorne's writings, but never so conspicuous or offensive as where in this volume he has permitted himself to allude to the great events in the midst of which it is issued. These allusions are invariably marked by a weariness and disgust of the whole subject of our domestic troubles, and a bitter and petulant contempt for the war, veiled beneath a skilful ambiguity of language and quite capable of plausible denial, but plainly visible, nevertheless, and in lamentable accordance with the dedication to "a statesman who has filled *what was then* the most august position in the world."

Let no man look among these pages for a single generous expression of sympathy with the trials of government and people, a single recognition of the moral elevation and dignity of the national position, or a single allusion, even the most remote, which could fall harshly on the sensitive ears of the Rebel leaders. The war is regarded as a bore which intrudes itself unpleasantly on the *dilettante* seclusion of Mr. Hawthorne, — as a "hurricane" which has blown away the manuscript of a romance which he had intended to publish on the basis of his English observations, and for which he is thus disagreeably forced to substitute these more hasty pages.

It is high time that the false courtesies of criticism should be thrown aside; and that a writer who exalts himself so far as to look down upon his country, should be told that the "thousand peaceful fantasies" which he is "content to scatter upon the hurricane," are as the crackling of thorns under a pot in comparison with the loyal word or the honest vote of the humblest patriot in the land.

THE simple initials inscribed on the first leaf of "In Memoriam," and the image of Arthur which (to use his father's words) "hovers like a dim shadow" over it, make an impression, very faint, indeed, but very satisfying, of an ideal beauty and nobleness and intellectual strength which we rather shrink from exposing to the ruder tests by which a man's mind and character are generally tried. *Stat nominis umbra.* We hardly care to ask so much as whether the Arthur of the most perfect monody in any tongue was like in feature to any man living in the ordinary ways of life. That the name was linked to one so honorable in the ranks of authorship as that of Hallam, it was, so far, a satisfaction to know. But, for ourselves, we have hardly even felt an ordinary curi-

Digitized by Google

osity to know whether the image we should know him by in his own "Remains" was like the image of him drawn by his friend. And if the veil had been lifted by any hand less reverent and tender, we should scarce have looked at the delicately sculptured outline which it reveals. A mind singularly pure, precocious, and harmonious in its development, utterly penetrated by the spirit of the finest literature and art, subtile and quick of apprehension, giving extraordinary promise of a noble manhood to all who were conversant with it, — a few brief literary essays, little else than fragments, just verifying the quality of admiration and love already won from friends, — the premature death, at twenty-three, from pure delicacy of physical fibre, — such is the slight outline, brief but sufficient, by which the father attests the grief of his bereavement, and friends try to retain

"The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

It is enough to say of this exquisite little volume of "Remains," * that there is nothing in it, from the simple elegance of its manual execution, to the subdued and reticent sadness of the narrative, or the chaste and delicate structure of prose and verse, that is not strictly in keeping with the associations that belong to the subject of the memoir. Maturity and power of thought were hardly to have been asked for; yet we mistake if the essays here collected do not show a largeness of rare knowledge, a grave, manly, and precise habit of thinking, and a firmness of intellectual judgment, which give them high rank even as literary essays, and fully justifies them, on their own merits, in their late appearing before the public.

Those who knew Richter's charming treatise on Family Education, quaintly named "Levana," in the English edition, † — a rare, handsome, and much valued book, — will rejoice in the service which has been rendered by putting it, in form still more elegant, before the American public. ‡ It is the one book by which the author should be most easily and pleasantly made known to the greater number of thoughtful readers. His capricious humor and real tenderness, his curiously open eye for observation, his hints, often whimsical and fantastic, yet always with a vein of wisdom running in them, his odd and far-fetched allusions, going along with the homeliest fact or counsel, his daring fashion of speech with trusting piety at heart, the brooding sympathy with which, in all the grotesque play of fancy, he dwells on everything that is human, and chiefly everything that is childlike, — these qualities, so rare in their degree, and rarer in their combination, are shown nowhere, perhaps, to such advantage as in this book of familiar advice to mothers. No outline can well be given of its plan, and hardly any idea of its style at second-hand.

---

* Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam. With a Preface and Memoir. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† Published in 1848.

‡ Levana; or, The Doctrine of Education. Translated from the German of Richter. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Digitized by Google

"GAIL HAMILTON" has a lively imagination, poetic fancy, and considerable broad-farce humor. When confining herself solely to narrative and description she excites for the time an amused interest. The six papers which furnish the title for the tasteful and solidly bound volume of essays recently issued,* display these qualities. Though marred by the low vulgarisms of "put in his oar," "spew it out of my mouth," and other faults of taste, they are in general sparkling and graphic. Commonplace incidents of travel are told in so piquant a way that they cease to be commonplace, and things and places are sketched with fun and spirit. The little by-play with Halicarnassus is managed with admirable skill. Though constantly snubbed and apparently hen-pecked, he succeeds in maintaining his dignity, and generally triumphs over his fair enemy; and as he is not brought forward too often, his acts and speeches are always effective and timely. Liveliness of narrative and touches of humor, however, are not the only merits of "Gala Days." The dissertation on our "delayed Springs" in the first chapter is full of bright imagery and pleasant thought, and the descriptions of scenery, especially that of the White Mountains, are glowing and eloquent. "Gail Hamilton" is clearly an observant, appreciative lover of nature, and this, combined with her great command of language and her poetic faculty, give to her portraiture of the hills a warmth and vividness rarely surpassed. "A Call to My Countrywomen," following "Gala Days," is a stirring patriotic appeal, and if its counsel is not altogether practicable, it is conceived and uttered in the right spirit. We wish we could praise all the author's essays with as little qualification; but while doing justice to her cleverness and humor, we cannot be blind, not only to the faults of her style, but to more serious defects. The success of her first book has unfortunately rendered her too self-confident; secure, as she fancies, of the ear and favor of the public, she has written too much and too recklessly. She has worked at one vein too long. It is only great thinkers that can venture to cultivate a mannerism. Piquancy degenerates into flippancy when "long drawn out," and as much of "Gail Hamilton's" attractiveness lay in her manner of saying things, rather than in any peculiar wit or worth in the things themselves, the style of her essays has almost lost its charm, while its intense individuality chafes and wearies.

An essayist should be cautious of intruding to a marked extent his own personality on his readers. Experiences well and wittily related are acceptable, but revelations as to likes and dislikes and personal habits are only tolerated when rarely given. But "Gail Hamilton" devotes page after page to details of her whims and personal habits, in regard to which she indulges in confidences which might not specially bore a female friend, but certainly do the public, besides being objectionable on the score of good taste. There are, however, graver faults to condemn than mere flippancy and tediousness. Her writings are too often characterized by a coarseness repulsive in a woman, and an irrev-

* Gala Days. By GAIL HAMILTON, Author of "Country Living and Thinking." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

Digitized by Google

erent quoting of Scripture, which narrowly escapes positive profanity. Her Bible quotations, while occasionally pertinent and well-timed, are far too frequently brought in, — not to illustrate or confirm a truth, but to fill up a pause, add weight to a trivial argument, or, what is still worse, to give point to a jest. When haranguing housekeepers, ("Gail Hamilton" is always haranguing,) she not only appropriates the words of a Gospel narrative, but flippantly adds to it, "Let her say to her servant, 'Go,' and he goeth, to another, 'Come,' and he cometh, to a third, 'Do this,' and he doeth it, and *not potter about*"; and she cannot discuss the important question whether it is better to stay at a hotel or at a friend's house, or indulge in a midday reverie, without dragging in St. Paul.

There is also much to censure in the tone and purport of her essays. Her judgment not being equal to her self-confidence, she frequently writes on topics she does not understand, and assumes a tone of authority which is offensive. When an author mistakes dogmatic assertion for strength of argument, rhetorical fluency for persuasive eloquence, and bluster for energy, he cannot long escape condemnation. Random speeches and childish exaggerations are pardoned in a writer who only seeks to amuse; but when "Gail Hamilton" takes a higher stand, and sets up as a reformer and counsellor, she should be cautious in her statements and dignified in her tones. When she calls young babies "beasts," compares them with young monkeys, and sees no spirituality in childhood; when she "wonders," in the "Spasm of Sense," "that children do not open their mouths and curse the father that begat and the mother that bore them"; when she makes such broad statements as that, "as things are now at Harvard, college boys are scarcely better than cow-boys for the army," — that "men are brutes by the law of their nature," and that "hearts are like limbs, all the stronger for being broken," — she leaves herself without excuse. The fact that she often writes sensibly and gives good advice makes her the more dangerous as an adviser. It is on this account that we condemn strongly the "Spasm of Sense," since there is just enough truth in it to make the error seem plausible, and the advice therein given is of a character to be eagerly seized upon by the worldly and selfish, as not only affording an apology, but a vindication, for their own short-comings. "Gail Hamilton," furthermore, had not the necessary experience or knowledge to write on such a subject, and in treating it she has shown an utter disregard of those Bible precepts which she professes to revere, and also an injudicious zeal.

Of the other essays making up the volume we have not space to speak separately. They have the same faults and the same excellences, — a great deal of good sense, much nonsense, and some impertinence. "Cheri," which describes the hair-breadth escapes of a pet canary, is written in the author's best style, and is pleasant and sprightly. A wider experience, more self-knowledge, and less self-confidence, are necessary, before Gail Hamilton can take a high position as teacher and reformer. Until then she must be content simply to amuse.

Digitized by Google

FICTION.

THE high tone of sentiment, the shrewd, thoughtful reflections, and the sound, practical sense of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood,"* together with its insight into and sympathy with the needs and aspirations of girlhood, make it an attractive and admirable book for young people. Reviewed critically as a novel, it is in some respects defective. The chief incidents are of the threadbare romance order, the prominent characters are not developed harmoniously, and the interest of the narrative flags toward the conclusion. It is manifest that the author, in order to carry out satisfactorily the purpose of her story, has sacrificed what is even more essential to its permanent success, — true and natural unfolding of character. The purpose of a novel should ever be subordinate to its unity and completeness. "Good aims," says Mrs. Browning, justly and aptly, "do not always make good books"; and while doing full justice to the high-minded faithfulness with which the author sets forth the grave importance of a marriage-engagement, and the danger of fatal mistakes therein, we regret that she had not bestowed greater care on the artistic finish of her story, thereby rendering it more pleasing, and consequently more widely useful. There is no fault to find with the first half of the book. It is bright and fresh, sparkling with fun at intervals, and describes home life and home scenes with spirit and naturalness. As a young girl Faith Gartney is very interesting. Her sunny, cheerful temper, her decision and energy, fascinate readily, while the way she bears her little privations and lightens the load of her father's anxieties wins esteem and confidence. But as Faith grows into womanhood, and "lovers come a-wooing," she loses these charming characteristics of her girlhood, and becomes timid, vacillating, and insipid. An energetic, prompt, quick-witted girl, as she is first represented, could never, except by a stroke of mental paralysis, develop into a woman of directly opposite qualities; and it is this lack of unity which mars the beauty of her character.

The author makes another mistake, in failing to render the successful rival as attractive a person as the forsaken lover. The interest should have concentrated on Mr. Armstrong, whereas he wins no sympathy. He is of the "Dunallan" type of hero, without those fascinating qualities which have so endeared Dunallan to feminine readers. Mr. Armstrong is evidently meant to be a model of manly excellence, but unfortunately is only made faultless and weak. While obviously in love with Faith, he faints dead away — a thing which able-bodied, strong-minded men are not apt to do — at the sudden appearance of a nurse whom he believed dead, and whom he had last seen at the dying-bed of the lady who was to have been his wife. He is furthermore enriched and lives in affluence with Faith on the wealth bestowed upon him by this early love. Endowing a man with the money of one woman that he may live happily with another, is in rather bad taste; and the part which Mr. Armstrong is made to play at the

* Faith Gartney's Girlhood. By the Author of "Boys at Chequasset." Boston: Loring. 1863.

Digitized by Google

catastrophe of the mill is also melodramatic. Paul Rushleigh is a much more manly and pleasing person, and his disappointment in regard to Faith serves to bring out his noble qualities. The writer is scarcely just, however, in laying so little stress on the wrong done to a man who is "jilted," and we must strongly object to the speech put in the mouth of Nurse Sampson, and given authoritatively: "Talk of making a man miserable! Suppose you do for a little while; 't won't last long." In Paul Rushleigh's case the discipline is wisely made salutary; but it does not always have that effect, and it is never well, when we have wronged others, to console ourselves with the reflection that good has been brought out of our evil.

Glory McWhirk, who divides the interest with Faith, is equally interesting as a child. The poor, patient drudge of the severe Mrs. Grubling, seeing "good times all around her, and she not in 'em," she excites a lively regard and sympathy. The episode of the friendly old apple-woman, and the story of "the little rid hin," are given with effect. When Glory is rescued from her tyrant, and her lines fall "in pleasant places," and she is given up to a glorified imagination, the interest dies away; but it revives again at the close of the book. "Aunt Henderson," with her rough, quaint way of saying homely truths, is a well-drawn character, and "Nurse Sampson," who never undertakes "easy cases," and thinks "somebody must always eat drumsticks," is original and entertaining; though Mis' Battis, the relict who "ain't anyways particler about hiring out," and who is characterized by Luther as having "considerable gumption, but powerful slow," is decidedly the most amusing.

Among the many charming descriptions in "Faith Gartney" we note especially that of the winter's morning when nature, draped in ice, sparkled with jewels, and the less poetic but quite as graphic picture of Boston streets the night before Christmas.

A WRITER in widely circulated magazines, whose stories command a fresh and ready sale when collected in a volume, has acquired popularity, and is too well known to need extended criticism. This is the case with the author of "The Amber Gods."* Her genius — manifested in the creations of a vivid and sensuous imagination, a style of warm and passionate earnestness, descriptions gorgeous with tropical coloring, and insight into strongly moved and wayward natures — is unquestionable. In spite of faults of exaggeration and excess, both of rhetoric and sentiment, as well as of indistinctness of plot, there is a poetic force in her word-paintings, a fascination in their profuse opulence, and a palpitating, impulsive, fervid vitality in some of her characterizations, which give her a grasp on the attention of many readers, and a potent sway over many minds. With clear, cool-headed thinkers, who have outlived the romance of youth, and lovers of a lucid simplicity, she may not be a favorite. She asks them to breathe too constantly the heated

* The Amber Gods, and Other Stories. By HARRIET ELIZABETH PRESCOTT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

Digitized by Google

and perfume-laden air of the conservatory, crowded with the heavily tinted blossoms of exotics. She invites them to stay too long in galleries hung with pictures too uniformly overwrought, and dazzles them too frequently with exhibitions of crowds of flashing gems. They prefer a clearer and more bracing atmosphere, the gentler loveliness of modest wild-flowers, scenes that are home-like, and narratives less exactingly intense. Still Miss Prescott is by no means without versatility, and some of her tales interest by a healthful and homely treatment, a keen perception of character in every-day life, and an unobtrusive and suggestive pathos. On the whole, she has gained a foremost place among the contributors to the lighter forms of periodical literature, which she will probably retain, since she has been careful not to write too much, and improves upon herself.

Her most effective production is "Circumstance." In originality of conception and unity of artistic finish it stands by itself, in our judgment, as one of those happy efforts of a high mood, where the faculties work together with unconscious and yet intelligent harmony to give complete expression in words to peculiar and profound mental and emotional experiences. The incidents for the sketch are very slight; what its title implies, a mere circumstance. Yet the imaginative rendering of the adventure is full of power and beauty. Seizing upon the superstition that the savage beast could be kept aloof by the fascination of music, the interpretation through the medium of song of the change from fear and agony to high religious trust, the translation into ballad and lyric and psalm and anthem of the inward struggles and shifting feelings of the endangered woman, is a rare piece of descriptive composition, almost perfect in the fitness of its illustrations and the accurate skill of its psychological analysis.

The improbability of the occurrence and its unnaturalness as the machinery of a story are of no moment. The brief, thrilling essay is not a story. It is poetry and painting combining with the leading agency of music to give utterance to the terror and fortitude, the despair and hope, the earthly love and the devout faith, of a true woman's heart in an hour of mortal peril. The reader listens strangely charmed into forgetfulness of the singer's fatal exposures by the deep and changeful significance of her song. No one, save her husband, could have broken the spell and fired the rescuing shot. The close of this prose poem, this bit of chanted metaphysics, so to call it, is not its least merit. There is relief and a lesson in the transition from the escaped, almost supernatural tragedy of the forest, to the material desolation of the human savages. Some, who remember "Circumstance," after superficial reading, only as an unattractive, if not meaningless, wild fragment, may think our commendation of it altogether too unqualified. But we believe a study of this marked production will justify all we have intimated of its merits.

*** *The List of New Publications Received, and several Literary Notices, are deferred till January.*

Digitized by Google

INDEX

TO THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER,

NEW SERIES, VOL. XIII.

JULY TO NOVEMBER, 1863.

Abelard the Lecturer, 74.
Altar, Pulpit, and Platform, 242 - 257.
Amber Gods, etc., 461.
American Cyclopædia (completed), 153.
Annual Cyclopædia, 311.
Art and Artists of America, 114 - 127.
Austin Elliot, 309.
Beecher, Rev. Charles, trial for heresy, 387.
Beecher, Rev. H. W., Discourses on Freedom and War, 447.
Belief, Conditions of, 1 - 23 — Farrar's Bampton Lectures, 1 — character of early Christian thought, 5 — lack of natural science, 7 — speculative philosophy, 9 — conflict with barbarism, 12 — the Reformation, 13 — doctrine of future state, 15 — effect of modern science, 17 — rationalism and supernaturalism, 19 — opinion and faith, 22 — moral conditions, 393.
Bernard, St., Life, by Morison, 119.
Bierstadt, Rocky Mountains, 123.
Brace, Races of the Old World, 136.
Browning, Mrs., Essays on the Poets, 24 - 43.
Brunel, Life by Beamish, 298.
Burton, Helps to Education, 312.
Bushnell on the Character of Jesus, 337.
Chambers's Encyclopædia, 154.
China and Chinese (Smith), 145.
Christian Hymn-Book, 132.
Church, the Painter, 122.
Cobbe, Miss, Religious Demands of the Age, 282.
Colenso Controversy, 97 - 114.
Colenso, Pentateuch and Joshua, Part II., 128.
Common Prayer (Sadler and Martineau), 130.
Confessors of 1662, 143.
Conformity, New Attempts at, 387 - 395.
Georgetown Council, 388 — effect of controversy, 391 — moral conditions of belief, 393.
Denton, The Soul of Things, 285.
Draper, Intellectual Development of Europe, 137.
Druses and Maronites (Churchill), 303.
Dürer, Life, by Von Eye, 294 - 298.
Elizabeth, Story of (Miss Thackeray), 148.
English Expositions of Neutrality, 435 - 445.
Estvàn, War Pictures, 290.
Faith Gartney's Girlhood, 460.
Farrar's Bampton Lectures, 1 - 4.
Fiction, Reality of, 176 - 185.
Fisher, Trial of Constitution, criticised, 286.
Free Thought, History of, 1 - 4.
Gail Hamilton's Gala Days, 458.
Gentleman, The (Calvert), 150.
Gnostics, 161.
Gospels, Schools of Criticism, 313 - 316.
Gregorovius, History of Mediæval Rome, 136.
Grün, Meditations, 455.
Hallam, History of Literature, 454.
Hallam, A. H., "Remains," 457.
Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," 455.
Heat, Tyndall on, 283.
History, its Rude Methods, 403.
Horses of Sahara (Daumas), 308.
Hospital Transports, 310.
Hoyt, Miscellanies, 150.
Huss, Life and Times, by Gillett, 446.
Hutton, Ulric von, 339 - 356 — his life and wanderings, 341 - 348 — at Mayence, 343, 349 — in Italy, 344 — writings, 345 — Sickingen, 349, 353 — controversy with Pope, 351 — political views, 353 — later life, 355.
Huxley, Man's Place in Nature, 136.
Italy (Canon Wordsworth), 302.
James, Henry, on Creation, 212-224 — style and argument, 214 — problems discussed, 217 — moral freedom, 219 — the Divine love, 223.
Japanese Fragments (Osborn), 147.
Kemble, Mrs., Journal of Residence on a Georgia Plantation, 294.
Kinglake and his Critics, 81 - 96.
Kingsley Henry, Austin Elliot, 309.
Kingsley Charles, Two Years Ago, and Lectures at Cambridge on the American Struggle, 421.
Levana (Richter), 458.
London (Emerson), 152.

Digitized by Google

Loyalty in the West, 225 - 241 — first uprising, 227 — enlistments, 231 — border district, 233 — elements of disloyalty, 237 — Union sentiment, 240.
Lyell, Sir Charles, Antiquity of Man, 134.
Mentone, Winter at, 300.
Merivale, Romans of the Empire, 45.
Mommsen, Roman History, 45.
Montanism, 159.
Morality, according to Henry James, 219.
Murray (Kirwan), Life, by Dr. Prime, 299.
Niphon and Pecheli (Fonblanque), 306.
Oratory, function of, 397.
Orr, on Unitarianism, 282.
Osgood, S., Theological School Address, 283.
Palermo, The Hannibal at (Mundy), 302.
Peru and India (Markham), 305.
Petronius, Prof. Beck's Essay on, 449.
Phillips, Wendell, Speeches, &c., 293 — as an orator, 396 - 409.
Popham and Gorges, Colonial Schemes, 143.
Preacher function, 246 - 251 — power, 254.
Protestantism, spirit of, 389, 411, 415.
Pulpit in the Past, 61–80 — Eastern Church, 63 — Western, 64 — preaching friars, 66 — on Church abuses, 72 — Abelard, 74 — Savonarola, 77.
Renan, Vie de Jésus, 279, 312 - 339 — view of the Gospels, 316 - 319, 333 — character of the Life, 321 — the picture of Jesus, 322 — teachings, 325 — legends, 327 — at Jerusalem, 328 — the end, 330 — general criticism, 334.
Richter, Levana, 458.
Rome, Republican and Imperial, 44 - 60 — the kings, 47 — army and people, 49 — Senate, 50 — Legion, 51 — relations with Carthage, 53 — Greeks, 55 — religion, 57 — military empire, 59.
Rome in the Middle Age, 185 - 203 — decay of the Empire, 189 — moral degradation, 191 — relic-worship, 195 — fiction of female Pope, 197 — ancient letters, 201 — monuments, 202.
Rome, Modern, 410 - 421 — influence of paganism, 411 — temporal power of the Popes, 412 — factions in Italy, 413 — reaction from Protestantism, 415 — the Italian Republics, 417 — age of Leo X., 419.
Russell, Earl, his speech on neutrality, 445.
Savonarola the Preacher, 77.
Science in the early Church, 7 — its effect on religious belief, 17.
Scientific Annual, 153.
Servia and the Servians (Denton), 144.
Siberian Exile (Pietrowski), 145.
Soul of Things (Denton), 285.
Story, W. W., Roba di Roma, 301.
Taeping Rebellion (Brine), 306.
Tartary, etc. (Torrens), 304.
Taylor, Henry, 357 - 387 — literary character and life, 359 — style, 363 — Isaac Comnenus, 365 — Philip van Artevelde, 370 — Edwin the Fair, 377 — the Statesman, 384 — Notes from Life, 385.
Tertullian and Montanism, 157 - 176 — Montanus, 159 — Gnosticism, 161 — character of Tertullian, 163 — writings, 165 — De Spectaculis, 167 — Apology, 169 — doctrinal views, 173 — style, 175.
Theodoric, King of Italy, 192.
Ticknor's Spanish History, 458.
Tropics, In the, 308.
Tyndall on Heat, 284.
Victory, A Month of, 258 - 278 — the victories of July, 259 — their effect, 261 — the stake at issue, 265 — decline of the rebellion, 267 — political effect in the South, 268 — reconstruction, 270 — State sovereignty, 271 — policy of emancipation, 274 — motive of the war, 277.
Voltaire, Letters recently published, 449.
Yeddo and Peking (Fortune), 307.
Yang-Tsze (Blakiston), 146.
Zschokke, Meditations, 203 - 212.

Cambridge: Printed by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

Digitized by Google

WALKER, WISE, & CO.,

245 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON,

General Publishers and Booksellers.

PUBLISHERS OF THE WORKS OF

CHANNING, DEWEY, ELIOT, HILL, NORTON, PEABODY,
SEARS, LAMSON, MARTINEAU,
BARTOL, CLARKE,

and other leading LIBERAL CHRISTIAN minds. Publishers, also, of the *American Edition* of the celebrated

"ESSAYS AND REVIEWS,"

TRACTS FOR PRIESTS AND PEOPLE,

and a number of

CHOICE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN,

concerning which the *North American Review* says: "We consider emphatically, that the imprimatur of WALKER, WISE, & Co. upon a book for young readers is a guaranty of its purity of taste, its high moral character, and its substantial usefulness."

Among our *Latest Publications* are:—

ALTAR AT HOME. *Second Series.* With about one hundred and fifty Original Prayers, by some thirty of our most eminent Clergymen. With appropriate Selections. 16mo. 75 cents.

PRAYERS. By THEODORE PARKER. 16mo. With admirable likeness of Mr. Parker, engraved on steel, by SCHOFF. Cloth, extra, 75 cents.

REJECTED STONE; or, Insurrection *vs.* Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia. 12mo. Cloth, 62 cents.

HEBREW MEN AND TIMES, from the Patriarchs to the Messiah. By REV. J. H. ALLEN. 12mo. $1.

RESULTS OF SLAVERY. By M. COCHIN. 12mo. $1.50.

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION. By M. COCHIN. 12mo. $1.50.

☞ We also keep, on sale, a GENERAL STOCK of

Standard Books

in all departments of Literature, and supply

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, PARISH, OR PRIVATE LIBRARIES

promptly, and on the most favorable terms.

WALKER, WISE, & CO.,

BOSTON.

Digitized by Google

☞ *The Postage on the Examiner, when paid quarterly in advance, is two cents a copy, or twelve cents a year.*

CONTENTS.

Art.		Page
I.	Renan's Life of Jesus	313
II.	Ulric von Hutten	339
III.	Henry Taylor	357
IV.	Some New Attempts at Conformity	387
V.	Wendell Phillips as an Orator	396
VI.	Modern Rome	410
VII.	Cambridge and Kingsley on American Affairs	421
VIII.	English Expositions of Neutrality	435
IX.	Review of Current Literature	446

Theology. Gillett's Life and Times of Huss, 446. Discourses on Freedom and War, by H. W. Beecher, 447. Voltaire, Lettres Inédites, 448. — *History of Literature.* Satyricon of Petronius, 449. Ticknor's Spanish Literature, 453. Hallam's Literature of Europe, 454. — *Essays, etc.* Grün's Pensées, 455. Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," 455. A. H. Hallam's "Remains," 456. Richter's Levana, 457. Gail Hamilton's "Gala Days," 458. — *Fiction.* Faith Gartney's Girlhood, 460. The Amber Gods, 461.

INDEX 463

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
WELCH, BIGELOW, AND COMPANY,
CAMBRIDGE.

Digitized by Google

WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,

BOSTON,

WILL PUBLISH IN JULY,

THE SOUL OF THINGS;

OR, PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES. By WILLIAM DENTON and ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON. 12mo. $1.25.

This unique volume will be found to possess the most intense popular interest as a record of experiments and facts, combined with the strongest claims to the attention of scholars and men of science as a philosophical and scientific treatise.

It opens a new and hitherto unexplored field of investigation; and explains much interesting phenomena heretofore regarded as inexplicable.

LATELY PUBLISHED:

CHAPLAIN FULLER. Being a Life-Sketch of a New England Clergyman and an Army Chaplain. 12mo. Portrait. $1.25.

This volume has been received with numerous manifestations of approval, by many to whom the subject of the memoir was a total stranger.

It has a wide interest from the *graphic picture* of CAMP AND FIELD LIFE which it presents.

Copious extracts are given from the Correspondence of the Chaplain, and the book embodies a vast amount of important information on the subject of the conduct and progress of the war, not elsewhere obtainable.

The narrative of the *remarkable duel* between the MERRIMACK and MONITOR is the only full account in print from the pen of an actual *eyewitness* of the whole affair.

The *New York Tribune* devotes three and a half columns to a favorable review of the book.

The *Examiner* says: "The book will have a *special public interest*, on account of the trustworthy letters in which the Chaplain noted his observations at the war."

The *Methodist* pronounces Mr. Fuller "a model army chaplain," and adds: "He was one whose qualities it is good to commemorate, who in his home and public life afforded constant examples of genial virtue and of earnest piety well worthy of the imitation of young Americans. *The biography of such a man is always a desirable gift* to the reading public. Gladly, therefore, do we hail the sketch of the life of Chaplain Fuller."

COMMON PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP. Compiled, in part, by REV. JAMES MARTINEAU. 12mo. $1.00. Mor., red edges, $1.25.

This work contains ten services, for morning and evening, with Special Collects, Prayers, and Occasional Services. Apart from its value as a manual for Public Service, it has much to recommend it for use in the family and closet.

It has been received with the warmest commendation.

a

Digitized by Google

IMPORTANT ENTERPRISE.

HISTORY OF FRANCE,

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO 1789.

BY HENRI MARTIN.

In Seventeen Volumes; the last Volume being an Analytical Index.

THIS work received the GOBERT PRIZE of 10,000 francs, in 1844, from the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, as the most *learned*, and, in 1856 and 1859, from the French Academy, as the most *eloquent*, work on the History of France. Its composition has occupied more than thirty years of the life of the author. "This was the just reward," says the *North American Review*, "of a work of uncommon merit, which certainly stands foremost among the compositions of the kind in the French or any other language. As a work of thrilling interest it has rarely been equalled."

The translation now about to be offered the American public will be from the thoroughly competent hands of MISS MARY L. BOOTH and O. W. WIGHT, A. M.; both well known for their numerous successes in this difficult field of labor.

PLAN OF THE WORK.

VOLS. I. AND II. PART FIRST. — *Origin of France*, 1500 B. C. - 900 A. D.

VOLS. III. AND IV. PART SECOND. — *France in the Middle Ages*, 900 - 1328.

VOLS. V. AND VI. PART THIRD. — *English Wars*, 1328 - 1456.

VOLS. VII. AND VIII. PART FOURTH. — *France in the Renaissance*, 1456 - 1559.

VOLS. IX. AND X. PART FIFTH. — *Religious Wars*, 1559 - 1598.

VOLS. XI. AND XII. SIXTH PART. — *Struggle of the Houses of Bourbon and Austria*, 1598 - 1661.

VOLS. XIII. AND XIV. SEVENTH PART. — *Age of Louis XIV.*, 1661 - 1715.

VOLS. XV. AND XVI. EIGHTH PART. — *The Regency*, 1715 - 1789.

VOL. XVII. ANALYTICAL INDEX.

Each Part, or Epoch, into which this great work is divided, is complete in itself. We therefore inaugurate the enterprise by publishing first the *Seventh Part*, THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV. The immense variety of interest which distinguishes this, the "Golden Age" of France, is a sufficient reason for leading off with this Epoch. These volumes will be brought out early in the winter, and be followed by the remaining volumes with such rapidity as the magnitude of the undertaking will permit, and governed, in some measure, by the response made by the public to the enterprise.

Each consecutive Part will be issued as a distinct work, but all in uniform size, style, lettering, &c., and rendered accessible, as a united work, by the *Analytical Index*.

They will be published in small 8vo volumes of about 500 pages, from new type, on extra paper, and substantially bound.

In the absence of any complete HISTORY OF FRANCE in the English language, it is believed that this important work by MARTIN, in view of its established reputation at home, will be greeted on every hand. Pains will be taken to secure the author's latest notes, and an Introduction to this edition, from his pen.

WALKER, WISE, & CO., Boston.

Digitized by Google

NEW BOOKS OF DEVOTION AND CONSOLATION

Lately issued from the Press of

TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston.

"These publishers are laying the religious public under many obligations by issuing, of late, so many of these beautiful aids to a deep and generous spiritual culture." — BOSTON REVIEW.

I.

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE. With an Introduction by JOHN G. WHITTIER. 1 vol. Price, $1.00. *Sixth Edition.*

II.

A PRESENT HEAVEN. 1 vol. Price, $1.00. *Fourth Edition.*

III.

TWO FRIENDS. 1 vol. Price, $1.00. *Third Edition.*

The three foregoing works are written by Miss DORA GREENWELL. They have been everywhere read with admiration and profit by lovers of a pure and elevated religious literature. Their subdued and tender Christian spirit, their purified taste, and their sympathy with all that is lofty and spiritual, make them unusually acceptable.

IV.

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY. Translated from the German of ZSCHOKKE, by direction of Queen Victoria, by FREDERICA ROWAN. 1 vol. Price, $1.25.

"Multitudes of bereaved Christians will be glad to derive light and comfort from these pages." — *Christian Intelligencer.*

V.

GOOD THOUGHTS IN BAD TIMES. By THOMAS FULLER. One handsome volume, printed on laid paper, bound in muslin, with bevelled boards and red edges. Price, $1.50. With a fine steel portrait of Fuller.

The GOOD THOUGHTS are reprinted now both for the wit and wisdom contained in them, as well as for their timeliness in view of the disturbed state of our own country.

VI.

AGNES, AND THE LITTLE KEY; or, Bereaved Parents Instructed and Comforted. By NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D. *Eighth Edition Revised.* 1 vol. 12mo, handsomely bound in muslin, bevelled boards and red edges. Price, $1.00.

VII.

BROADCAST. By REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D. One elegant volume, bevelled boards and red edges. Price, $1.00.

This is a book of original thoughts in brief from subjects related to Christian knowledge and experience. The high reputation of the author as a thinker and a devotional writer is a guaranty of the value of the thoughts contained in this volume. The wide range of topics embraced in it, the brevity and suggestiveness with which each is treated, render *Broadcast* a desirable volume for every Christian home.

AGNES and BROADCAST form the first and second volumes of a new and uniform edition of the practical religious works of Rev. Nehemiah Adams. They will shortly be followed by "CATHARINE" and "BERTHA," in the same style.

VIII.

GRAVER THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. By REV. A. K. H. BOYD, Author of "Recreations of a Country Parson," "Leisure Hours," etc. One volume, uniform with the "Recreations." $1.50.

A new volume by the "Country Parson" needs no introduction to American readers. His "Recreations" have been sold by thousands of copies, and have passed into classics, gaining a place, in the estimation of the literary world, beside the essays of Goldsmith, Lamb, and Hazlitt.

"The sermons in this volume are tenderly appreciative of the sorrows of every station in life, while they are also faithful to its sins. They are interesting, fresh, graceful, and profitable."— *Congregationalist.*

☞ *Any of the above works for sale by all booksellers, or sent post-paid on receipt of the advertised price by the publishers.*

Digitized by Google

117 Washington Street, Boston.

CROSBY AND NICHOLS'S
List of New Publications.

Another "Helper."

LUNSFORD LANE; or, Another Helper from North Carolina. By Rev. William G. Hawkins, A. M. 12mo. Price, $1.00.

The Worcester Daily Spy says: "It is the story of thirty years of slavery, and shows how dark are the shadows that lie on the very best and brightest side of the terrible system. Lunsford Lane was a slave in Raleigh, N. C. He was owned by a Mr. Haywood, who was a kind master to him, and of whom he purchased himself, his wife, and his seven children, paying thirty-five hundred dollars *for the lot*, twenty one hundred of which he earned by his own labor, besides supporting himself and family, and paying his master a hundred dollars a year for his time. (Ah me! what *shall* we do with these lazy, shiftless slaves after we have freed them?) Lane tells his own story simply and interestingly. The book is published for his benefit?"

Hoyt's Miscellanies.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS: Addresses, Lectures, and Reviews. By Joseph G. Hoyt, LL. D., late Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis. With a fine Portrait. 12mo. Price, $1.25.

Beautiful Volume for Young Ladies.

PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS: With Illustrative Sketches of some Girls' Lives. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "The Leila Books." Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS.

"This book is worthy of a place in the library of every family." — *The Daily News.*

"One of the most charming books of its class that we have ever read. It is even superior to Miss Muloch's well-known work, 'A Woman's Thoughts about Women.' It is just such a book as we should select to place in the hands of a sister or a daughter upon her entrance into life, to guide her in danger and counsel her in difficulty, to lead her upwards and onwards, and to show her what her duty is here and her happiness hereafter. Miss Tytler has produced a work which will be popular in many a home when her name has become among her own friends nothing more than a memory." — *The Morning Herald.*

A Book for Parents.

HELPS TO EDUCATION in the Homes of our Country. By Warren Burton, Author of "The District School as it was." 16mo. Price, $1.00.

NEW JUVENILES, IN PRESS.

I WILL BE A SAILOR. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. 16mo. Illustrated.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WEST. By R. M. Ballantyne. Illustrated. 16mo.

THE RED ERIC; or, The Whaler's Last Cruise. By R. M. Ballantyne. Illustrated. 16mo.

DICK RODNEY; or, Adventures of an Eton Boy. By the Author of "Jack Manly," &c. Illustrated. 16mo.

TALES FROM GENESIS. By Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, Author of "The Poor Boy and Merchant Prince," "The Bobbin Boy," &c. Illustrated. 2 vols. 16mo.

SOLDIERS OF THE BIBLE. By Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, Author of "The Pioneer Boy," "Tales from Genesis," &c., &c.

Digitized by Google

New Books for SABBATH-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

ALSO, VALUABLE NEW BOOKS FOR

MINISTERS, PARENTS, AND TEACHERS.

Christian Self-Culture.
By Rev. L. Bacon, D. D. 80 cts. 16mo. 50 cts.

"We rejoice to avail ourselves of a new opportunity of bearing testimony to the eminent services rendered to religion and humanity by the American Tract Society of Boston. Its issues are always timely. This work seems to us to merit emphatic commendation." — *North American Review.*

The Honey-Makers. **The Senses.**
Both beautifully and profusely illustrated.

Lessons from Insect-Life. **The Wicket Gate.**
The Happy Home. **Calls to the Saviour.**

Ruth and Little Jane, or Blossoms of Grace.
Patience, or the Sunshine of the Heart.
Herbert and Rose, the Little Comforter.
This is a delightful series, teaching the principles and fruits of piety in the young.

Maple Hill, The Moss Rose, Lonnie, Our Little Lamb,
And many others, admirably adapted for the young.

The Celestial City, **The Cross-Bearer,**
Elegant gift books.

The Canon of the Scriptures, Examined in the Light of History.
By Prof. Gausen.

Memoir of Daniel Safford.
Highly commended by the press throughout the country.

Sargent's Temperance Tales.
In five volumes, handsomely illustrated, will be soon issued.

"The publications of this Society will compare favorably with those of any other Society for their moral and religious worth. The type is of the best style used at the present day, and the binding, for richness of finish and durability, is superior to anything we have seen, while the prices are moderate." — *United Presbyterian.*

Particular attention is called to the juvenile books of this Society. A special and prominent part of its work is now to supply such as are exactly suited to Sabbath Schools.

New Catalogues will be cheerfully supplied.
For Sale by
J. G. BROUGHTON, 13 Bible House, New York.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

28 Cornhill, Boston.

N. BROUGHTON, Jr., Depositary.

Digitized by Google

WHEELER & WILSON'S

Medal Family Sewing Machine.

The wide-spread reputation of this Machine is eminently due to its peculiar merits, which are acknowledged by the best judges to surpass all others in the requisites for family use. It has become a domestic institution, and is justly looked upon as a household economy. In all the finer qualities of family sewing, on silk, linen, cotton, and broadcloth, in hemming, stitching, quilting, gathering, and all the innumerable ends to which female needlework is applied, the

WHEELER & WILSON

SEWING MACHINE

confessedly occupies a position of pre-eminence. Those who have not hitherto availed themselves of the advantages of this machine are invited to examine its operation, and obtain specimens of its work, at the salesroom.

In order to place it within the reach of all, it is now offered at REDUCED PRICES, with new and important improvements.

No. 228 Washington Street, Corner of Summer Street, Boston.

J. E. ROOT, *General Agent.*

N. B. — A liberal discount made to Clergymen.

Digitized by Google

"Sun-Painting and Sun-Sculpture."

PHOTOGRAPHIC AND DAGUERROTYPE ROOMS,

No. 96 Washington St., Boston.

(UP STAIRS.)

JOHN A. WHIPPLE, PROPRIETOR.

THIS establishment (one of the oldest in the country) is supplied with all the conveniences and instruments necessary to the production of the finest and most accurate representations of persons or places.

The apartments are large and airy. The operators and artists are skilful and experienced.

Daguerrotypes, Photographs, and Stereographs

taken of every size and in all styles.

MR. WHIPPLE gives his personal and unremitting attention at the Rooms, and will spare no pains to satisfy his customers, and no expense in receiving every improvement in apparatus or methods of operating.

The generous patronage he has received for years has so diffused specimens of his work over the country that it is unnecessary to advertise the numerous recommendations his establishment has received. It has made itself known far and wide; and its past performances are, it is believed, a sufficient guaranty of its present ability.

To meet the fashion of the times, particular attention is now paid to

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR. WHIPPLE is prepared to take *fac-similes* of buildings and estates, in town or country, machinery, patterns, engravings, — in fact, of any objects of which there is a desire to multiply copies.

☞ He would call special attention to his success in PHOTOGRAPHING GROUPS.

BOSTON, 1861.

Digitized by Google

ATTRACTIVE NEW BOOKS

JUST PUBLISHED BY

TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston.

In War Time, and Other Poems.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, $1.00.

Mental Hygiene.

By I. RAY, M. D., Superintendent of the Butler Hospital, Providence, R. I. 1 vol. 16mo.

Soundings from the Atlantic.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1 vol. 16mo. $1.25.

Our Old Home; A Series of English Sketches.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Author of "The Scarlet Letter," etc. 1 vol. 16mo. Brown cloth, uniform with Hawthorne's works. $1.25.

Remains in Prose and Verse.

By ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. Bevelled boards and gilt top. $1.50.

Methods of Study in Natural History.

With many original Illustrations. By LOUIS AGASSIZ. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, $1.25.

Gala Days.

By GAIL HAMILTON, Author of "Country Living and Country Thinking." 1 vol. 16mo. Bevelled boards, red edges. $1.50.

Freedom and War; Discourses Connected with the Times.

By REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50.

Meditations on Life and its Religious Duties.

Translated by FREDERICA ROWAN, from the German of ZSCHOKKE, Author of "Meditations on Death and Eternity." 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, $1.25.

Levana; or, The Doctrine of Education.

By JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER, Author of "Titan." 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. Bevelled boards and gilt top. $1.50.

Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.

By JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER, Author of "Titan." A new edition, with Portrait of Richter. 2 vols. 16mo. Cloth. Bevelled boards and gilt top. $2.75.

Excursions.

By HENRY D. THOREAU, Author of "Walden." 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, $1.25.

A History of Spanish Literature.

By GEORGE TICKNOR. An entirely new edition, with revisions and additions, and a complete Index. 3 vols. 12mo. Cloth, $5.00.

Philip van Artevelde.

By HENRY TAYLOR. A new edition. 1 vol. 32mo. Blue and gold. $1.00.

The Amber Gods, and Other Stories.

By HARRIET E. PRESCOTT. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth. Bevelled boards and gilt top. $1.50.

☞ Copies of the above sent *post-paid*, on receipt of the advertised price, by the publishers.

135 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

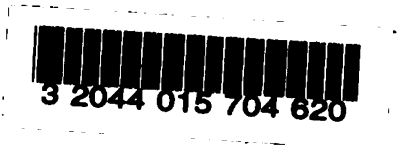
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

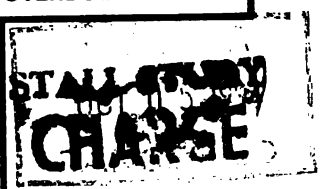
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google